HORÆ LYRICÆ.

POEMS

Chiefly of the Lyric Kind.

In Three BOOKS.

I. Sacred to Devotion and Piety.

II. To Vertue, Honour and Friendship.

III. To the Memory of the Dead.

By I. WATTS.

The Decond Cattion, Altered and much Enlarged.

Si non Uraniè Lyram Calestem cobibet, nec Polyhymnia Humanum refugit tendere Barbiton.

Horat. Od. 1. imitat.

'Aθάναζον μεν σεωζα Θεδυ, νόμο ος διάκεζας, Τίμα, (κ) σεβυ αυζόν) έπειδ' "Ηρωας άγαύνς. Τές το Καζαχθονίες. Pythag. Aur. Car.

LONDON,

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Prince The Will wright to M. Chiff, at the Golden Candleffick, the Lover End of Cheapide, that Library Edward Cheapide, that

Darknels of that Dilipensation would admir: And now and then a divine and poetic Kapture listed their Solils far above the Level of that Occonomy of Shadows, bore them away far ancya bughter Recions

and gave them a Chinple of Evangene Day. The

P.R.E.F.A.C.E.

Thas been a long Complaint of the vertuous and refined World, that Poefy, whose Original is Divine, should be enslaved to Vice and Profaneness; that an Art inspired from Heaven should have so far lost the Memory of its Birth-place, as to be engaged in the Interests of Hell. How unhapply is it perverted from its most glorious Design! How basely has it been driven away from its proper Station in the Temple of God, and abused to much Dishonour! The Iniquity of Men has constrained it to serve their vilest Purposes, while the Sons of Piety mourn the Sacrilege and the Shame.

The eldest Song which History has brought down to our Ears, was a noble Act of Worship paid to the God of Israel, when his Right Hand, became glorious in Power; when thy Right Hand, O Lord, dash'd in Pieces the Enemy: The Chariots of Pharaoh and hus Hosts were cast into the Red-Sea; Thou didst blow with this Wind, the Deep covered them, and they sank as Lead in the mighesty Waters, Exod. 15. This Act was maintained sacred through the following Ages of the Church, and employ'd by Kings and Prophets, by David, Solomon's and Israed, in describing the Nature and the Glorids of God, in conveying Grace or Vengeance to the Hearts of Men. By this Method they brought for much of Heaven down to this lower Morle, as the I

Darkness of that Dispensation would admit: And now and then a divine and poetic Rapture listed their Souls far above the Level of that Oeconomy of Shadows, bore them away far into a brighter Region, and gave them a Glimpse of Evangelic Day. The Life of Angels was harmoniously breath'd into the Children of Adam, and their Minds rais'd near to Heaven in Melody and Devotion at once.

In the younger Days of Heathenism the Muses were devoted to the same Service: The Language in

which old Hefiod addresses them is this ;

Mega, Miseinste doid norn heistat, doi of T

Pierian Muses, fam'd for heavenly Lays,

Descend, and sing the God your Father's Praise.

And he pursues the Subject in ten pious Lines which I could not forbear to transcribe, if the Aspect and Sound of so much Greek were not terrifying to a nice Reader.

But some of the later Poets of the Pagan World have debas'd this Divine Gift; and many of the Writers of the first Rank in this our Age of National Chrifians have to their eternal Shame surpassed the vilest of the Gentiles. They have not only difrob'd Religion of all the Ornaments of Verse, but have employ'd their Pens in impious Mischief to deform her native Beauty and defile her Honours. They have expos'd her most sacred Character to Drotlery, and dreft her up in a most vile and ridiculous Disguise. for the Scorn of the ruder Herd of Mankind. The Vices have been painted like to many Goddeffes, the Charms of Wir have been added to Debauchery, and the Temptation heightned where Nature needs the ftrongest Restraint. With Sweetness of Sound and Delicacy of Expression they have given a Relish to -BlafBlasphemies of the harshest kind; and when they rant at their Maker in sonorous Numbers, they fancy their selves to have acted the Heroe well.

Thus almost in vain have the Throne and the Pulpit cry'd Reformation, while the Stage and licentious Poems have waged open War with the pious Defign of Church and Stare. The Press has spread the Poyfon far, and scatter'd wide the mortal Infection; unthinking Youth have been enriced to Sin beyond the vicious Propensities of Nature, plung'd early into Diseases and Death, and funk down to Damnation in Multitudes. Was it for this that Poefy was endued with all these Allurements that lead the Mind away in a pleasing Captivity? Was it for this fire was furnished with so many intellectual Charms, that she might feduce the Heart from God the original Beauty, and the most levely of Beings? Can I ever be perswaded that these sweet and resiltless Forces of Metaphor, Wit, Sound, and Number were given with this De-fign, that they should be all ranged under the Banner of the great malicious Spirit, to invade the Rights of Heaven, and to bring swift and everlasting Destruction upon Men? How will these Allies of the nether World, the lewd and profane Verlifyers stand aghast before the great Judge, when the Blood of many Souls whom they never faw shall be laid to the Charge of their Writings, and be dreadfully requir'd at their Hands? The Reverend Mr. Collier has fet this awful Scene before them in just and flaming Colours. If the Application were not too rude and uncivil, that noble Stanza of my Lord Roscommon on Psal. 148. might be address'd to them;

Te Dragons, whose contagious Breath
Peoples the dark Retreats of Death,
Change your dire Hissings into heavenly Songs,
And praise your Maker with your forked Tongues.

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This Profanation and Debasement of so divine an Art has tempted some weaker Christians to imagine that Poetry and Vice are naturally akin; or at least that Verse is fit only to recommend Trifles, and entertain our loofer Hours, but 'tis too light and trivial'a Method to treat any thing that is ferious and facred. They submit indeed to use it in Divine Psalmody. but they love the dryest Translation of the Pfalm best. They will venture to fing a dull Hymn or two at Church in Tunes of equal Dulness; but still they perswade themselves and their Children that the Beauties of Poefy are vain and dangerous. All that arifes a Degree above Mr. Sternhold is too airy for Worthing and hardly escapes the Sentence of unclean and abominable. 'Tis strange that Persons that have the Bible in their Hands should be led away by thoughtless Prejudices to so wild and rash an Opinon. Let me entreat them not to indulge this four, this cenforious Humour too far, left the facred Writers fall under the Lash of their unlimit ted and unguarded Reproaches. Let me entreat 'em to look into their Bibles, and remember the Stile and way of Writing that is used by the ancient Prophets. Have they forgot, or were they never told, that many Parts of the Old Testament are Hebrew Verse; and the Figures are stronger, and the Metaphors bolder, and the Images more surprizing and strange than ever I read in any profane Writer? When Deborah fings her Praises to the God of Ifrael while he march'd from the Field of Edom, she sets the Earth a trembling, the Heavens drop, and the Mountains disolve from before the Lord. They fought from Heaven, the Stars in their Cour-ses fought against Sisera: When the River of Kishon Swept them away, that antient River, the River Kishon. O, my Soul, thou haft trodden down Strength, Judg. 5, &c. When Eliphaz in the Book of Job speaks his Sense of the Holiness of God, he introduces a Machine in a Vision: Fear came upon me, trembling on all my Boms, the Hair of my Flesh stood up; a Spirit passed by

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and stood still, but its Form was undiscernable; an Image before mine Eyes; and Silence; Then I heard a Voice, faying, Shall mortal Man be more just than God, &c. Job 4. When he describes the Safety of the Righteous, he bides him from the Scourge of the Tongue, he makes him laugh at Destruction and Famine, he brings the Stones of the Field into League with him, and makes the Brute Animals enter into a Covenant of Peace, Job 5. 21, &c. When Job speaks of the Grave, how melancholy is the Gloom that he spreads over it! 'Tis a Region to which I must shortly go, and whence I shall not return; is a Land of Darkness, is Darkness it self, the Land of the Shadow of Death; all Consumon and Disorder, and where the Light is as Darkness. This is my House, there bave I made my Bed: I have Said to Corruption, thou art my Father; and to the Worm thou art my Mother and my Sifter: As for my Hope who shall see it? I and my Hope go down together to the Bars of the Pit, Job 10.21. & 17.12. When he humbles himself in Complainings before the Almightiness of God, what contemptible and feeble Images does he use? Wilt thou break a Leaf driven to and fro? Wilt thou pursue the dry Stubble? I consume away like a rotten thing, a Garment eaten by the Moth, Job 13. 25, Occ. Thou liftest me up to the Wind, thou causest me to ride upon it, and dissolvest my Substance, Job 23. 22. Can any Man invent more despicable Ideas to reprefent the Scoundrel Herd and Refuse of Mankind than those which Job uses, Chap. 30. and thereby he aggravates his own Sorrows and Reproaches to Amazement. They that are younger than I have me in Derision, whose Fathers I would have disclaimed to have set with the Dogs of my Flock : for Want and Famine they were solitary; fleeing into the Wilderness desolate and waste; They cut up Mallows by the Bushes, and Juniper Roots for their Meat: They were driven forth from among Men, (they cried after them as after a Thief) to dwell in the Cliffs of the Valleys, in Caves of the Earth and in Rocks: Among the Bushes they brayed, under the Nettles they were gather'd together; they A 4 20050

were Children of Fools, yea, Children of bafe Men; they were wiler than the Earth: And now am I their Song, yea, I am their By-word, &c, How mournful and dejected is the Language of his own Sorrows: Terrors are curned upon him, they pursue his Soul as the Wind, and his Welfare paffes away as a Cloud, his Bones are pierced within him, and his Soul is pour dout; he goes mourning without the Sun, a Brother to Dragons, and a Companion to Owls: while his Harp and Organ are turned into the Voice of them that weep. I must transcribe one half of this holy Book, if I would show the Grandeur, the Variety, and the Justness of his Ideas, or the Pomp and Beauty of his Expression: I must copy out a good part of the Writings of David and Ifaiab, if I would represent the poetical Excellencies of their Thoughts and Stile: Nor is the Language of the leffer Prophets. especially in some Paragraphs, much inferiour to thefe.

Now while they paint humane Nature in its various Forms and Circumstances, if their designing be fo just and noble, their Disposition so artful, and their Colouring so bright beyond the most fam'd humane Writers, how much more must their Descriptions of God and Heaven exceed all that is possible to be said by a meaner Tongue? When they speak of the Dwelling-place of God, He inhabits Eternity, and fits upon the Throne of his Holiness, in the midst of Light inaccessible. When his Holiness is mention'd, the Heavens are not clean in his Sight, he charges bis Angels with Folly: He looks to the Moon and it hineth not, and the Stars are not pure before his Eyes: He is a jealous God, and a consuming Fire. If we speak of Strength, Behold, he is strong: Heremoves the Mountains, and they know it not, He overturns them in his Anger: He (hakes the Earth from her Place, and her Pillars tremble : He makes a Path thro' the mighty Waters, he discovers the Foundations of the World: The Pillars of Heaven are aftonifbed at his Reproof. And after all, Thefe are but a Portion of his Ways : The Thunder of his Power who can un derstand? His Sovereignty, his Knowledge, and his Wildom are revealed to us in Language valtly super riour to all the poetical Accounts of Heathen Divinity. Let the Porfherds strive with the Porfherds of the Earth; but shall the Clay fay to him that fashioneth it. What makest thou? He bids the Heavens drop down from above, and let the Skies pour down Righteoufness. He commands the Sun, and it resett not, and he fealeth up the Stars. It is be that faith to the Deep be dry, and he dryeth up the Rivers. Wee to them that feek deep to bide their Counsel from the Lord; bis Eyes are upon all their Ways be underskands their Thoughts afar off. Hell is naked before bim, and Destruction bath no Covering. He calls out all. the Stars by their Names, he frustrateth the Tokens of the Liars, and makes the Divolners mad; He turns wife Men backward, and their Knowledge becomes foolish. His transcendent Eminence above all things, is most nobly represented; when he fits upon the Circle of the Earth, and the Inhabitants thereof are as Grashoppers : All Nations before him are as the Drop of a Buoket, and as the small Dust of the Ballance : He takes up the Isles as a very little thing ; Lebanon with all ber Beafts is not fufficiens for a Sacrifice to this God, nor are all her Trees Sufficient for the Burning; This God before whom the whole Creation is as nothing, yea, less than Nothing and Vanity. To which of all the Heathen Gods then will ye compare me, faith the Lord, and what shall I be liken'd to? And to which of all the Heathen Poets shall we liken or compare this glorious Oracor, this facred Defcriber of the God-head? The Orators of all Nations are as nothing before him, and their Words are Vanity and Emptiness. Let us turn our Eyes now to some of the Holy Writings, where God is Creating the World: How meanly do the best of the Gentiles talk and trifle upon this Subject, when brought into Comparison with Mofes, whom Longinus himself, a Gentile Critic, cites as a Master of the sublime Stile, when he chose

coule it? And the Lord faid, Let there be Light, and shere was Light a Let there be Clouds and Seas, Sun and Stars, Plants and Animals, and behold they are : He commanded and they appear and obey By the Word of the Lord were the Heavens made, and all the Host of them by the Breath of his Mouth. This is working like a God, with infinite Fale and Omnipotence His Wonders of Providence for the Terror and Ruin of his Adversaries. and for the Succour of his Saints, is fet before our Eyes in the Scripture with equal Magnificence, and as becomes Divinity. When he arises out of his Place the Earth trembles, the Foundations of the Hills are shaken because be is wroth: There goes a Smoke up out of his No-Brile, and Fire out of his Mouth devoureth, Coals are kindled by it. He bows the Heavens and comes down, and Durkuess is under bis Feet. The Mountains melt like Wax and flow down at his Presence. If Virgil, Homer, or Pinder were to prepare an Equipage for a descending God, they might use Thunder and Lightnings too, and Clouds and Fire to form a Chariot and Horfes for the Battle or the Triumph. But there is none of them provides him a Flight of Cherubs instead of Horfes, or fears him in Chariots of Salvation. David beholds him riding upon the Heaven of Heavens by his Name Juh : He was mounted upon a Cherub and did fly, he flew on the Wings of the Wind; and Habbakuk fends the Pestilence before him. Homer keeps a mighty Stir with his Negenary spila Zdis, and Heffod with his Zdis i LuBesuilies. Supiter that maifes up the Clouds, and that makes a Noise or thunders on high. But a Divine Poet makes the Clouds but the Dust of his Feet, and when the Highest gives his Voice in the Heavens, Hailftones and Coals of Fire follow, A Divine Poet discovers the Channels of the Waters, and lays open the Foundations of Nature, At thy Rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of the Breath of thy Nostrili. When the Holy One alighted upon Mount Sinais his Glory cover'd the Heavens: He stood and measur'd the Earth; He beheld and drove afunder the Nations, and the

the everlasting Mountains were feattered i the perpesual Hills did bow shis Wars are everlating. Then the Prophet low the Tents of Cultanin Affliction, and the Curtains of the Land of Midian did tremble, Hab, 1211 Nor did the bleffed Spirit which animated these Writers forbid them theufe of Visions, Droams, the opening of Scenes draadful and delightful, and the Introduction of Machines upon great Occasions: The Divine Licence in this respect is admirable and surprizing, and the Images are often too bold and dangerous for an uninfpir'd Writer to imitate. Mr. Dennis has made a noble Essay to discover how much Superiour is inspired Boosy to the brightest and best Descriptions of a Mortal Pen. Perhaps if his Proposel of Criticism had been enguiragid and pudicid, the Nation might have leavnt more Value for the Word of God; and the Wiss of the Age might have been fecur'd from the Danger of Deifn , while they must have been forc'd to confess at least the Divinity of all the poetical Books of Scrippure, when they for ? Genius running throf them more than humans 1012013 Whois there now will dere to affect that the Doctrines

of our holy Faith will not indulge or indure a Delightful Drefs ? Shall she & French Poet affright us by bear's Objection from other Poets of his own , gaived try. What a noble Use havevRacine and Corneille made

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pious Patrious awaken'd in those Poems? I be Mar-But the + French Critick, in his Reflections upon Eloquence, tells us, " That the Majesty of our Reli-"gion, the Holine's of its Laws, the Purity of its Mofrals, the Height of its Mysteries, and the Impor-" tance of every Subject that belongs to it requires " a Grandeur, a Noblenels, a Majesty, and Eleva-tion of Stile suited to the Theme: Sparkling Images and magnificent Expressions must be used, and are best borrowd from Scripture: Let the Preacher that aims at Eloquence read the Prophets incessantly, for their Writings are an abundant Source of all the Riches and Ornaments of Speech. And in my Opinion this as fairbetter Counsel than Horace gives us when he says, Subornal edit bas, Jumpited bas luit on a said in sono a said I and the counsel than and are not said in sono a said I and a sono a said I and I and a sono a said I and I and a sono a said I and I

speck is admirable and and wind simply to dre Images are often too be a drawed states and the state of the st

Divinity, I have Reason to repent of nothing more than that Phave not perus'd the Bible with more Frequency; so if I were to set up for a Poet, with a Design to exceed all the Modern Writers, I would follow the Advice of Ropin, and read the Prophets Night and Day. I am sure the Composures of the following Book would have been fill'd with much greater Sense, and appeared with much more agreeable Ornaments, had I derived a larger Portion from the Holy Scriptures.

V Befides we may fetch a further Answer to Mr. Boileau's Objection from other Poets of his own Count try. What a noble Use have Racine and Corneille made of Christian Subjects in some of their best Tragedies? What a Variety of Divine Scenes are display a, and pious Paffions awaken'd in those Poems? The Martyrdom of Polyeutte, how doth it reign over our Love and Piry, and at the same time animate our Zeal and Devotion! May I here be permitted the Liberty to return my Thanks to that fair and ingenious Hand that directed me to fuch Entertainments in a foreign Language which I had long wish'd for, and fought in vain in our own. Yet I must confess, that the Davideis and the two Arthurs have so far answer'd Boileau's Objection in English, as that the Obstacles of attempting Christian Poely are broken down, and the vain PrePretence of its being impracticable is experimentally conflited and drive sound and published on the conflited and the conflicted and the con

Tis true indeed the Christian Mysteries have not fuch need of gay. Trappings as beautify'd or rather composed the Heathen Superflition: But this still makes for the greater Eafe and furer Success of the Poet The Wonders of our Religion in a plain Narration and a simple Dress, have a native Grandeur, a Dig nicy; and a Beauty in them, the they do not unterly difdain all Methods of Ornament The Book of the Revelations seems to be a Prophecy in the Form of an Opera or a Dramatic Poem where Divine Art illufireres the Subject with many charming Glories; But ftill it must be acknowledged, that the naked Themes of Christianity have something brighter and bolder ih thein Comething more furprizing and celeftial than all the Adventures of Gods and Heroes, all the dazling Images of falle Luftre that form and garnish a Heathen Song : Here the very Argument would give wonderful Aidsoto the Muse, and the heavenly Theme would fo relieve a dull Hour and a languishing Genius other when the Muse nods, the Sense would burn and fparkle upon the Reader, and keep him feelingly awake a neverth monw close ve belief

With how much less Toil and Expence might a Dryden an Orway, a Congreve, or a Dennis furnish our a Christian Poem than a modern Play: There is nothing amongst all the ancient Fables or later Romances, that have two fuch Extremes united in them, as the Eternal God becoming an Infant of Days: the Possessor of the Palace of Heaven laid to fleep in a Manger, the Holy feliag who knew no Sin! bearing the Sins of Men in his Body on the Tree! Agonies of Sorrow loading the Soul of him who was God over all bleffed for ever; and the Sovereign of Life stretching his Arms on a Cross bleeding and expiring : The Heaven and the Hell in our Diviniev are infinitely more idelightful and dreadful than the -imini Childin

Childish Figments of a Dog with three Heads the Buckets of the Belides, the Furies with Inaky Hairs or all the flowry Stories of Ilyfum. And if we furvershe one as Theries divinely true, and the other as a Medley of Fooleries which we can never believe the Advantage for southing the Springs of Paffion will fall infinitely on the Side of the Christian Poet / Our Worder and our Love, our Pity, Delight, and Sore rows with the long Train of Hopes and Fears; must needs be worter the Command of an harmonious Penb whose every Line makes a Pasto of the Reader's Faith, and is the very Life or Death of his Soul. and the triffing and incredible Tales that furnish out a Tragedy are for armed by Wittand Fancy, as to be come Sovereign of the Rational Bowers, to tritimph over all the Affections, and manage our Smiles and our Tears at Pleasure: How wondrous a Conquest might be obtain'd over a wild World, and reduce it at leaft to Sobriety Aif the fame happy Talent were employ'd in dreffing the Scenes of Religion in their proper Figures of Majesty, Sweemes and Terror, The Wonders of Creating Power, of Redeeming Love and Renewing Grace, ought not to be thus impioufly new glected by those whom Heaven has endu'd with a Gift so proper to adorn and cultivate them ; an Art whose fueet Infinuations might almost convey Piety into refilting Nature, and melt the hardest Souls to the hove of Venue. The Affairs of this Life with their Reference to a fife to come would thine bright in a Bramacic Description : horois there any need or any Reafor why we should always borrow the Plan or History from the ancient Jest or primitive Martyrs: Modern Scenes would be better understood by most Readers, and the Application would be much more easy. The Anguish of inward Guilt, the fecret Stings and Hacks and Scourges of Confcience, the fweet refiring

Hours and feraphical Joys of Devotion, the: Victory of a resolved Soul oversa thousand Temprations, the

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inimitable Love and Paffion of a dying God, the awful Glories of the last Tribunal, the grand decisive Sentence from which there is no Appeal, and the confequent Transports or Horrors of the two eternal Worlds, these things may be variously disposed, and form many Poems. How might such Performances under a Divine Bleffing call back the dying Piety of the Nation to Life and Beauty? This would make Religion appear like it self, and confound the Blasphemies of a profligate World, ignorant of pious Pleaseures.

But we have Reason to fear that the tuneful Men of our Day have not rais'd their Ambition to fo Divine a Pitch; I should rejoice to see more of this Celeftial Fire kindling within them, for the Flashes that break out in fome present and past Writings betray an infernal Source. This the incomparable Mr. Cowby in the latter End of his Preface, and the ingenious Sir Richard Blackmore in the Beginning of his, have fo pathetically described and lamented; and I rathen refer the Reader to mourn with them, than detain and tire him here. These Gentlemen in their large and labour'd Works of Poefy have given the World happy Examples of what they wish and encourage in Profe the One in a rich Variety of Thought and Fancy; the Other in all the shining Colours of profule and florid Diction. ind an easy Parton.

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If shorter Sonnets were compos'd on sublime Subjects, such as the Psalms of David, and the holy Transports interspers'd in the other sacred Writings, or such as the moral Odes of Horace, and the ancient Lyricks, I perswade my self that the Christian Preacher would find abundant Aid from the Poet in his Design to diffuse Vertue, and allure Souls to God. If the Heart were first instant'd from Heaven, and the Muse were not lest alone to form the Devotion, and pursue a cold Scent, but only call'd in as an Assistant to the Worship, then the Song would end where the Information

Spiration ceases; the whole Composure would be of a Piece, all Meridian Light and Meridian Fervour; and the same pious Flame would be propagated and kept glowing in the Heart of him that reads. Some of the shorter Odes of the two Poets now mention'd, and a few of the Reverend Mr. Norris's Essays in Verse are convincing Instances of the Success of this

Sympa has still or nois

Proposal.

Numbers of Pinder, or the noble Measures of Milton without Rhime, would best maintain the Dignity of the Theme, as well as give a Loose to the devout Soul, nor check the Raptures of her Faith and Love. Tho in my feeble Attempts of this kind I have too often unhappily fetter'd my Thoughts in the narrow Metre of our old Psalm-Translators; I have contracted and crampt the Sense, or render'd it obscure and feeble by the too speedy and regular Returns of Rhime.

If my Friends expect any Reason of the following Composures, and of the first or second Publication, I entreat them to accept of this Account.

The Title affures them that Poely is not the Business of my Life; and if I seiz'd those Hours of Leisure wherein my Soul was in a more sprightly Frame to entertain them or my self with a Divine or Moral Song,

In the first Book are many Odes which were written to affift the Meditations and Worship of vulgar Christians, and with a Design to be publish'd in the Volume of Hymns which have now pass'd a second Impression; but upon the Review I found some Expressions that were not suited to the plainest Capacity, and the Metaphors are too bold to please the weaker Christian, therefore I have allotted them a Place here.

Amongst the Songs that are dedicated to Divine Love, I think I may be bold to affert, that I never compos'd one Line of them with any other Design than

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than what they are apply'd to here; and I have endeavour'd to secure them all from being perverted and debas'd to wanton Passions, by several Lines in them that can never be apply'd to a meaner Love. Are not the noblest Instances of the Grace of Christ represented under the Figure of a Conjugal State, and describ'd in one of the sweetest Odes and the softest Pastoral that ever was written? I appeal to Solomon in his Song, and his Father David in Psal. 45. if David was the Author: And I am well assured that I have never indulg'd an equal Licence: 'Twas dangerous to imitate Divinity too nearly in so nice an Affair.

The Poems Sacred to Vertue, &c. were form'd when the Frame and Humour of my Soul was just suited to the Subject of my Verse: The Image of my Heart is painted in them; and if they meet with a Reader whose Soul is akin to mine, perhaps they may agreeably entertain him. The Dullness of the Fancy and Coarseness of Expression will disappear; the Sameness of the Humour will create a Pleasure, and insensibly overcome and conceal the Defects of the Muse. Young Gentlemen and Ladys, whose Genius and Education have given them a Relish of Oratory and Verse, may be tempted to seek Satisfaction among the dangerous Diversions of the Stage and impure Sonnets, if there be no Provision of a safer kind made to please them. While I have attempted to gratify innocent Fancy in this Respect I have not forgotten to allure the Heart to Vertue, and to raise it to a Disdain of brutal Pleasures. The frequent Interposition of a devout Thought may awaken the Mind to a ferious Sense of God, Religion, and Eternity. The same Duty that might be despis'd in a Sermon when propos'd to their Reason, may here perhaps seize the lower Faculties with Surprize, Delight and Devotion at once; and thus by Degrees draw the superiour Powers of the Mind to Piety. Amongst the infinite Numbers of Mankind, there is not more Difference in their outward Shape and Features, than in their Temper and inward Inclination. Some are more eafily susceptive of Religion in a grave Discourse and fedate Reasoning. Some are best frighted from Sin and Ruin by Terror, Threatning and Amazement their Fear is the properest Passion to which we can address our selves, and begin the Divine Work : Others can feel no Motive to powerful as that which applies it felf to their Ingenuity, and their polifie'd Imagination. Now I thought it lawful to take hold of any Handle of the Soul to lead it away befirmes from vicious Pleasures; and if I could but make up a Composition of Vertue and Delight suited to the Taste of well-bred Youth and a refin'd Education, I had forme Hope to allure and raise them thereby above the vise Temprations of degenerate Nature, and Custom that is yet more degenerate. When I have felt a flight Inclination to Satyr or Burlefque, I thought it proper to suppress it. The grinning and the growling Muse are not hard to be obtain'd, but I would diffain their Affiftance where a manly Invitation to Vertue, and a friendly Smile may be successfully employ'd. Could I perswade any Man by a kinder Method, I should never think it proper to feold or laugh at him.

Perhaps there are some morose Readers that stand ready to condemn every Line that's written upon the Theme of Love; but have we not the Gares and the Felicities of that fort of social Life represented to us in the sacred Writings. Some Expressions are there used with a Design to give a mortifying Instuence to our softest Affections; Others again brighten the Character of that State, and allure verticus Souls to pursue the divine Advantage of it, the mutual Affistance in the way to Salvation. Are not the 127th and 128th Psalms indited on this very Subject? Shall it be lawful for the Press and the Pulpir to treat of it with a becoming Solemnity in Prose, and must the Mention of the same thing in Poesy be pronounced for ever un-

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lawful & Is it utterly unworthy of a ferious Character to write on this Argument, because it has been unhappily polluted by fome scurrilous Pens? Why may I not be permitted to obviate a common and a growing Mischief, while a thousand vile Poems of the amorous kind Iwarm abroad, and give a vicious Taint to the unwary Reader? I would tell the World that I have endeavour'd to recover this Argument out of the Hands of impure Writers, and to make it appear, that Vertue and Love are not fuch Strangers as they are represented. The blisful Intimacy of Souls in that State will afford fufficient Furniture for the grayest Entertainment in Verse; so that is need not be everlaftingly dress'd up in Ridicule, nor assumed only to furnish out the lewd Sonnets of the Times. May some happier Genius promote the same Service that I propos'd, and by superiour Sense and sweeter Sound render what I have written contemptible and ufelels.w branch pobson

The Imitations of that noblest Latin Poet of modern Ages, Casimire Sarbiewski of Poland, would need no Excuse did they but arise to the Beauty of the Original. I have often taken the Freedom to add ten or twenty Lines, or to leave out as many, that I might fuit my Song more to my own Defign, or because I faw ir impossible to present the Force, the Fineness, and the Fire of his Expression in our Language. There are a few Copies wherein I borrow'd fome Hints from the same Author, without the Mention of his Name in the Title. Methinks I can allow fo fuperior a Genius now and then to be lavish in his Imagination, and to indulge some Excursions beyond the Limits of fedate Judgment: The Riches and Glory of his Verse make Atonement in Abundance. I wish some English Pen would import more of his Treasures, and bless our Nation. Waster and the state of the state o prison distriction of the large field here

The Inscriptions to particular Friends are warranted and defended by the Practice of almost all the Lyric Writers. They frequently convey the rigid Rules of Morality to the Mind in the softer Method of Applause. Sustain'd by their Example a Man will not easily be overwhelm'd by the heaviest Censures of the unthinking and unknowing; especially when there is a Shadow of this Practice in the Divine Psalmist, while he inscribes to Asaph or Jeduthun his Songs that were made for the Harp, or (which is all one) his Lyric Odes, tho they are address'd to God himself.

In the Poems of Heroic Measure I have attempted in Rhime the same Variety of Cadence, Comma and Period, which Blank Verse glories in as its peculiar Elegance and Ornament. It degrades the Excellency of the best Versification when the Lines run on by Couplets, twenty together, just in the same Pace and with the same Paules. It spoils the noblest Pleasure of the Sound: the Reader is tir'd with the tedious Uniformity, or charm'd to sleep with the unmanly Sostness of the Numbers, and the perpetual Chime of even Cadences.

In the Effars without Rhime I have not fet up Milion for a perfect Pattern; tho he shall be for ever honour'd as our Deliverer from the Bondage. His Works contain admirable and unequall'd Instances of bright and beautiful Diction, as well as Majesty and Sereneness of Thought. There are feveral Episodes in his longer Works that stand in supreme Dignity without a Rival! yet all that vast Reverence with which I read his Paradife lost cannot perswade me to be charm'd with every Page of it. The Length of his Periods, and sometimes of his Parentheses runs me out of Breath: Some of his Numbers feem too harsh and uneasy. I could never believe that Roughness and Obscurity added any thing to the true Grandeur of a Poem: nor will I ever affect Archaisms, Exoticisms, and a quaint Uncouthness of Speech, in order to become perfectly MilMilionian. 'Tis my Opinion that Blank Verse may be written with all due Elevation of Thought in a modern Stile without borrowing any thing from Chaucer's Tales, or running back so far as the Days of Celiur the Shepherd, and the Reign of the Fairy Queen. The Odness of an antique Sound gives but a salse Pleasure to the Ear, and abuses the true Relish even when it works Delight. There were some such Judges of Poesy among the old Romans, and Martial ingeniously laughs at one of them that was pleas'd even to Astonishment with obsolete Words and Figures.

Attonitusq; legis terrai frugiferai.

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nt y So the ill-drawn Postures and Distortions of Shape that we meet with in Chinese Pictures charm a fickly Fancy by their very Aukwardness; so a distemper'd Appetite will chew Coals and Sand, and pronounce it gustful.

In the Pindaries I have generally conform'd my Lines to the shorter Size of the Ancients, and avoided to imitate the excessive Lengths to which some modern Writers have stretch'd their Sentences, and especially the concluding Verse. In these the Ear is the must Judge, nor was it made to be enslav'd to any precise Model of elder or later times.

After all, I must petition my Reader to lay aside the four and sullen Air of Cristissin, and to assume the Friend. Let him chuse such Copies to read at particular Hours when the Topper of his Mind is suited to the Song. Let him come with a Desire to be entertain'd and pleas'd, rather than to seek his own Disgust and Aversion, which will not be hard to find. I am not so vain as to think there are no Faults, nor so blind as to espy none: Tho I hope the Multitude of Alterations in this Edition are not without Amendment. There is so large a Difference between this and the former in the Change of Titles, Lines, and whole Poems.

Posters T

Poems, as well as in the various Transpositions, that 'ewould be useless and endiess, and all Confusion for any Reader to compare them throughout. The Additions also make up almost half the Book, and some of these have need of as many Alterations as the former. Many a Line needs the File to polish the Roughnels of it. and many a Thought wants richer Language to adore and make it shine. Wide Defects and equal Superfluities may be found especially in the larger Pieces; but Phave at present neither Inclination nor Leifure to correct, and I hope I never shall. This one of the biggest Satisfactions I take in giving this Volume to the World, that I expect to be for ever free from the Temptation of making or mending Poems again. So that my Friends may be perfectly fecure against this Impressions growing waste upon their Hands, and useless as the former has done. Let Minds that are better furnished for such Performances pursue these Studies, if they are convinced that Poefy can be made Terviceable to Religion and Vertue.

I cannot court the World to purchase this Book for their Pleasure or Entertainment, by telling em that any one Copy entirely pleases me. The best of them finks below the Idea which I form of a Divine or Morat Ode. He that deals in the Mysteries of Heaven or of the Muses should be a Genius of no vulgar Mould: And as the Name Vater belongs to both a fo the Furniture of both is comprized in that Line of Defeated to a final challet

cular Hours when the West - Cui Mone Divinier, atq; Os and odt Magna Sonaturum. and Avertion, which will not be hard

But what Juvenal spake in his Age abides true in ours: A compleat Poet or a Prophet is fuch a one grace Qualem requeo monstrare, & fentio tantum.

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Perhaps neither of these Characters in Persection shall ever be seen on Earth, till the seventh Angel has sounded his awful Trumpet; till the Victory be compleat over the Beast and his Image, when the Natives of Heaven shall join in Consort with Prophets and Saints, and sing to their golden Harps Salvation, Honour and Glory to bim that sits upon the Throne, and to the Lamb for ever.

OF THE

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HORÆ LYRICÆ.

And with, and come longing

BOOK I. Sacred to DEVOTION and PIETY:

Worshipping with Fear.

I.

With Notes of mortal Sound?

Dangers and Glories guard the Theme,

And spread Despair around.

II.

Destruction waits t'obey his Frown,
And Heaven attends his Smile;
A Wreath of Lightning arms his Crown,
But Love adorns it still.

III.

Celestial King, our Spirits lie Trembling beneath thy Feet,

B

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it sidesi accuradi.

LTRICK POEMS, Book I.

And wish, and cast a longing Eye
To reach thy losty Seat.

IV.

When shall we see the Great Unknown,
And in thy Presence stand?
Reveal the Splendors of thy Throne,
But shield us with the Hand.

V.

In thee what endless Wonders meet!
What various Glory shines!
The crossing Rays too siercely beat
Upon our fainting Minds:

VI.

Angels are loft in fweet Surprize

If then unvail thy Grace;

And humble Aweruns throf the Skies

When Wrath arays thy Pace.

VILI

When Mercy joyns with Majefty

To spread their Beams abroad,

Not all the fairest Minds on high

Are Shadows of a God.

VIII

In a too feeble strain, and which the strain and suit ment

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Suc mode ine "

And labours upon all his strings ...
To reach thy Thoughts in vain.

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DC library var diw 1717.

Created Powers, how weak they be!

How short our Praises fall!

So much a-kin to nothing We,

And Thou th' Eternal All.

Asking leave to Sing.

aloust around it out does but over the second of the secon

I

YET mighty God, indulge my Tongue,
Nor let thy Thunders roar,
Whilft the young Notes and vent'rous Song
To Worlds of Glory foar.

not druk to be a continue in such to me

If thou my daring Flight forbid

The Muse folds up her Wings;

Or at thy Word her stender Reed

Attempts Almighty Things.

ffred riods Ha Wiles commen D

Her slender Reed inspir'd by Thee

Bids a new Eden grow

With blooming Life on every Tree,

And spreads a Heav'n below.

IV sawith at the noon amodel bad

She mocks the Trumpers loud Alarms the control Fill'd with thy dreadful Breath; And calls th' Angelick Hofts to Arms, To give the Nations Death.

so much a time to abilitie We. . V

But when the taftes her Saviour's Love to the All All And feels the Rapture strong, Scarce the divinest Harp above Aims at a fweeter Song.

Divine Judgments.

Nor les thy Thursders room;

ade regain general at this w OT from the Dust my Sorrows spring, Nor drop my Comforts from the lower Skies; Let all the baleful Planets shed principle and it Their mingled Curles on my Head, an Modif How vain their Curfes, if th' Eternal King vell and Look thro' the Clouds and blefs me with his Eyes! Creatures with all their boafted Sway Are but his Slaves, and must obey; They wait their Orders from above, And execute his Word, the Vengeance or the Love. ... Mod for each a Heavin below. .

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II.

Sublinue on Winters author Wings

Tis by a Warrant from his Hand a control ! The gentler Gales are bound to fleep The North-wind blufters, and affumes Command Over the Defart and the Deep; Old Boreas with his freezing Pow'rs Turns the Earth Iron, makes the Ocean Glass, Arrests the dancing Riv'lets as they pass,

And chains them moveless to their Shores; The grazing Ox lows to the Gelid Skies, and and well Walks o'er the Marble Meads with withering Eyes, Walks o'er the folid Lakes, fnuffsup the Wind, and dies.

I can the inotes of Digitity.

Fly to the Polar World, my Song. And mourn the Pilgrims there (a wretched Throng) Seiz'd and bound in rigid Chains, A Troop of Statues on the Russian Plains. And Life stands frozen in their Purple Veins. Atheift forbear; no more blaspheme; God has a Thousand Terrors in his Name, A Thouland Armies at Command, Distrib aid is at I Waiting the Signal of his Hand, and inching it And Magazines of Frost, and Magazines of Flame. Dress thee in Steel to meet his Wrath; His fharp Artillery from the North

Shall pierce thee to the Soul, & shake thy mortal Frame. Sublime Sublime on Winters rugged Wings He rides in Arms along the Sky. Wa vo all And scatters Fate on Swains and Kings And Flocks and Herds, and Nations die; While impious Lips profanely bold

Grow pale; and quivering at his dreadful Cold Give their own Blasphemies the Lie.

Arrells the danding it is less Whey pale Mischiefs that infest the Earth and animon A When the hot Dog-for fires the Realms on high, 3 and Drought, Discase, and cruel Dearth, 130 allaw Are but the Flashes of a wrathful Eve lored to a dia W

From the incens'd Divinity. In vain our parching Palates thirft, and or will

For vital Food in vain we cry, it I am amont but And pant for vital Breath; bas b's les

The verdant Fields are burnt to Duft, to good TA

The Sun hasdrunk the Channels dry and said but A

And all the Airis Death . wedge fliend A

Ye Scourges of our Maker's Rod, of The and boo

'Tis at his dread Command, at his imperial Nod A You'deal your various Plagues abroad

Hail, Whirlwinds, Hurricanes, and Floods That all the leafy Standards Reip. A change of And bear down with a mighty Sweep strict Hard have also and the firm was

And Magdaines of Philip well May science of Phins

The

So Roles grow on

The Riches of the Fields, and Honours of the Woods.

Storms, that ravage o'er the Deep,

And bury Millions in the Waves,

Earthquakes, that in Midnight Sleep

Turn Cities into Heaps, and makeour Beds our Graves;
While you differ to your mortal Harms,

'Tis the Creator's Voice that founds your loud Alarms,
When Guilt with londer Cries provokes a God to Arms.

VI.

O for a Mellage from above

To bear my Spirits up!

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Some Pledge of my Creator's Love

To calm my Terrors, and Support my Hope !

Let Waves and Thunders mix and roar,

Be thou my God, and the whole World is mine:

While thou art Sov'reign, I'm fecure;

I shall be rich till thou art poor;

For all I fear and all I with, Heav'n, Earth and Hell (are thine,

Earth and Heaven.

for Fools to gaze appa

Hast thou not seed the solemn Truth

B 4

s but a Landskin rudelydd

That

That grey Experience writes for giddy Youth

On every Mortal Joy? special said service?

Pleasure must be dash'd with Pain:

And yet with heedles Hafte

The thirsty Boy repeats the Taste,

Nor hearkens to Despair, but tries the Bowl again.

The Rills of Pleasure never run sincere;

(Earth has no unpolluted Spring)

From the curs'd Soil some dang'rous Taint they bear; So Roses grow on Thorns, and Honey wears a Sting.

II.

In vain we feek a Heaven below the Sky;
The World has false but flatt'ring Charms;
Its distant Joys show big in our Esteem,
But lessen still as they draw near the Eye;
In our Embrace the Visions die,
And when we grasp the airy Forms
We lose the pleasing Dream.

TII

Earth with her Scenes of gay Delight
Is but a Landskip rudely drawn
With glaring Colours and false Light;
Distance commends it to the Sight
For Fools to gaze upon;
But bring the nauseous Daubing nigh,
Coarse and confus'd the hideous Figures lie,
Dissolve the Pleasure and offend the Eye.

9

Look up, my Soul, pant tow'rd th' Eternal Hills: I
Those Heav'ns are fairer than they seem;
There Pleasures all-sincere glide on in Chrystal Rills,
There not a Dregg of Guilt defiles,
Nor Grief disturbs the Stream.
That Canaan knowns no noxious thing, a sale of

Nor Roles grow on Thorns, nor Honey wears a Sting

Felicity Above.

ng isol due rossill bal

NO, 'tis in vain to feek for Blifs;
For Blifs can ne'er be found

No curfed Soil, no tainted Spring,

w;

ıg.

F

Till we arrive where Jefus is,

And tread on heav'nly Groundle, solliente qu'il

And wair your Main: s Nod

There's nothing round these painted Skies, StuM and T. Or round this dusty Clod, and to among Hard and T.

Nothing, my Soul, that's worth thy Joys,
Or lovely as thy God. What, Hell but, theoU, shill

Hang on his firm Decrean

Tis Heav'n on Earth to taste his Love,

To feel his quickning Grace;

And

to LTRICK POEMS, Book L

And all the Heav'n I hope above

Is but to fee his Pace, was tong, igo 2 year, qu 190 I

Those Heavins are fairtesthan they from

Why move my Years in flow Delay! Ship of a son son'T

Let the Spheres cleave and mark my way

To the superiour Sky.

Dear Sov'reign, break these vital Strings
That bind me to my Clay;
Take me, Uriel, on thy Wings,
And stretch and soar away.

God's Dominion and Decrees.

Till we arrive where fourtis,

Kep Silence, all created Things, no bear buA
And wait your Maker's Nod:

The Muse stands trembling while the sings of ored T
The Honours of her God O thus aids have TO

Life, Death, and Hell, and Worlds unknown of TO

He fits on no precarious Throne,
Nor borrows Leave to Be.

To feel his quickning

I

V

II.

HEV

Th'Almighty Voice bid ancient Night enabivor AH Her endless Realms resign, alalmon aid saken ban And lo, ten thousand Globes of Light A gain opening In Fields of Azure shine.

IV.

Now Wisdom with Superiour Sway class alexe and enals Guides the vast moving Frame, a less enables of Whilst all the Ranks of Being pay associated and non A Deep Rev'rence to his Name, no Made absent but A

V.

And held the falling Day; ing noise And different the Sea, averall held of the needed of the falling Day; in the Sea, averall held of the needed of the falling Day; in the Sea, averall held of the needed of the falling Day; in the Sea, averall held of the needed of the falling Day; in the Sea, and the falling Day; in the sea of the falling

VI.

He marshals all the Stars; Tanoing drive and Marshals all the Stars; Tanoing drive and Marshals all the Stars; And wide proclaim his Wars.

VII.

With all the Fares of Men, and you bear and I yell.
With every Angel's Form and Size

Drawn by th' eternal Pen.

VIII.

LIRICK POEMS, Book I.

VIII.

His Providence un	Th'Almichey Voice balons and ablot
And makes his C	Her endiels Realms senial selanuo
Each opening Lea	fand every Stroke shods not of bal
	Delign. anish crus A to able I al

IX.

Here he exalts negl	ested Worms and drive mobile word
To Scepters and	Guides the yaft moving; hword a
Anon the following	Page he turns, tank och ila fillitiv
And treads the A	Deep Pay rence cawob aloranol

x.V

Not Gabriel asks th	He feake; The Sun Weylwholks a
Nor God the R	And hold the falling De savig nolas
	ourite-Angel pry metabad makes 110
	ded Leavested sell springspill bala

XI.

My God,	I never long d to fee to stan A ph 30 hig.I.
My Fate	with curious Eyes 2 out ile sia firm of]
What gloon	ny Lines are writ for me, and this seemed be H
Or what	bright Scenes thalf Hill in the print of the back

XII.

In thy f	air Book of Life and Grace of Tand or bound
May	I but find my Name Me of Me daily
Recorde	d in some humble Place of a land views dil W
Benea	th my Lord the Lamb, Tienres As you nwere!

od Il Self-Confectation ... am squado

An Infrument of Song to

And thou the Mores h T grieves me Lord, it grieves me fore That I have liv'd to thee no more, and yM And wasted half my Days; And fweet var

My inward Pow'rs fhould burn and flame With Zeal and Paffion for thy Name;

I would not speak but for my God, nor move but to his (Praise.

With my melodious Mech.

What are my Eyes but Aids to fee to yaws 189 bil The Glories of the Deity in or name! y boold A Infcrib'd with Beams of Light brooking and hat

On Flow'rs and Stars? Lord, I behold

The shining Azure, Green and Gold;

But when I try to read thy Name, a Dimness vails my

Mine Ears are rais'd when Virgit fings Sicilian Swains, or Trojan Kings, MA a a QO

And drink the Music in ad I was min AdT

Why fhould the Trumpets brazen Voice, as a standard

Or oaten Reed awake my Joys, stining and all no

And yet my Heart so stupid lie when sacred Hymns befried thy great Solf thy Being springer D to valou

we are thing own Original,

Percele 1.

1

I

I

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IV

Change me, O God; my Fleth thall be
An Instrument of Song to thee,
And thou the Notes inspire:
My Tongue shall keep the heavily Chime,
My chearful Pulse shall beat the Time,
And sweet variety of Sound shall in thy Praise conspire.

The dearest Nerve about my Heart,
Should it resule to bear a Part
With my melodious Breath,
I'd tear away the vital Chord
A bloody Victim to my Lord,
And live without that impious String, or show my Zeal

and disv descrices, sensel ver boor of ver I node and creatures.

GOD is a Name my Soul adoresciew? with all their Powis blood will.

Nature and Grace with all their Powis blood will.

Confess the Infinite unknown, sewa has a grace of the confess the Infinite unknown, sewa has a grace of the confess the Infinite unknown, sewa has a grace of the confess the Infinite unknown, sewa has a grace of the confess the Infinite unknown, sewa has a grace of the confess the Infinite unknown, sewa has a grace of the confess the Infinite unknown, sewa has a grace of the confess the Infinite unknown, sewa has a grace of the confess the Infinite unknown, sewa has a grace of the confess the Infinite unknown, sewa has a grace of the confess the Infinite unknown, sewa has a grace of the confess the Infinite unknown and the Infinite unk

From thy great Self thy Being springs; Thou art thine own Original,

Made

Beneath thy Feet we ly significance bears them all workers but Sand Self-fufficience bears them all workers bears them.

Pools I.

Ш.

Thy Voice produc'd the Seas and Spheres, and Planets thine;
Bid the Waves roar, and Planets thine;
But nothing like thy Self appears
Thro'all these spacious Works of thine.

IV.

Still reftless Nature dies and grows;
From Change to Change the Creatures run:
Thy Being no Succession knows,
And all thy vast Designs are one.

V.

A Glance of thine runs thro' the Globes,
Rules the bright Worlds, and moves their Frame;
Broad Sheets of Light compole thy Robes;
Thy Guards are form'd of living Flame.

VI

Thrones and Dominions round thee fall

And worship in submissive Forms in the standard of the

" Nor Royal Thining alline IIV

How shall affrighted Mortals dare in not argue M. A. To sing thy Glory or thy Grace, And abled but he

Beneat

Beneath thy Feet we lye fo far, homerann to que bill.

And fee but Shadows of thy Face? consisting the Sun A

VIII.

Who can behold the blazing Light?
Who can approach confirming Flame?
None but thy Wildom knows thy Might;
None but thy Word can speak thy Name.

From Chang Hird To vitigital adT 1:

Sall realled Naturedies and grows;

Broad Shacks of Licht

SHepherds, rejoyce, lift up your Eyes,

And fend your Fears away;

" News from the Region of the Skies,

" Salvation's born to day.

II.

" Jesus the God whom Angels fear

" Comes down to dwell with you;

To day he makes his Entrance here,

" But not as Monarchs do. Williadal ni gidnow baA

Thy Prefence flakes this lowerfall,

" No Gold, nor purple fwadling Bands, " I shall air! I

" Nor Royal shining things

A Manger for his Cradle stands, addition 1 and woll

To fing thy Glory organia To fing thy Sold Williams

GI

We

I

IV.

- " Go Shepherds where the Infant lies,
 - " And fee his humble Throne,
- "With Tears of Joy in all your Eyes,
 - "Go Shepherds, kils the Son. has work work

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IV.

How but sing Wand World

Thus Gabriel lang, and strait around and ordenwon A The heavenly Armies throngs only Landbord va

They tune their Harps to lofty Sound, And thus conclude the Song. Id air Ordain Soll T

Their Monons frauk

and on the Win

Post of thy Name Div

- "Glory to God that reigns above."
 - " Let Peace furround the Earth:
- We read the Mortals shall know their Maker's Love
 - " At their Redeemer's Birth.

Lord, and shall Angels have their Songs, And Men no Tunes to raise? node I all world voil

O may we loofe these useless Tongues lo alargml TO

When they forget to praise!

But when we view thy Rury: Delign

Glory to God that reigns above, choilleder over o'T That pitied us forlorn, mod shin command storil

We join to fing our Maker's Love, flenish shads ale

For there's a Saviour born.

Cobil ow their evol of

Dar I hougens are left in reverend Awer

God Glorious, and Sinners faved.

是对数据,我们是我们的是一种最后的对方,也不是一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个一个
With Tears of Joy in all slove Eye,
Ather, how widenthy Glory shiftes lead? and "
How high thy Wonders rife!
Known thro' the Earth by thousand Signed Signed Signed Signed
By thousand thro' the Skies sing A vinevend odT
They tune their Harpito logy Sound,
Those mighty Orbs proclaim thy Power,
Their Motions speak thy Skill;
And on the Wings Al every World that to God or viole
We read thy Patience full brille Tur Sone 1 30.1
Morcais shall know dieir Maker's I eve
Part of thy Name Divinely stands
On all thy Creatures writ, alegn A llad bas bro I
They show the Labour of thine Hands, not but A
Or Impress of thy Feet alassis along along we on O
When they forget to praid
But when we view thy ftrange Delign
To fave rebellious Words, maior such bod or violo
Where Vengeance and Compaffion Join being sall
To shain distinct the Table 18 and and additional and

Our Thoughts are lost in reverend Awe;

For there's a Saviour borty

The

The first Arch-Angel never faw
So much of God before.

VI.

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1

Nor dares a Creature gels
Which of the Glories brightest shone;
The Justice or the Grace.

When Sinners broke the Father's Laws, well The dying Son atones; and an eyb bus god but Oh the dear Mysteries of his Cross!

The Triumph of his Greans!

Now the full Glories of the Lamb and bas shall bad Adorn the heavenly Plains;

Sweet Cherubs learn Immanuel's Name; in biol self.
And try their choicest Strains. It amino of amazo

O may I bear fome humble Part

In that Immortal Song;

Wonder and Joy shall tune my Heart, o I borden at I

And Love command my Tongue: Them you sting!

Should Heaven grow black, Almighty Thunder man, set Vengeance et a mg I could plead no more. It was own thy fartice dving, and excre

The first Nech-Angel sever faw

Oh the dear Mytte

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Fath

The bumble Enquiry.

A French Sonnet imitated. 1695.

Grand Dieu, tes Jugemens, &c.

I.

GRace rules below, and fits enthron'd above,
How few the Sparks of Wrath! how flow they
(move,

And drop and dye in boundless Seas of Love!

H

But me vile Wretch should pitying Love embrace
Deep in its Ocean, Hell it self would blaze,
And slash and burn me thro' the boundless Seas.

Adorn the heaven'y Eimh

Yea, Lord, my Guilt to fuch a Vaftness grown
Seems to confine thy Choice to Wrath alone,
And calls thy Power to vindicate thy Throne.

O mey I bear fome humby Pare

Thine Honour bids, Avenge thine injur d Name,
Thy slighted Loves a dreadful Glory claim,
While my moist Tears might but incense thy Flame.

V.

Should Heaven grow black, Almighty Thunder roar, And Vengeance blaft me, I could plead no more, But own thy Justice dying, and adore.

VI.

VI.

Yet can those Bolts of Death that cleave the Flood
To reach a Rebel, pierce this sacred Shroud
Ting'd in the vital Stream of my Redeemer's Blood?

The Penitent pardoned.

Haswer collections all

Hence from my Soul, my Sins, depart,
Your fatal Friendship now I see,
Long have you dwelt too near my Heart;
Hence to eternal Distance see,

Ħ

Ye gave my dying Lord his Wound, Yet I carefs'd your viperous Brood, And in my Heart-Strings lapp'd you round, You the vile Murderers of my God.

C

ır,

/L

III.

Black heavy Thoughts like Mountains roll O'er my poor Breaft with boding Fears, And crushing hard my tortur'd Soul Wring thro' my Eyes the briny Tears,

IV

Forgive my Treasons, Prince of Grace,
The bloody Jews were Traytors too,
Yet thou hast pray'd for that curs'd Race,
Father they know not what they do.

Great Advocate, Look down, and fee is along the t A Wretch whole finarting Sorrows bleed, a do to 1 O plead the fame Excuse for me, and an o'not I For, Lord, I knew not what I did.

Peace, my Complaints; Let every Groan Be still, and Silence wait his Love; Compassions dwell amidst his Throne, And thro' his inmost Bowels move.

was a rave you dwell hos IV-Lo from the everlasting Skies, Gently as Morning-Dews distil The Dove Immortal downward flies, With peaceful Olive in his Bill-Yet I carefy a woor when

O'er and poor

And enthing hard my corcued Soul Writing med mys Dyes the bring Teats

The bloody Take more Traytors too Yer thou half pray I for that cured Ho

Earlier shot know not what they do

regive my Treatens, Prince of Graci

P

7

F

And in any Mount San How sweet the Voice of Pardon sounds! Sweet the Relief to deep Distress! I feel the Balm that heals my Wounds, And all my Pow'rs adore the Grace.

An Hymn of Praise for three great Salarations,

V 1 2,

1. From the Spanish Invasion, 1 988, 181 2000

2. From the Gun-powder Plot. Nov. 5.

of Glorious Memory, who landed Nov. 5. 1688.

Compos'd Nov. 5,

T

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Bla

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An W

Yel

File

Old Saran lencereen hery Stores,

I Nfinite God, the Countels Randons law land la band Like Mountains of Eternal Brass and tade lie band Pillars to prop our finking Land, lo con I succession Or Guardian Rocks to break the Seas.

Beneath the Senate and the Trente

From Pole to Pole thy Name is known, H to contain Thee a whole Heaven of Angels praise, be add or order Our labouring Tongues would reach thy Throng of With the loud Triumphs of thy Grace.

Thy Love beheld the black Heign,

Part of thy Church by thy Command and wol yell Stands rais'd upon the British Mes; word ! against There, said the Lord, to Ages frank I add balunc ba A Firm as the everlasting Hills.

IV.

In vain the Spanish Ocean roar'd; Its Billows swell'd against our Shore,

LIRICK POEMS, Book I.

Its Billows funk beneath thy Word,
With all the Floating War they bore.

V.

Come, said the Sons of bloody Rome,

Let us provide new Arms from Hell:

And down they digg'd thro' Earth's dark Womb,

And ransack'd all the burning Cell.

VI

Old Satan lent them fiery Stores,
Infernal Coal, and fulph'rous Flame,
And all that burns, and all that roars,
Outrageous Fires of dreadful Name.

VII.

Or Georgia Handelon

with the the last and

Mile and who ever servery

allows livelly each our Spece,

Beneath the Senate and the Throne

Engines of Hellish Thunder lay,

There the dark Seeds of Fire were sown

To spring a bright, but dismal Day.

VIII.

Thy Love beheld the black Design,
Thy Love that guards our Island round;
Strange! how it quench'd the fiery Mine,
And crush'd the Tempest under-Ground.

To The Cocan roar's

R

7

J

The Second Part. tord vovano

And finiting See and withing Cales

The happy Day and happy of an

A Siume my Tongue a nobler Strain,

Sing the new Wonders of the Lord;

The Foes revive their Pow'rs again,

Again they dye beneath his Sword.

How did thine A mid Off with

Dark as our Thoughts our Minutes roll
While Tyranny possess the Throne,
And Murderers of an Irish Soul
Ran threatning Death thro' every Town.

HI

The Roman Priest and British Prince
Joyn'd their best Force and blackest Charms,
And the sierce Troops of neighbouring France
Offer'd the Service of their Arms.

H

感

IV.

aid of our naiol and

'Tis done, they cry'd, and laugh'd aloud,
'The Courts of Darkness rang with Joy,
Th' old Serpent his'd, and Hell grew proud,
While Zion mourn'd her Ruin nigh.

While different Lands thy Vive

But lo, the great Deliverer fayls

Commission'd from Jebouah's Hand,

LTRICK POEMS, Book I.

And smiling Seas and wishing Gales Convey him to the longing Land.

The happy Day and happy Year Both in our new Salvation meet : 10 The Day that quench'd the burning Snare, New. Y. The Year that burnt th' invading Fleet. 1588

Again they dvo beneath the word. Now did thine Arm, O God of Hofts, Now did thine Arm shine dazling bright, The Sons of Might their Hands had loft, And Men of Blood forgot to fight.

Brigades of Angels lim'd the way, And guarded William to his Throne : The Roman Prie There, ye celestial Warriors, stay, And make his Palace like your own. fled ned a nyol

And the horce Troops of neighbull

Then, mighty God, the Earth thall knowed by self of And learn the Worship of the Sky: Angels and British joyn bolow a by control The Courts of Darkin High Edical-last rish of Th' old Serpent his d, and Hongrow, proud,

All Hallebujah, Henvenly Kingt, b'atuom ant siin W While distant Lands thy Victory sing, And Tongues their utmost Powersemployed el sul The World's bright Roof repeats the Joy no minimo The Age

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Thus Acome fillulic Sea) and a season and a season a seas But the winosphileson in I ad T Serench'd to their last Extern of Thought, plunge and

continuity of the state of the contraction of the c

TAR in the Heav'ns my God retires, My God, the Mark of my Defires, Dispid And hides his lovely Face , W Bairob A When he descends within my View word in no He charms my Reafon to purfue,

But leaves it tir'd and fainting in th' unequal Chafe.

To Thee th' Eternal Fair the

Or if I reach unufual Height Till near his Presence brought, There Floods of Glory check my Flight, Cramp the bold Pinions of my Wit,

And all untune my Thought; Plung'd in a Searof Light I roll,

Where Wisdom, Justice, Mercy thines; WAN STORY

Infinite Rays in crofling Lines of not are to be Soul. Beat thick Confusion on my Sight, and overwhelm my The Tyrane, fow he mindishere,

Come to my Aid, ye Fellow-minds, agor Tail And help me reach the Throne; (What fingle Strength in vain Deligns Ila out T United Force hath done;

Thus Worms may joyn, and grasp the Poles, eleciT

Thus Atoms fill the Sea)

But the whole Race of Creature-Souls

Stretch'd to their last Extent of Thought, plunge and

(are lost in Thee.

IV.

Great God, behold my Reason lies

Adoring; yet my Love would rise

On Pinions not her own:

Faith shall direct her humble Flight

Thro' all the trackless Seas of Light

To Thee th' Eternal Fair, the Infinite Unknown.

Death and Eternity.

in a failthaid of an on

MY Thoughts, that often mount the Skies,
Go fearch the World beneath,
Where Nature all in Ruin lies,
And owns her Sovereign, Death,

the form and overwhelm my

The Tyrant, how he triumphs here,
His Trophies spread around!
And Heaps of Dust and Bones appear
Thro' all the hollow Ground.

III.

These Skulls what ghaftly Figures now!

How loathsome to the Eyes!

Thefe

Real City Confidence on

B

T

So

These are the Heads we lately knew

So beauteous and so wise grandloom no stad and to IV. I salmo no won nest.

But where the Souls, those deathless things, And to I That left this dying Clay ? Manage of the and Thoughts, now stretch out all your Wings,

A Sight of Helven in Sickness.

O that unfathomable Deep!
That Sea without a Shore!

And trace Eternity.

I.

nd

ec,

fe

Where living Waters gently creep, night leved all

Then eroan'd sloud wish LIVined Eves;

Thus must we leave the Banks of Life in word I And try this doubtful Sea;

Vain are our Groans and dying Strife

Nor dates the Field covers among not policy of the Profit IV.

There we shall swim in heavaly Blifs, o volunt

While the pale Carcass thoughtless lies, Immedia vill Amongst the filent Graves, hone and antisward

Looks thro the Ruins of ALUV lay

Some hearty Friend shall drop his Tear affining both.
On our dry Bones, and say,

"These once were strong as mine appear, and did "And mine must be as they.

IX,

Thefe are the Heads we lately knew

Thus shall our mouldring Members teach aread of What now our Senses learn:

But where the Souls design of the Souls of the Souls of That left this tiying Clay arranged attributings, My Thoughts, now firecen out all your Wings,

And crace Eternity.

A Sight of Heaven in Sickness.

O that untathomable Deep! That Sea without a Shord!

OFt have I fat in fewer Sighs, to I W anvil and W
To feel my Flesh decay, for awall it with TO
Then groan'd aloud with frighted Eyes;

Thus must we leave the the gardina and aut or

But I forbid my Sorrows now, a caso Dano on niev.

Nor dares the Flesh complaints mold a nieg of Diseases bring their Profit too;

The Joy o'ercomes whe Painti miwh limit ow and I

My chearful Soul new all the Day and slag and slid W Sits waiting here and fings of mela and Tignom A

Looks thro' the Ruins of her Clay,

IX,

Some hearry Friend shall degrit refeelinging bnA. On our dry Bones, anyry,

Faith almost changes the Sight of siew some shall while from afar she spies and flum anim back "

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Her fair Inheritance in Light

Above created Skies, In rewin C adT

Had but the Prison-Walls been strong,

And firm without a Flaw

PRaife ye the Lamblace Heath bed on slanks of Ye Pow'rs that guard howel wreth of slal bin Yefee the Man shall lead the Wong.

But now the everlasting Hilly ada anighni bod adT Thro' every Chink appear,

Gabriel and all th' incless aft voleth to gnidsomol bnA That fill the Realms aboved ran'sire a s'ada alide.

Sing, for he form'd you divise inc.

And feeds your vesself follows a supply of the And feeds your vesself guide and the gaing Flaws is swell guide and the supply supply and the supply
Shine to his Praife ye (aso) or sill salbna for some of his Abodeswarb and rich avisan bnA

O may these Walls stand tother still and probes.

The Breaches never closer

Thou refliefs Giobe of level stand and in I and I who I Beams creare our Latel troll with I bank and I show the I will be a stand of the I will be a standard our Latel troll with I will be a standar

Or rather let this Flesh decays worned move of The Ruins wider grow, y

Till glad to see the enlarged way one bould bould the fluid the form of the line of the li

The Universal Hallelnjab.

Pfalm 148, Paraphras'd.

And firm without a Haw! war

Raife ye the Lord with joyful Tongue, Ye Pow'rs that guard his Throne; to that brid ... Jefus the Man shall lead the Song. The God inspire the Tune, paintalrave on wood that

This dvery Chink apples,

Gabriel and all th' immortal Choir to gardsened but A That fill the Realms above, which is some still !

Sing, for he form'd you of his Fire. And feeds you with his Love: 1 vabil to applied of ?

At all the cholding Flaville

Shine to his Praise ye Chrystal Skies, lashas to enous! The Floor of his Abode, wath and ai A prisan bo A

Or vail your little twinkling Eyes Before a brighter God for butth elle Welght yam O

The Breaches neven clear

Thou reftless Globe of Golden Light at grant flow 1 if Whole Beams create our Days, violo and fla ha A

Join with the Silver Queen of Night To own your borrowed Rays of I side to redien to

The Ruins wider grow, Y

Blush and refund the Honours paid the sol of beig lift To your inferiour Names; It mount you do not Tell F

N

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Shor In

Let" A

While In

peak An

ut ge To:

Tell the blind World, your Orbs are fed By his o'erflowing Flames.

Winds, ye shall bear his Name aloud Thro' the Ethereal Blue, and now hid and mid o'T For when his Chariot is a Cloud and and the charge He makes his Wheels of your mand where he

Thunder and Hail, and Fires and Storms The Troops of his Command, is add dmile both Appear in all your dreadful Forms, Tanibyons and M And speak his awful Hand.

更

H

cell

VIII.

Shout to the Lord, ye furging Seas, In your eternal Roar; hand site and a serie of Let Wave to Wave resound his Praise; 100 of the land. And Shore reply to Shore: Made the fourt

While Monsters sporting on the Flood Manager In scaly Silver shine, peak terribly their Maker-God, shod the whole Ruc And lash the foaming Brine.

ut gentler things shall tune his Name To fofter Notes than thefe,

D

Young

LAND BRIGHER OF

LYRICK POEMS, Book I.

Young Zephyrs breathing o'er the Stream,
Or whispering thro' the Trees.

XI.

Wave your tall Heads, ye lofty Pines,

To him that bid you grow,

Sweet Clusters, bend the fluitful Vines

On every thankful Bough.

XII.

Let the shrill Birds his Honour raise,
And climb the Morning Sky:
While groveling Beasts accompt his Praise
In hoarser Harmony.

XIII.

Thus while the meaner Creatures fing
Ye Mortals take the Sound,
Eccho the Glories of your King
Thro' all the Nations round.

XIV.

Th' Eternal Name must say abroad

From Britain to Japan;

And the whole Race shall bow to God

That owns the Name of Man.

An Conder things that come has been

ned of frier Notes than thefe,

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The Atheift's Miftake. How dite

Behold the Saidt rejoice to

I.

T.

Augh, ye Profane, and swell and burst
With bold Impiety:
Yet shall ye live for ever curst,
And seek in vain to die.

II.

The Gasp of your expiring Breath

Consigns your Souls to Chains,

By the last Agonies of Death

Sent down to siercer Pains.

Four longing Colors (20th auffile

Ye ftand upon a dreadful Steep, And all beneath is Hell; Steep, Steep Steep of And all beneath is Hell; Where the old Serpent fell.

Mance, ve Problem Thate vowIVays.

When Iron Slumbers bind your Flesh,
With strange Surprize you'll find
Immortal Vigour spring afresh,
And Tortures wake the Mind!

V.

Then you'll confess the frightful Names
Of Plagues you scorn'd before

D 2

No

And feek in vain to die.

No more shall look like idle Dreams, Like foolish Tales no more.

VI.

Then shall ye curse that fatal Day (With Flames upon your Tongues)

When you exchang'd your Souls away For Vanity and Songs. Plub 1916 101 avil by Hell 19 !

VII.

Behold the Saints rejoice to die. For Heav'n shines round their Heads;

And Angel-Guards prepar'd to fly of the property of the control of Attend their fainting Beds. It is as non A first start

Sent down to figured Witts-IIIV

Their longing Spirits part, and rife To their Celestial Soat; & the dealers many beats of Above these ruinable Skies , Il Mari disposed the half

They make their last Retreat. Alin D vade to a see ?

IX. Mat manual blo adversed U

Hence, ye Profane, I hate your Ways, I walk with Pious Souls & and moderal continued There's a wide Difference in our Race, And distant are our Goals.

> Blend off you'll confels the frightful Names O'er f

Regues you foored before

And Torreres wake the Mind!

0.2

And f

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The

Bu

An

The Law given at Sinai.

mmi vilalika son i svetilovi og i

Prepare to meet thy G

And cure to the war and the A Rm thee with Thunder, heavenly Mufe, And keep th' expecting World in Awe; Oft haft thou fung in gentler Mood The melting Mercies of thy God 3 wod SnA Now give thy fiercest Fires a Loose, without of And found his dreadful Law, on boo with bloded To I/rael first the Words were spoke, who work as it To Ifrael freed from Egypt's Yoke: A prod all Inhumane Bondage! The hard gauling Load Overprest their feeble Souls, and sould all

Bent their Knees to fenfeles Bulls, and blodes! And broke their Ties to God.

Now had they pass'd the Arabian Bay, And march'd between the cleaving Sea; 141 Therifing Waves stood Guardians of their wondrous But fell with most imperuous Force

On the pursuing Swarms, who I man an and I And bury'd Egypt all in Arms, and the bat A Blending in watry Death the Rider and the Horse; O'er struggling Pharaoh roll'd the mighty Tide, And fav'd the Labours of a Pyramid,

TwI

Apis and Ore in vain he cries,
And all his horned Gods beside,
He swallows Fate with swimming Eyes,
And curs'd the Hebrews as he dy'd.

Rm thee with Thurst of Late cary dants;

Ah! feolish Ifrael to comply
With Memphian Idolatry!
And bow to Brutes, (a stupid Stave)
To Idols impotent to fave!
Behold thy God, the Sovereign of the Sky, I had

Has wrought Salvation in the Deep, had been Has bound thy Foes in iron Sleep,

And rais'd thine Honours high;
His Grace forgives thy Follies past,
Behold he comes in Majesty,
And Sinai's Top proclaims his Law:
Prepare to meet thy God in haste;
But keep an awful Distance still:
Let Moses round the sacred Hill

The Circling Limits draw.

But fell town ment in the 'A's

Hark, the shrill Ecchoes of the Trumpet roar,
And call the trembling Armies near;
Slow and unwilling they appear,
Rails kept them from the Mount before,
Now from the Rails their Fear:

Twas

Twas the same Herald, and the Trump the same Which shall be blown by high Command, Shall bid the Wheels of Nature stand, And Heav'ns eternal Will proclaim

That Time shall be no more.

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T was

V.

Thus while the labouring Angel swell'd the Sound,
And rent the Skies, and shook the Ground,
Up rose th' Almighty; round his Sapphire Seat
Adoring Thrones in Order sell;
The lesser Powers at distance dwell,
And cast their Glories down successive at his Feet;
Gabriel the great prepares his Way,
List up your Heads, Eternal Doors, he cries,
Th' Erernal Doors his Word obey,
Open and shoot Celestial Day
Upon the lower Skies.
Heav'ns mighty Pillars bow'd their Head
As their Creator hid,
And down Jebovah rode from the superiour Sphere,

So filest, year filen megtast file enem

A thousand Guards before, and Myriads in the Rear.

His Chariot was a pitchy Cloud,
The Wheels befet with burning Gens;
The Windsin Harnels with the Flames
Flew o'er th' Ethereal Road;

Down thro' his Magazines he past
Of Hail and Ice and sleecy Snow,
Swift roll'd the Triumph, and as fast
Did Hail and Ice in melted Rivers flow.
The Day was mingled with the Night,
His Feet on solid Darkness trod,
His radiant Eyes proclaim'd the God,
And scatter'd dreadful Light;

He breath'd, and Sulphur ran, a fiery Stream:

He spoke, and (tho with unknown Speed he came)

Chid the slow Tempest and the lagging Flame.

VIL

Sinai receiv'd his glorious Flight,
With Axle red, and glowing Wheel
Did the winged Chariot light,
And rifing Smoke obscur'd the burning Hill.
Lo it mounts in curling Waves,
Lo the gloomy Pride out-braves
The stately Pyramids of Fire,
The Pyramids to Heav'n aspire

And mix with Stars, but see their gloomy Offspring So have you seen ungrateful Ivy grow (higher; Round the tall Oak that six score Years has stood.

And proudly shoot a Leaf or two
Above its kind Supporters upmost Bough,
And glory there to stand the lostiest of the Wood.

VIII.

C

Be

Sta

Pre

It b

The bellowing Thunder MIVE with release Mare.

Forbear, young Muse, forbear: A con bonn?

The flowry things that Poets fay

The little Arts of Simile warm familit bas beutino

Are vain and useless here;

Nor shall the burning Hills of old

With Sinai be compar'd, to as Man atom of

Nor all that lying Greece has told,

Or learned Rome has heard ; miss of the way

Aina shall be nam'd no more, does ban sonole

Atna, the Torch of Sicily;

Not half so high

Mark! from the Cencer Her Lightnings fly,

All arm'd and feather'd Not half so loud her Thunders roar

'Crofs the Sicanian Sea to fright th' Italian Shore;

Behold the facred Hill: Its trembling Spire

Quakes at the Terrors of the Fire,

While all below its verdant Feet

Stagger and reel under th' Almighty Weight :

Pres'd with a greater than feign'd Atlas Load

Deep groan'd the Mount; it never bore

Infinity before,

ng

r;

II.

It bow'd and shook beneath the Burden of a God.

Thy Bondage and th' See

Fresh Horrors seize the Camp, Despair

And dying Groans torment the Air,

And Shrieks and Swoons, and Deaths were there;

LTRICK POEMS, Book I.

The bellowing Thunder and the Lightnings Blaze Spred thro' the Hoft a wild Amaze;

Darkness on every Soul, and pale was every Face;
Confus'd and dismal were the Cries,

Let Moses speak or Israel dies:

Moses the spreading Terror feels,

No more the Man of God conceals

His shivering and Surprize:

Yet with recovering Mind commands
Silence and deep Attention thro' the Hebrew Bands,

X.

Hark! from the Center of the Flame
All arm'd and feather'd with the fame
Majestick Sounds break thro' the smooky Cloud;
Sent from the All-creating Tongue,
A Flight of Cherubs guard the Words along,
And bear the fiery Law to the retreating Crowd.

- " I am the Lord: 'tis I proclaim
- "That glorious and that fearful Name,
- "Thy God and King; "twas I that broke
- "Thy Bondage and th' Egyptian Yoke;
- " Mine is the Right to Speak my Will,
- " And thine the Duty to fulfill.

or]

- " Adore no God beside me to provoke mine Eyes;
- Nor worship me in Shapes & Forms that Men devise;

ec With

"With Reverence use my Name, nor turn my Words to

" Observe my Sabbath well, nor dare profane my Rest;

" Honour and due Obedience to thy Parents give;

" Nor spill the guiltless Blood, nor let the Guilty live:

" Preferve thy Body chaft, and flee th' unlawful Bed;

" Nor fleal thy Neighbour's Gold, his Garment or his

" Forbear to blaft his Name with Falshood or Deceit;

"Nor let thy Wishes loose upon his large Estate.

Remember your Creator, &c. Ecclef. 12.

What will you do when I ish do

CHildren, to your Creator God
Your early Honours pay,
While Vanity and youthful Blood
Would temps your Thoughts aftray.

TT

The Memory of his mighty Name Demands your first Regard; Nor dare indulge a meaner Flame Till you have lov'd the Lord.

5,3

vise;

With

Ш

Be wife, and make his Favour fure
Before the mournful Days
When Youth and Mirth are known no more,
And Life and Strength decays.

IV.

Can you exped

Tionous and due

Pemanda you

Nor dark inchies

boath to I red W

WE And Life and Second hotels

Till you have

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Fa

No more the Bleffings of a Feaft Shall relish on the Tongue, The heavy Ear forgets the Tafte of Note failt the public And Pleasure of a Song. Preferrethy Body

Old Age with all her difmal Train Invades your Golden Years With Sighs, and Groans, and raging Pain, And Death that never spares.

Remember your Vereasaly &c.

What will you do when Light departs, And leaves your withering Eyes, Without one Beam to chear your Hearts From the superiour Skies? While Vanievand you

How will you meet God's frowning Brow, Or stand before his Sear. The Memory of

While Natures old Supporters bow, Nor bear their tott'ring Weight? VIII.

Can you expect your feeble Arms Shall make a strong Defence When Death with terrible Alarms Summons the Pris'ner hence

When Darknen h

Who keep your Watch with well-st

Whole reach Reach and borrot XI Light

The Silver Bands of Nature bufft, which is to be A And let the Building fall: The Flesh goes down to mix with Duft. of has some Its vile Original. yes anionell prinow has animal

23

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23.

T

M

Be

X.

....

TVHO bid dice rule the ducky Hoges

Laden with Guilt, (a heavy Load) I riggal Illa LaA Uncleans'd and unforgiv'n, Verwinkling, Sum The Soul returns t'an angry God. To be shut out from Heav'n.

Sun, Moon and Stars, praise ye the Lord.

Kilpert cheet all che bear in Airest of all the Lights above Thou Sun, whose Beams adorn the Spheres, And with unweary'd Swiftness move To form the Circles of our Years;

Ten Palace of the Court Diviell

Praise the Creator of the Skies, add and internal days That dress'd thine Orb in Golden Rays; Or may the Sun forget to rife If he forget his Maker's Praise. The year with most of any

Who featters lovely Beams of Hears

Thou reigning Beauty of the Night, John Williams Fair Queen of Silence, Silver Moon, I add day 10/1

Whole

Whose gentle Beams and borrowd Light

Are softer Rivals of the Noon A local and and the light

TAnd for the Building fall; .VI

Arife, and to that Sor'reign Power was soon right and Waxing and waning Honours pay, leading the shirt of Who bid thee rule the dusky Hours

And half supply the absent Day:

And the absent

V.

Ye twinkling Stars who gild the Skies
When Darkness has its Curtains drawn,
Who keep your Watch with wakeful Eyes,
When Business, Cares and Day are gone;

Proclaim the Glories of your Lord

Disperst thro' all the heav'nly Street, !

Whose boundless Treasures can allord

So rich a Pavement for his Feet.

And will serve be the wan div bas

Thou Heav'n of Heav'ns supremely bright, and of Fair Palace of the Court Divine,

Where with inimitable Light and to some fine of the Godhead condescends to shine?

Or day the Sua forget to hile, IIIV

Praise thou thy great Inhabitant
Who scatters lovely Beams of Grace
On every Angel, every Saint,
Nor vails the Luftre of his Face.

A sale simulthnos I Vacial delde ball

Away their merpoline Days,

Tis Guile gives Death in horozafiray,

O God of Glory, God of Love, it and A still the A Thou art the Sun that makes our Days: With all thy fhining Works above his will you had Let Earth and Dust attempt thy Praise. Mas ChanA.

The Welcome Messenger.

And locking Lovers indoct; Ord, when we fee a Saint of thine I han A ad T Lie gasping out his Breath, al hard and With longing Eyes, and Looks Divine, Smiling and pleas'd in Death; was to be used by

I'd ruth buchis Arms, How we could e'en contend to lay well you plot bit a Our Limbs upon that Bed, Vinevand Stock Ablin A. We ask thine Envoy to convey Our Spirits in his flead wob wholl side well be helyot

And leave the tifelest Chave .W.

Our Souls are rifing on the Wing will a state of Wing To venture in his Place; who will be down han A For when grim Death has loft his Sting, He has an Angel's Face.

IV.

Jesus, then purge my Crimes away, 'Tis Guilt creates my Fears,

LTRICK POEMS, Book I. Tis Guilt gives Death its fierce Array, And all the Arms it bears. The Door of the County of

Oh, if my threatning Sins were gone,
And Death had loft his Sting,
I could invite the Angel on,
And chide his lazy Wing.

VI.

Away these interposing Days,
And let the Lovers meet;
The Angel has a cold Embrace, where the second was a cold Embrace, which is the second was a cold Embrace, where the second was a cold Embrace, which is the second was a cold Embrace, which is the second was a cold Embrace, where the second was a cold Embrace, which is the second was a cold
But kind, and fort; and fweeter garding of the Cypt of but a sort and problem to

I'd leap at once my Seventy, Years, and the second of the Polish
And lose my Breath, and all my Cares Amidst those heavenly Charms.

We ask thigo Endoy to comIIV

The state of the s

Tolar, then purge my Crimos away.

The Saile creates my rearry for any

Joyful I'd lay this Body down, and in a sure of the And leave the lifeless Clay III I Without a Sigh, without a Groat, South and a sure of the And stretch and soar away.

Sindere

At

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T

Sincere Praife. Wolfer

Fall would my Tongue adopt my Kings

T

A Lmighty Maker God!
How wondrous is thy Name!
Thy Glories how diffus'd abroad
Thro' the Creations Frame!

11

Nature in every Drefs
Her humble Homage pays,
And finds a Thouland Ways t' express
Thine undiffembled Praise.

III. de

In native White and Red
The Rose and Lilly stand,
And free from Pride their Beauties spread
To show thy skilful Hand.

IV.

The Lark mounts up the Skie
With unambitious Song,
And bears her Maker's Praise on high
Upon her artless Tongue.

V

My Soul would rife and fing To her Creator too,

JX

I suo do escrit i di du cida cida ci

Fain would my Tongue adore my King, And pay the Worthindue.

But Pride that bufy Sin Louight Maker Spoils all that I perform, Curs'd Pride, that creeps fecurely in, And swells a haughty Worm. Thro the Creations

Thy Glories I abate, Or praise thee with Design; Some of thy Favors I forget, Or think the Merit mine,

VIII.

The very Songs I frame Are faithless to thy Cause, And steal the Honours of thy Name

To build their own Applause. IX.

Create my Soul anew, Elfe all my Worship's vain; This wretched Heart will ne'er be true Until 'tis form'd again. Sugar Prish and French

Descend Celestial Fire, and bus the blow look yM And feize me from above, To her Cipator too. Melt me in Flames of pure Defire A Sacrifice to Love.

XI.

Her hardolg Hon

And india Thousand

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XI.

To fence and guard by Rill and Rote! Let Joy and Worthin frend in aven liw boo and The Remnant of my Days,

And to my God my Soul afcond In sweet Perfumes of Praise,

True Learning.

Partly imitated from a French Sonnet of bom amid in Mr. Poiret. Minil aid and

He grains whole Nature in mis ingle Head

Appy the Feet that thining TRUTH has led With her own Hand to tread the Path the please, To fee her native Luftre round her fored Without a Vail, without a Shade,

All Beauty and all Light as in her felf she is. Line Troppe of E tots the Det To mo round:

Our Senses cheat us with the proffing Crouds

Of painted Shapes they thrust upon the Mind !

The Truth they show lies wrapt in few nfold Shrowds Our Senses cast a Thousand Clouds

On unenlightned Souls, and leave them doubly blind

Consider the star and life to

hate the Duft that flerce Disputers raise, miw Disputers and lose the Mind in a wild Maze of Thoughts What empty Triffings, and what fubril Ways

LTRICK POEMS, Book I. 50

To fence and guard by Rule and Rote! Our God will never charge us that we knew them Not. The Remnant of my Dura

Touch, Heavenly WORD, O touch these curious Souls; Since I have heard but one for Hint from Thee, From all the vain Opinions of the Schools (That Pageantry of knowing Fools) I feel my Powers releaft, and ftand divinely free. artly imitated from a French Sennet or

'Twas this Almighty WORD that all things made, He grasps whole Nature in his single Hand; All the Eternal Truths in him are laid, on your The Ground of all Things and their Head, The Circle where they move & Centre where they stand.

Wisher a Vall, without Visite

Without his Aid I have no fure Defence From Troops of Errors that beliege me round; But he that refts his Reason and his Sense Faft here, and never wanders hence, de bound Unmoveable he dwells upon unshaken Ground. Our Senferceft a Thousand Co

Infinite TRUTH, the Life of my Defires, Come from the Sky, and joyn thy felf to me; I'm tir'd with Hearing, and this Reading tires, But nevertir'd of telling Thee at hai Mont of 'Tis thy fair Face alone my Spirit burns to fee.

VIII

Non can the Tompo aller the Pydes

Speak to my Soul alone, no other Hand Shall mark my Path out with delusive Art: All Nature filent in his Presence stand, Creatures, be dumb at his Command, And leave his fingle Voice to whisper to my Heart,

yn ylnier alx.

He fmiles, and fe Retire, my Soul, within thy felf retire, Away from Sense and every outward Show: Now let my Thoughts to loftier-Themes aspire. My Knowledge now on Wheels of Fire May mount, and spread above surveying all below.

The Lord grows lavish of his heav'nly Light, And pours whole Floods on fuch a Mind as this: Fled from the Eyes she gains a piercing Sight, She dives into the Infinite, And fees unutterable Things in that unknown Abyls.

True Wisdom.

the mighty. Toy to reach this Heighty

Ronounce him bleft, my Muse, whom WISDOM In her own Path to her own heavenly Seat : Thro' all the Storms his Soul fecurely glides,

E 3

Nor

LIRICH POEMS, Book I. 54

Nor can the Tempests nor the Tydes That rife and roar around Supplant his fleady Feet! Shall mark my Path out with celufive

Earth, you may let your golden Arrows ffy. And feek in vain a Paffage to his Breaft, 1801 Spread all your painted Toys to court his Eye, bat He smiles, and sees them vainly try To lure his Soul afide from her Eternal Reft. Away from Seinfound gray purveyed ahipw

Our head-firong Lufts, like a young fiery Horfe, Start and flee raging in a violent Courfe, He tames and breaks them, manages and rides em. Checks their Career, and turns and guides 'em, And bids his Reason bridle their licentious Force.

Lord of himself he rules his wildest Thoughts, And boldly acts what calmly he defign'd, Whilft he looks down and pities humane Faults; Nor can he think nor can he find

I

Th

A Plague like reigning Passions, and a subject Mind.

But oh! 'tis mighty Toyl to reach this Height, To vanquish Self is a laborious Art; What manly Courage to maintain the Fight, To bear the noble Pain, and part With those dear charming Tempters rooted in the Heart!)

VI.

Tis hard to thand when all the Pattions move Hard to hold ope the Eye that Paffion blinds. To rend and tear out this unhappy Love 1914 That clings to close about our Minds, A And where th' chemanted Soul for Iweet a Poison finds.

Hard; but it may be done. Come heavenly Fire. Come to my Breaft, and with one powerful Ray Melt off my Lafts, my Fetters I can bear A while to be a Tenant here,

But not be chain'd and prison'd in a Cage of Clay. VIII.

Heav'n is my Home, and I must use my Wings: Sublime above the Globe my Flight afpires: I have a Soul was made to pity Kings, And all their little glitt'ring Things; I have a Soul was made for Infinite Delires.

Incerting Citation I

Loos'd from the Earth my Heart is upward flown; Farewell my Friends, and all that once was mine; Now should you fix my Feet on Casar's Throne, Crown me, and call the World my own, The Gold that binds my Brows could ne'er my Soul

X

I am the Lords, and Jefm is my Love;
He, the dear God, shall fill my vast Desire.
My Flesh below; yet I can dwell above,
And nearer to my Saviour move;
There all my Soul shall centre, all my Pow'rs conspire.

XL

Thus I with Angels live; thus half-divine
I fit on high, nor mind inferiour Joys:
Fill'd with his Love I feel that God is mine,
His Glory is my great Defign,
That everlasting Project all my Thoughts employs,

A Song to Creating Wifdom.

the of the Home when I would be the

I have a Soul was finde to picy

PART I. Trade | plant of the last | Last |

E Ternal Wisdom, thee we praise,

Thee the Creation sings;

With thy loud Name Rocks, Hills, and Seas,

And th' Heavenly Palace rings.

Place me on the bright Wings of Day

To travel with the Sun;

With what Amaze shall I survey

The Wonders thou hast done?

T

DITANTIE.

III.

Thy Hand how wide it fixed the Sky! A mid salt no How glorious to behold!

Ting'd with a Blue of heavenly Dye, some O which A

IV.

There thou haft bid the Globes of Light A on or work

There the pale Planet rules the Night, oni gnione of And Day obeys the Sun: Sook and Sun and S

PART IL

Downward I turn my wond'ring Eyes and the well

Those Under-Regions of the Skies

Thy num'rous Glories show.

VI.

The noisy Winds stand ready there with a state of the T.

Thy Orders to obey, sonstell find stated with the T.

TITY

II.

With founding Wings they sweep the Air and olid W. To make thy Chariot Way.

VII.

There like a Trumpet loud and strong Figure don't Thy Thunder shakes our Coast; To about he A While the red Lightnings wave along would tan't The Banners of thine Host. has the positions will be the red Lightnings wave along would tan't the Banners of thine Host.

VIII.

LERICK POEMS Book I. 50

VIII. On the thin Air without a Prop show word fore if yell Hang fruitful Show'rs around or around wolf At thy Command they fink, and drop I a drive Danie Their Fatness on the Ground of day brack land PART III. IX. ALL TO SERVICE Now to the Earth I Bend thy Song, id fait work and T And cast mine Eyes abroad about a delbas wed? Glancing the Britis Plains along and Tolag od and?

Sing the Creating God, and advadows a buA.

PARTIL

How did his wond rous Skill aray war I be wond I The Fields in charming Green? 5 50s about 0 no A thousand Herbs his Art display on 2 toball don't A thousand Flowers between 10 0 and inne ver

XI.

Tall Oaks for future Navies grow. The built whom ad I Fair Albion's best Defence, Wood or mebio yell While Corn and Vines rejoice below: W gaibauel how Those Luxuries of Sense Diano ydroxem of

XII.

The bleating Flocks his Parture fills will a said grant And Herds of larger Size 110 and the abnual Car That bellow loud on Lindian Hills, all ber an alid W. His bounteous Hand Implies. 12 10 standed will MIT

XIII.

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I wood Sacratho Deduting 186.

XIII. HIVX PART IV.

We fee the Thames careful the Shoresyne a series of ind.

We hear the angry Flood your smile I amo

The angry Severn swells and series of circumstance of the And lifts our Thoughts to God has a constant of the control of the contro

XIV.

Observe his firence Command & His Breath can raise the Billows steep,

Or fink them to the Sand.

I ord when my the shift Soul inverse.

I fire, Air agaidst sandbank with with Amid I call them all thy Sou was painted and from the finny National was with the finny National Source, case interpretable in the Source of Source

Thy Glories blass bil Mature round; do not yell
And strike the gazing Sight and part of the first that Can Vincent Did Sight and Sees and The Sees all in Darkers, 199X

Infinite Strength and equal Skill Shill of Irin flor I Shipe thro' the Worlds abroad, no grant and well Our Souls with vaft Amazement fill,

And speak the Builder God.

T.

XVIII.

LTRICK POEMS, Book L

THX

.IIVX TARTIV.

But the fweet Beauties of thy Grace remainded on self of SW.

Our fofter Paffions move; off vigue our med ow.

Pity Divine in Fefu Face and low wood vigue off.

We fee, adore and love or relaudit most off but A.

The rolling Mountains of the Deep Observe handing Mountains of the Dollars Donath & South

His Breach can raise the Billows fleer,
Or fink them to the Sand.

I Ord, when my thoughtful Soul furveys

Fire, Air and Earth, and Stars and Seas him A

I call them all thy Slaves; in an end of your on a

Commission'd by my Father's William with both

Poysons shall cure, or Balms shall kill; only stars

Vernal Suns or Zephyrs Breath

May burn or blast the Planes to Death and will but That sharp December saves, missa adveding but What can Winds or Planes boast has said out The But a precarious Pow'r? The June 1011 Think The Sun is all in Darkness lost.

Frost shall be Fire, and Fire be Frost grows original.
When he appoints the Hour West words again.

Our Souls wirll van Amazement hill And freak che Builder Coll.

H

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H.

Nature compell'd by a figuriour Caule Lo, the Norwegians near the Polar Sky alsord wold Chafe their frozen Limbs with Snow woll woll Their frozen Limbs awake and glow or volusti The vital Flame touch'd with a ftrange Supply Rekindles, for the God of Life is nigh; and woll He bids the vital Flood in wonted Circles flow. Cold Steel expos'd to Northern Air. Drinks the Meridian Fury of the Midnight Bear. II And burns th' unwary Stranger there. nibauol a No more my Lips the Inchice Enquire, my Soul, of antient Fame, connd of Look back two thousand Years, and see weather? Th' Affrian Prince transform'd a Brute and W For boafting to be abfolute : semili to affort 10. Once to his Court the God of Ifrael came, woy Tall A King more Absolute than he : of the sides bal I fee the Furnace blaze with Rage Morn a days of Sevenfold: I fee amidft the Flame Three Hebrews of Immortal Name: They move, they walk across the burning Stage Unhurt and fearless, while the Tyrant stood A Statue : Fear congeal'd his Blood : Nor did the raging Element dare

Attempt their Garments or their Hair,

It knew the Lord of Nature there.

Nature

LYRIGK POEMS 63 Book I. Nature compell'd by a fuperiour Caufe Now breaks bee enterestal Laws grant off of Now feeth to break them I and obeyers shell Her fov'reign King in different Ways son nied T Father hew buight thy Glories biggins and I main soil T Rekindles, in with word mongrid yet broad woll Nature and Miracle and Fate and Change are things Cold Smel expos'd to NVI hern Air. Hence from my Heart je Idols, iffee Made shing Ye founding Names of Vanits was dreamed bal No more my Lips shall acrifice To Chance and Names Tales and Lies : mapa? Creatures without a God can yield me no Supplies! What is the Sun of what the Shades with AT Or Frosts or Flames to kill or fave? His Favour is my Life, his Lips pronounce me dead And as his awful Didates bid, IdA grown ani A Earth is my Mother, or my Graves my Toda sol I Sevenfold! I fewemiest the Flame Three Remord of Immortal Name; They move, they wall account the bouning Spage Unburg and fracish, while the Lytab; A. Statute ; Fear congeculidate Blood : Nor did the raging Element dare ADaupt their Garments or their Hair, It knew the Lord of Warnie there. STUTIEV.

R

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To

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Say

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Ask no Account of his Affairs Condescending Graces stemon suff

In Imitation of the 114th Pfalm.

Infilite his Macune is his Organ,

Hen the Eternal bows the Skies wood boo search

To visit Earthly Things,

. How date thy lu With Scorn divine he turns his Eyes

From Towers of haughty Kings;

Rides on a Cloud disdainful by

A Sultan or a Czar.

Laughs at the Worms that rife to high,

Or frowns'em from afar a nation to graff 10

That I may saile a lony Sough

He bids his awful Chariot roll and A farmed and of

Far downward from the Skies

To vifit every humble Soul's winden wod, came / vil

With Pleasure in his Eyes. and Pality and 1867

Boundleis thy March and May VI.

Why fhould the Lord that reigns above the control in A

Disdain so lofty Kings?

Say, Lord, and why fuch Looks of Love

Upon fuch worthless things? agral areafonew bank Immortal Day broker from thing Hyo-

Mortals, be dumb; what Creature dares

Dispute his awful Will?

Ask

LTRIGK POEMS, Book 1.

Ask no Account of his Affairs,

But tremble and be ftill.

In Imitation of the Wash'Plalm:

Just like his Nature is his Grace,
All Sovereign and all free;
Great God, how fearchless are thy Ways?
How deep thy Judgments be?

The Infinite.

Ĺ

Some Seraph, lend your heavenly Tongue,
Or Harp of Golden String,
That I may raise a losry Song

To our Eternal King.

Thy Names, how infinite they be!

Great Everlasting One!

Boundless thy Might and Majesty;

And unconfin'd thy Throne.

III.

Thy Glories shine of wondrous Size,
And wondrous large thy Grace;
Immortal Day breaks from thine Eyes,
And Gabriel vails his Face.

NA

William and small W.

Seem Noted to a Mill -

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IV.

Thine Effence is a vast Abyss,
Which Angels cannot found,
An Ocean of Infinities
Where all our Thoughts are drown'd.

a Me Here the Leco Torre Veri

The Mysteries of Creation lie

Beneath enlighten'd Minds,

Thoughts can ascend above the Sky,

And fly before the Winds.

Men Griefs taken out amouly

Reason may grasp the massy Hills,

And stretch from Pole to Pole,

But half thy Name our Spirit fills,

And overloads our Soul.

VII.

In vain our haughty Reason swells,

For nothing's found in Thee

But boundless Unconceivables,

And vast Eternity.

W.

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V.

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Improved Reducing

Actall care delty the Lord.

Capitants with Volunce apple.

In Prefence of thy smooth.

Thou when have I know woll

· A Rebel to the Same,

Confession and Pardon.

1

A Las my aking Heart!

Here the keen Torment lies;

It racks my waking Hours with Smart,

And frights my flumbring Eyes.

31.

Guilt will be hid no more,

My Griefs take vent apace,

The Crimes that bloc my Confoience o'er

Flush Crimson in my Face.

III.

My Sorrows like a Flood
Impatient of Restraint
Into thy Bosom, O my God,
Pour out a long Complaint.

IV.

This impious Heart of mine
Could once defy the Lord,
Could rush with Violence on to Sin
In Presence of thy Sword.

V

A Rebel to the Skies,

The

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Lord,

That

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The Calls, the Tenders of a God,

And Mercies loudest Cries!

VI.

He offers all his Grace,
And all his Heaven to me;
Offers! But 'tis to senseles Brass
That can nor feel nor see.

VII.

Jesus the Saviour stands

To court me from above,

And looks and spreads his wounded Hands,

And shows the Prints of Love.

VIII. 1112

But I, a stupid Fool,

How long have I withstood

The Blessings purchas'd with his Soul,

And paid for all in Blood?

IX.

The heav'nly Dove came down
And tender'd me his Wings
mount me upward to a Crown
And bright immortal things.

X

Lord, I'm asham'd to say
That I refus'd thy Dove,

thought at mall

And fent thy Spirit griev'd away

To his own Realms of Love.

XI.

Not all thine heav'nly Charms,

Nor Terrors of thy Hand,

Could force me to lay down my Arms,

And bow to thy Command.

XII.

Lord, 'tis against thy Face

My Sins like Arrows rise,

And yet, and yet (O matchless Grace)

Thy Thunder silent lies.

XIII.

O shall I never feel

The Meltings of thy Love?

Am I of such Hell-harden'd Steel

That Mercy cannot move?

XIV.

Now for one powerful Glance

Dear Saviour, from thy Face!

This Rebel-Heart no more withftands,

But finks beneath thy Grace.

XV.

O'ercome by dying Love I fall,
Here at thy Cross I lie;

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Nor:

And throw my Flesh, my Soul, my All, a move I all.

And weep, and love, and die.

XVI.

" Rise, says the Prince of Mercy, rise, With Joy and Pity in his Eyes:

" Rife and behold my wounded Veins,

" Here flows the Blood to wash thy Stains.

XVII

"See my great Father reconcil'd:
He faid, and to the Father smil'd;
The joyful Cherubs clapt their Wings,
And sounded Grace on all their Strings.

Toung Men and Maidens, Old Men and Babes, praise ye the Lord, Psal. 148. 12.

T

Sons of Adam, bold and young,
In the wild Mazes of whose Veins
A Flood of fiery Vigour reigns
And wields your active Limbs with hardy Sinews
(strung;
Fall prostrate at th' Eternal Throne
Whence your precarious Pow'rs depend;

Nor swell as if your Lives were all your own, But choose your Maker for your Friend;

10 LYRICK POEMS, Book I.

His Favour is your Lafe, his Arm is your Support,
His Hand can stretch your Days, or cut your Minutes
(short.

П

Virgins, who roll your artful Eyes,
And shoot delicious Danger thence;
Swift the lovely Lightning slies,
And melts our Reason down to Sense;
Boast not of those withering Charms
That must yield their youthful Grace
To Age and Wrinkles, Earth and Worms;
But love the Author of your smiling Face;
That heavenly Bridegroom claims your blooming (Hours:

O make it your perpetual Care

To pleafe that everlafting Fair;

His Beauties are the Sun, and but the Shade is yours.

III.

Infants, whose different Destinies
Are wove with Threads of different Size;
But from the same Spring-tide of Tears
Commence your Hopes and Joys and Fears,
(A tedious Train) and date your following Years:
Break your first Silence in his Praise
Who wrought your wondrous Frame:
With Sounds of tenderest Accent raise
Young Honours to his Name;

And

T

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To

And confecrate your early Days

To know the Pow'r supreme,

IV.

Ye Heads of venerable Age

Just marching off the mortal Stage,

Fathers, whose vital Threads are spun

As long as e'er the Glass of Life would run,

Adore the Hand that led your way

Through flow'ry Fields a fair long Summers Day:

Gasp our your Soul in Praises to the Sovereign Pow'r

That set your West so distant from your dawning Hour.

Flying Fowl and Creeping things, praise ye the Lord, Pfal. 148. 10.

I,

Swift and gently cleaves the Sky;
Whose charming Notes address the Spring
With an artless Harmony.
Lovely Minstress of the Field
Who in leasy Shadows sit,
And your wondrous Structures build,
Awake your tuneful Voices with the dawning Light,
To Nature's God your first Devotions pay

E'er

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And

E'er you falute the rising Day,
'Tis he calls up the Sun, and gives him every Ray.

II.

Serpents, who o'er the Meadows slide,
And wear upon your shining Back
Num'rous Ranks of gaudy Pride,
Which thousand mingling Colours make;
Let the Glancings of your Eyes
Rebate their baleful Fire;
In harmless Play twist and unfold
The Volumes of your scaly Gold:
That rich Embroidery of your gay Attire
Proclaims your Maker kind and wife.

UL AND THE PARTY OF THE PARTY O

Infects and Mites of mean Degree,
That fwarm in Myriads o'er the Land,
Moulded by Wisdom's artful Hand,
And curl'd and painted with a various Die;
In your innumerable Forms
Praise him that wears th'Ethereal Crown,
And bends his lofty Counsels down
To despicable Worms.

Cathorine World William rape L. A.

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Nurviels Gradyshus and Davistania one

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The Comparison and Complaint.

I.

Nfinite Power, Eternal Lord,
How Sovereign is thy Hand!
All Nature rose t' obey thy Word,
And moves at thy Command.

II.

With steady Course thy shining Sun Keeps his appointed Way; And all the Hours obedient run The Circle of the Day.

III.

But ah! how wide my Spirit flies,
And wanders from her God!
My Soul forgets the heavenly Prize,
And treads the downward-Road.

IV.

The raging Fire and stormy Sea Perform thine awful Will, And every Beast and every Tree Thy great Designs sulfil:

V.

While my wild Passions rage within, Nor thy Commands obey;

baker with a Zoul fo want.

andinal cont

14 LTRICK POEMS, Book I.

And Flesh and Sense enslav'd to Sin Draw my best Thoughts away.

VI.

Shall Creatures of a meaner Frame
Pay all their Dues to thee,
Creatures, that never knew thy Name,
That never lov'd like me?

VII

Great God, create my Soul anew,
Conform my Heart to thine,
Melt down my Will, and let it flow
And take the Mould Divine.

VIII.

Seize my whole Frame into thy Hand;
Here all my Pow'rs I bring;
Manage the Wheels by thy Command,
And govern every Spring.

IX.

Then shall my Feet no more depart,

Nor wandring Senses rove;

Devotion shall be all my Heart,

And all my Passions Love.

X.

Then not the Sun shall more than I His Maker's Law perform, Nor travel swifter thro' the Sky, Nor with a Zeal so warm.

God

God Supreme and Self-Inflicient.

would wisk to make did dell on

Lang P Lelhow or canod you ye mark

WHAT is our God, or what his Name
Nor Men can learn, nor Angels teach;
He dwells conceal'd in radiant Flame,
Where neither Eyes nor Thoughts can reach.

TT

The spacious Worlds of Heav'nly Light Compar'd with him how short they fall! They are too dark, and He too bright, Nothing are they, and God is All.

III.

He spoke the wondrous Word, and Lo
Creation rose at his Command:
Whirldwinds and Seas their Limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his Hand.

IV.

There rests the Earth, there roughe Spheres,
There Nature leans and seels her Prop:
But his own Self-Sufficience bears
The Weight of his own Glories up.

Which of you to make we would

The Tide of Creatures ebbs and flows,
Measuring their Changes by the Moon:

No Ebb his Sea of Glory knows; His Age is one Eternal Noon.

VI.

Then fly, my Song, an endless Round,
The lofty Tune let Michael raise;
All Nature dwell upon the Sound,
But we can ne'er fulfil the Praise.

Jesus the only Saviour.

Sign Change Transplic crass

Compart with high bowls

Orden role article

Measuring their Changes by r

T.

And Justice doom dthe Race to Hell:

The fiery Law speaks all Despair,

There's no Reprieve, nor Pardon there.

Ц.

Call a bright Council in the Skies;

- " Seraphs, the Mighry and the Wife,
- " Say, what Expedient can you give
- " That Sin be damn'd and Sinners live?

III.

- " Speak, are you firong to bear the Load,
- "The weighty Vengeance of a God?
- "Which of you loves our wretched Race,
- " Or dares to venture in our Place?

IV.

I dood

In vain we ask: for all around
Stands Silence thro' the Heavenly Ground:
There's not a glorious Mind above
Has half the Strength, or half the Love.

V

But, O unutterable Grace!
Th' Eternal Son takes Adam's place;
Down to our World the Saviour flies,
Stretches his naked Arms, and dies.

VI

Justice was pleas'd to bruise the God, And pay its Wrongs with Heavenly Blood; Infinite Racks and Pangs he bore, And rose. The Law could ask no more.

VII.

Amazing Work! look down, ye Skies, Wonder and gaze with all your Eyes; Ye Heavenly Thrones, stoop from above, And bow to this mysterious Love.

VIII.

See, how they bend! See, how they look!

Long they had read th' Eternal Book,

And fludy'd dark Decrees in vain,

The Crofs and Calvary makes them plain.

IX.

Now they are struck with deep Amaze, Each with his Wings conceals his Face; Now clap their founding Plumes, and cry, The Wisdom of a Deity.

X.

Low they adore th' Incarnate Son
And fing the Glories He hath won,
Sing how he broke our Iron Chains,
How deep he funk, how high he reigns.

XI.

Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
By all thy flaming Hofts ador'd;
And fay, dear Conqueror, fay how long
E'er we shall rife to joyn their Song.
XII.

Lo from afar the promis'd Day
Shines with a well-diftinguish'd Ray;
But my wing'd Passion hardly bears
These Lengths of slow delaying Years.

XIII.

Send down a Chariot from above
With fiery Wheels and pav'd with Love;
Raife me beyond th' Ethereal Blue
To fing and love as Angels do.

Look-

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Looking upward,

Pare Colon Con. Delance un to balle,

L

The Stars falute me round:

Tather, I blush, I mourn to lye

Thus groveling on the Ground.

TT.

My warmer Spirits move,
And make Attempts to fly;
I wish aloud for Wings of Love
To raise me swift and high.

Ш.

Beyond those Chrystal Vaults
And all their sparkling Balls;
They're but the Porches to thy Courts,
And Paintings of thy Walls.

IV.

Vain World, farewell to you;
Heaven is my native Air;
I bid my Friends a short Adieu
Imparient to be there.

V.

I feel my Powers releast
From their old fleshy Clod;

And Mountain wolows

Fair Guardian, bear me up in hafte, And set me near my God.

Christ Dying, Rising, and Reigning.

T

HE dies, the Heav'nly Lover dies, The Tidings strike a doleful Sound On my poor Heart-strings: deep he lies In the cold Caverns of the Ground.

II.

Come Saints, and drop a Tear or two On the dear Bosom of your God, He shed a thousand Drops for you, A Thousand Drops of richer Blood.

III.

Here's Love and Grief beyond degree, The Lord of Glory dies for Men! But lo, what sudden Joys I see! Jesus the Dead revives again.

IV.

The rifing God for fakes the Tomb,
Up to his Father's Court he flies;
Cherubic Legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the Skies.

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Well, At the

V

Break off your Tears, ye Saints, and tell How high our Great Deliverer reigns; Sing how he spoil'd the Hosts of Hell, And led the Monster Death in Chains.

VI

Say, Live for ever, wondrous King!

Born to Redeem, and strong to Save!

Then ask the Monster, Where's his Sting?

And where's thy Victory, boasting Grave?

The God of Thunder.

Tlaus fight the God our SaviDue come

The Immense, th' Amazing Height, and I have
The boundless Grandeur of our God, and a least the Worlds beneath his Feet, and a least the Nations with his Nod!

II.

He speaks; and lo, all Nature shakes, Heav'ns everlassing Pillars bow; He rends the Clouds with hideous Cracks And shoots his stery Arrows thro.

III.

Well, let the Nations start and fly
At the blue Lightnings horrid Glare,

R

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Hark Lively

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nd the

Atheists and Emperors shrink and die, When Flame and Noise torment the Air.

IV.

Let Noise and Flame confound the Skies, And drown the spatious Realms below, Yet will we sing the Thunderers Praise, And send our loud Hosannas thro.

V

Celestial King, thy blazing Power Kindles our Hearts to flaming Joys, We shout to hear thy Thunders roar, And eccho to our Father's Voice.

VI

Thus shall the God our Saviour come,
And Lightnings round his Chariot play;
Ye Lightnings, sly to make him room,
Ye glorious Storms, prepare his Way.

The Day of Judgment.

An ODE.

Attempted in English Sapphick.

I

WHEN the fierce Northwind with his airy Forces
ARears up the Baltick to a foaming Fury;
And

Book

And the red Lightning with a Storm of Hail comes

II.

How the poor Sailors stand amaz'd and tremble!
While the hoarse Thunder like a bloody Trumpet
Roars a loud Onset to the gaping Waters

Quick to devourthem.

III.

Such shall the Noise be, and the wild Disorder, (If things eternal may be like these Earthly)
Such the dire Terror when the great Archangel

Shakes the Creation :

the the Witters of Waterd to Glory

Tears the strong Pillars of the Vault of Heaven, Breaks up old Marble the Repose of Princes; See the Graves open, and the Bones arising,

Flames all around 'em.

aconta stance V. to week ork

Hark the shrill Outcries of the guilty Wretches!
Lively bright Horror and amazing Anguish
stare thro? their Eye-lids, while the living Worm lies
Gnawing within them.

VI.

houghts like old Vultures prey upon their Heartstrings, and the smart Twinges, when their Eye beholds the ofty Judge frowning, and a Flood of Vengeance

Rolling afore him.

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Forces

And

VII.

And the red Lightnian HW a Score of Hall

Hopeless Immortals! how they scream and shiver While Devils push them to the Pit wide yawning Hideous and gloomy, to receive them headlong

Down to the Centre.

VIII

Stop here my Fancy: (all away ye horrid Doleful Ideas) come arife to Fesus,

How he fits God-like! and the Saints around him

grinding Verror will the their ferror of the the treat Archange

O may I fit there when he comes Triumphant
Dooming the Nations: then afcend to Glory,
While our Hofamabi all along the Paffage of additional

soon of the store of one Shoul the Redeemer.

see the Gravesopen, and the Bones

The Song of Angels above.

Hark the finill Outgries of the entire Wierches!
Lively bright Horror and authorine when the

E Arth has detain'd me Prisoner long, and found and And I'm grown weary now:

My Heart, my Hand, my Ear, my Tongue,
There's nothing here for you. The Valo skill artened?

And the fmart Twinges, whee Hick I've beholds the

Tir'd in my Thoughts I stretch me down, aghat who I And upward glance mine Eyes,

Upward

H

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In

Upward (my Father) to thy Throne,

And to my native Skies.

Hig volt sold Wanter to A

There the dear Man my Saviour fits,

The God, how bright be fines!

And scatters Infinite Delights

On all the happy Minds.

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IV. (mirries shine had en I)

Circle the Throne around,

And move and charm the ftarry Plaine

With an Immortal Sound.

What wonders things he fild! - say have

Jesus the Lord their Harps employs,

Jesus my Love they sing,

Jesus the Name of both our Joys

Sounds sweet from every String.

And teel the charles me have IV.

Hark, how beyond the narrow Bounds

Of Time and Space they run,

And speak in most Majestick Sounds

The Godhead of the Son.

VII. 2 and the infert was sharf W

How on the Father's Breaft he lay

The Darling of his Soul,

Infinite Years before the Day,

Or Heavens began to roll.

VIII.

86. ETRICK POEMS, Book I.

Unward (my Father) to thy IIIVe

And now they fink the lofty Tone, has you had.

And gentler Notes they play,

And bring th' Eternal Godhead down

To dwell in humble Clay.

IX. add for Indicated boll and A

O the dear Beauties of that Man! (The God resides within)

His Flesh all pure without a Stain,

His Soul without a Sin. Day Comment of the Soul Without a Sin.

Then, how he look'd, and how he smil'd,
What wondrous things he said!
Sweet Cherubs, stay, dwell here a while,
And tell what Jesus did.

government borden IIX

At his Command the Blind awake,
And feel the gladfom Rays;
He bids the Dumb attempt to speak,
They try their Tongues in Praise.

XII.

He shed a thousand Blessings round
Where e'er he turn'd his Eye;
He spoke, and at the Sovereign Sound
The Hellish Legions sty.

Movoraged answer H XIII.

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XIII

Thus while with unambitious Strife
Th' Ethereal Minstrels rove
Thro' all the Labours of his Life,
And Wonders of his Love,

XIV.

In the full Choir a broken String
Groans with a strange Surprize;
The rest in Silence mourn their King
That bleeds and loves and dies.

XV.

The little Saints with drooping Wings
Cease their harmonious Breath;
No blooming Trees, nor bubbling Springs.
While Jesus sleeps in Death.

XVI.

Then all at once to living Strains
They summon every Chord,
Break up the Tomb, and burst his Chains,
And show their rising Lord.

XVII.

Around the flaming Army throngs
To guard him to the Skies,
With loud Hosannas on their Tongues,
And Triumph in their Eyes.

 Π I.

Thio'all the Labo

XVIII.

In awful State the conquering God to day Share the Ascends his shining Throne, While tuneful Angels found abroad ALE Wonders of his The Vierries he has won.

· XIX.

Now let me rife, and joyn their Song, And be an Angel too; My Heart, my Hand, my Ear, my Tongue, Here's joyful Work for you.

XX.

I would begin the Musick here And fo my Soul fhould rife: Oh for some heavenly Notes to bear My Spirit to the Skies! And of appoint and Value

There, ye that love my Saviour, fit, There I would fain have place, an normal wall

Amongst your Thrones, or at your Feet, So I might fee his Face no 1 4 11 11 15 1 10 1 1 1 A

XXII. HVX

I am confin'd to Earth no more, But mount in hafte above, To bless the God that I adore, And fing the Man I love.

Fire, Air, Earth and Sea, praise ye the Lord.

That vicely leadens, the Par

Arth, thou great Footflool of our God Who reigns on high; thou fruitful Source Of all our Rayment, Life and Food; all owners Our House, our Parent, and our Nurse; Mighty Stage of mortal Scenes, Dreft with ftrong and gay Machines, Hung with golden Lamps around (And flow'ry Carpets spread the Ground) Thou bulky Globe, prodigious Mass That hangs unpillar'd in an empty Space, While thy unweildy Weight refts on the feeble Air, Bless that Almighty Word that fixt and holds thee II the colony of their (there.

Fire, thou swift Herald of his Face, Whose glorious Rage at his Command Levels a Palace with the Sand, Blending the lofty Spires in Ruin with the Base: Ye heav'nly Flames that finge the Air, Artillery of a jealous God, Bright Arrows that his founding Quivers bear To fcatter Deaths abroad;

re,

Lightnings, adore the fovereign Arm that flings
His Vengeance and your Fires upon the Heads of Kings
III.

Thou vital Element, the Air,
Whose boundless Magazines of Breath
Our fainting Flame of Life repair,

And fave the Bubble Man from the cold Arms of Death :
And ye, whose vital Moisture yields
Life's purple Stream a fresh Supply;

Sweet Waters wandring thro' the flowry Fields,
Or dropping from the Sky;

Confess the Pow'r whose all-sufficient Name
Nor needs your Aid to build or to support our Frame.

Tung IV. at Bullique word held

Now the rude Air with noify Force
Beats up and swells the angry Sea,
They join to make our Lives a Prey,
And sweep the Sailors Hopes away,

Vain Hopes, to reach their Kindred and the Shores!

Lo the wild Seas and furging Waves

Gape hideous in a thousand Graves:

Be still, ye Floods, and know your Bounds of Sand, Ye Storms, adore your Master's Hand; The Winds are in his Fift, the Waves at his Command.

begang ideast taken

V

From the Eternal Emptiness

His fruitful Word by secret Springs

Drew the whole Harmony of Things

That form this noble Universe:

Old nothing knew his pow'rful Hand,

Scarce had he spoke his full Command,

Fire, Air, and Earth, and Sea heard the creating Call,

And leap'd from empty Nothing to this beauteous All;

And still they dance and still obey

The Orders they receiv'd the great Creation-Day.

The Farewell

Come Francis and Milmy will Defines

book resistant of server in the Care

Nor our this live on messner fixed."

I.

DEad be my Heart to all below,
To mortal Joys and mortal Cares;
To fenfual Blifs that charms us fo
Be dark my Eyes, and deaf my Ears.

11.

Here I renounce my carnal Taste
Of the fair Fruit that Sinners prize:
Their Paradise shall never waste
One Thought of mine, but to despise.

d.

V.

Whas

du Everla Cook My No

III.

All earthly Joys are overweigh'd I know Fair more With Mountains of verations Care of which will aid where's the Sweet that is not lay'd won't won't had I would won't w

Be gone for ever Mortal Things that and be arrow?

Thou mighty Mole Hill, Earth, Farewell in A and Land back Angels afpire on lofty Wings, and more dead back And leave the Globe for Ants to dwell, and had back and the Condens the Cond

Come Heaven, and fill my vast Desires, My Soul pursues the sovereign Good: She was all made of heavenly Fires, Nor can she live on meaner Food.

God only known to bimfelford To mornhy known to bimfelford To

STand and adore! how glorious He
That dwells in bright Eternity!
We gaze, and we confound our Sight
Plung'd in th' Abyss of Dazling Light.

Thou Sacred One, Almighty Three,

Great Everlasting Mystery,

What

What lofty Numbers shall we frame Equal to thy tremendous Name?

Seraphs, the nearest to the Throne, Begin, and fpeak the Great Unknown: Attempt the Song, wind up your Strings To Notes untry'd, and boundless Things. aroun sline

And Hell puchies behind. .VI

You whose capacious Pow'rs firvey Largely beyond our Eyes of Claysing as V ynigiad A Yet what a narrow Portion too on your sems I ba A Is feen or known or thought by you? and must slid!

Impations to be cone.

How flat your highest Praises fall Below th' Immenfe Original Invaid of the first brond Weak Creatures we, that strive in vain To reach an uncreated Strain to ni em gazw I liast to

Of Midnight and the Gray Great God, forgive our feeble Lays, Sound out thine own eternal Praise; A Song fo vaft, a Theme fo high Calls for the Voice that tun'd the Sky. by to or who

Rodew me, with thy Blood.

Thole Gnardian Drops my Squitecure . The d wath away my Sin

t

Pardon and Sanchification. 101 1800 I.

eraphy, the nearest to the Timone, it is the first
A Y Crimes awake; and hideous Fear aign
Diffracts my reftless Mind, and of square
Guilt meets my Eyes with horrid Glare, 100 00/10
And Hell purfues behind.
ou whole capacions with a property of
the state of the s
Almighty Vengeance frowns on high,
And Flames aray the Throne; Worker and Andrews to
While Thunder murmurs round the Sky out to need
Impatient to be gone.
low flat, your highest Prace, not be
Where shall I hide this noxious Head ? world do world
Can Rocks or Mountains fave?
Or shall I wrap me in the Shade 345 Date as the so of
Of Midnight and the Grave
rear God, forgive our feeble by s,
s there no Shelter from the Eye
Of a revenging God?
fefor, to thy dear Wounds I fly, a solo v and all all all
Bedew me with thy Blood,
v

Those Guardian Drops my Soul secure, And wash away my Sin;

Eternal

And Conscience smiles within.

Can find or tok the Sees a.IV

That whitens every Stain;
Yet is my Soul but half redeem'd,
If Sin the Tyrant reign.

and their daming forms. IIV and

That curfed Throne must fall:
Ye flattering Plagues, that work my Death,
Fly, for I hate you all.

Sovereignty and Grace.

with realization and reswit in a

to histori diviversi i est econolo sin

. Alore the Little and ret work .

THE Lord! how fearful is his Name?

How wide is his Command?

Nature with all her moving Frame

Refts on his mighty Hand.

to more final preven Pallian. The more real

And Light his awful Robe;
Whilst with a Smile or with a Frown
He manages the Globe.

In fweet Compaffion move; He cloaths his Looks with fofteft Grace, And takes his Title, Love.

96

Now let the Lord for ever reign, And fway us as he will, which word ! bio I THE Sick or in Health, in Ease or Pain, Shir woll We are his Favourites still vom 13d le min same!

Refle on his mighty Hand. .IIV No more shall peevish Passion rise, The Tongue no more complain of yould benomen! Tis fovereign Love that lends our Joys, mai I be A And Love refumes again. It is smile of him thin'W Homanages the Choro-

The

B

A

33

33

Ha

Dy

An

Cri

Go

And

the such county I selt of the

Trivial What, who is the

All of States of the

The Law and Gofpel.

Due 101 votice beneath the Calle

"Curst be the Man, for ever curst,
That doth the smallest Sin commit;

" Death and Damnation for the First,

" Without Relief and Infinite.

Book

II.

Thus Sinai roars; and round the Earth
Thunder and Fire and Vengeance flings;
But Jesus, thy dear gasping Breath
And Calvary says gentler things.

H

" Pardon, and Grace and boundless Love

"Streaming along a Saviour's Blood,

" And Life and Joys and Crowns above

" Dear-purchas'd by a bleeding God.

Na

Im

Wh

The

IV.

Hark, how he prays, (the charming Sound Dwells on his dying Lips) FORGIVE; And every Groan and gaping Wound Cries, "Father, let the Rebels live.

٧.

Go you that rest upon the Law, And toyl and seek Salvation there,

H

Look

Look to the Flames that Moses saw, .
And shrink, and tremble, and despair.

VI.

But I'll retire beneath the Crofs,
Saviour, at thy dear Feet I lie;
And the keen Sword that Justice draws
Flaming and red shall pass me by.

Seeking a Divine Calm in a restless World.

O Mens, quæ stabili fata regis vice, &cc. Casimire. Book 4. Od. 28.

Thuil rolling will the Sa has

Ternal Mind, who rul'ft the Fates

Of dying Realms and rifing States

With one unchang'd Decree,

While we admire thy vaft Affairs,

Say, can our little trifling Cares

Afford a Smile to thee?

link, how he prays. (the charter)

Thou scatterest Honors, Crowns and Gold;
We fly to seize, and sight to hold
The Bubbles and the Oar:
So Emmets struggle for a Grain;
So Boys their petty Wars maintain
For Shells upon the Shore.

cc

educard language this W Here a vain Man his Scepter breaks, The next a broken Scepter takes, And Warriors win and lofe; would it borrow the This rolling World will never stand, Plunder'd and fnatcht from Hand to Hand As Power decays or grows.

Earth's but an Atom: Greedy Swords Carve it amongst a thousand Lords And yet they can't agree Let greedy Swords still fight and slay, I can be poor; but Lord, I pray To fit and smile with thee

NT.

Sul

Huck

MW.

s bàA

(4)

ow or)

a but

III.

Happy Frailty.

erit arisen on his and a sin-

TOw meanly dwells th' Immortal Mind! "How vile thefe Bodies are!

"Why was a Clod of Earth defign'd

" Tienclose a heavenly Star?

Bank Landing all half down will

"Weak Cottage where our Souls refide!

"This Flesh a tott'ring Wall;

Hiz with

LTRICK POEMS, Book I. 100

"With frightful Breaches gaping wide nsM speciosite

" The Building bends to fall.

The lact a broken we pair com

" All round it Storms of Trouble blow,

" And Waves of Sorrow roll;

"Cold Waves and Winter Storms beat thro",

" And pain the Tenant-Soul.

IV.

"Alas! how frail our State! faid I;

And thus went mourning on,

Till fudden from the cleaving Sky A Gleam of Glory shone.

Vera 1 bo I and proof of uso!

My Soul all felt the Glory come, water Line and I

And breath'd her native Air :

Then she remember'd Heaven her Home, And she a Prisoner here.

Straight she began to change her Key,

And joyful in her Pains

She fung the Frailty of her Clay

In pleasurable Strains.

The archite the security Stolene T

" How weak the Pris'n is where I dwell!

" Flesh but a tottering Wall, " Sand O Man's

"The Breaches chearfully foretell

" The House must shortly fall.

VIII.

Har

Dev

A

VIII.

- "No more, my Friends, shall I complain,
 - " Tho all my Heart-strings ake;
- " Welcome Disease and every Pain
 - " That makes the Cottage shake.

IX.

- Now let the Tempest blow all round,
 - " Now Iwell the Surges high,
- " And beat this House of Bondage down,
 - "To let the Stranger fly.

X

- " I have a Mansion built above
 - " By the Eternal Hand;
- " And should the Earths old Basis move,
 - " My Heav'nly House must stand.

XI.

- "Yes, for 'tis there my Saviour reigns,
 - " (I long to fee the God)
- ff And his immortal Strength fuftains
 - " The Courts that cost him Blood.

XII.

Hark, from on high my Saviour calls:

" I come, my Lord, my Love:

Devotion breaks the Prison-Walls,

And speeds my last Remove.

Lannching into Eternity.

T was a brave Attempt! adventurous He,
Who in the first Ship broke the unknown Sea:
And leaving his dear native Shores behind,
Trusted his Life to the licentious Wind.
I see the surging Brine: the Tempest raves:
He on a Pine-Plank rides across the Waves,
Exulting on the Edge of thousand gaping Graves:
He steers the winged Boat, and shifts the Sails,
Conquers the Flood, and manages the Gales.

Such is the Soul that leaves this mortal Land
Fearless, when the great Master gives Command.
Death is the Storm: She smiles to hear it roar,
And bids the Tempest wast her from the Shore:
Then with a skilful Helm she sweeps the Seas,
And manages the raging Storm with Ease;
(Her Easth can govern Death) she spreads her Wings
Wide to the Wind, and as she sails she sings,
And looses by Degrees the Sight of mortal things.
As the Shores lessen so her Joys arise,
The Waves roll gentler, and the Tempest dies:
Now vast Eternity fills all her Sight,
She stoats on the broad Deep with infinite Delight,
The Seas for ever Calm, the Skies for ever Bright.

I

A Prospect of the Resurrection.

T.

HOw long shall Death the Tyrant reign
And triumph o'er the Just,
While the dear Blood of Martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the Dust?

II.

When shall the tedious Night be gone?

When will our Lord appear?

Our fond Desires would pray him down,

Our Love embrace him here.

III.

Let Faith arise, and climb the Hills,

And from afar descry

How distant are his Chariot-Wheels,

And tell how fast they fly.

IV. nevi bue well no die well.

Lo, I behold the scatt'ring Shades,

The Dawn of Heav'n appears,

The sweet Immortal Morning spreads

Its Blushes round the Spheres.

V.

I fee the Lord of Glory come, And flaming Guards around:

104 LYRICK POEMS, Book I.

The Skies divide to make him Room,

The Trumpet shakes the Ground,

VI.

I hear the Voice, Te dead arise,
And lo, the Graves obey,
And waking Saints with joyful Eyes
Salute th' expected Day.

VII

They leave the Dust, and on the Wing Rise to the middle Air, In shining Garments meet their King,

And low adore him there.

VIII.

O may my humble Spirit stand
Amongst them cloth'd in White!
The meanest Place at his Right Hand
Is Infinite Delight.

IX.

How will our Joy and Wonder rife,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward thro' the Skies
On Loves triumphant Wing!

Ad

In

V

D

Ad Dominum nostrum & Servatorem Jesum Christum.

Nov. 1694

Karannatal/

E, grande Numen, Corporis Incola, Te, magna magni Progenies Patris, Nomen verendum nostri Jesh Vox, Citharæ, Calami sonabunt.

Aptentur auro grandisonæ fides, Christi Triumphos incipe Barbite; Fractofq; terrores Averni,

Victum Erebum, domitamque Mortem.

Immensa vastos sæcula circulos Volvère, blando dum Patris in sinû Toto fruebatur Feboua Gaudia mille bibens Jesu;

TV.

Donec superno vidit ab Æthere Adam cadentem, Tartara hiantia, Unaq; mergendos ruina Heu nimium miseros Nepotes:

V

Vidit minaces Vindicis Angeli
Ignes & Enfem, Telaq, Sanguine
Tingenda nostro, dum rapinæ
Spe fremuere Erebæa Monstra.

VI.

Commota facras Viscera protinus Sensère flammas, Omnipotens furor Ebullit, Immensiq; Amoris Æthereum calet Igne Pectus.

VII.

- " Non tota prorsus Gens Hominum dabit
- " Hosti Triumphos: Quid Patris & Labor
 - " Dulcifq; Imago? num peribunt
 - " Funditus? O prius Aftra cæcis

VIII.

- " Mergantur Undis, & redeat Chaos:
- " Aut ipse disperdam Satune dolos,
 - " Aut ipse disperdar, & isti
 - " Sceptra dabo moderanda dextra.

IX.

- "Testor paternum Numen, & hoc Caput
- # Æquale testor, dixit; & Ætheris
 Inclinat ingens culmen, alto
 Desiliitq; ruens Olympo.

A

X.

Mortale corpus impiger induit

Artufq; nostros, heu tenues nimis

Nimifq; viles! Vindiciq;

Corda dedit fodienda Ferro,

XI.

Vitamq; Morti; Proh dolor! O graves

Tonantis Iræ! O Lex nimis aspera!

Mercesq; Peccati severa

Adamici, vetitiq; fructus

XII.

Non Pœna lenis! Quô ruis impotens!

Quo Musa! largas fundere lachrymas,

Bustiq; Divini triumphos

Sacrilego temerare stetu?

XIII.

Sepone questus, læta Deum cane Majore Chorda. Psalle sonoriùs Ut serreas Mortis cavernas Et rigidam penetravit Aulam.

XIV.

Sensère Numen Regna feralia,
Mugit Barathrum, contremuit Chaos,
Dirum fremebat Rex Gehenna,
Perq; fuum tremebundus Orcum

X

4

XV.

" Nil agis Impie, advarage of front Latè refugit.

"Mergat vel imis te Pblegetbon vadis, Maria

"Hoc finder undas Fulmen, inquit, Et patrios jaculatus ignes

XVI.

Trajecit hostem. Nigra filentia Umbræq; flammas Æthereas pavent Dudum perofz, ex quo corufce Præcipites cecidere Cœlo.

XVII.

Immane rugit jam Tonitru; fragor Late ruinam mandat: ab infimis Lectarq; destinata Genti Tartara disjiciuntur antris.

XVIII.

Heic strata passim Vincula, & heic jacent Unci cruenti, Tormina Mentium Invifa; ploratuq; vafto Spicula Mors sibi adempta plangit.

XIX.

En, ut refurgit Victor ab ultimo Ditis profundo, curribus aureis Aftricta raptans Monstra noctis Perdomitumq; Erebi Tyrannum.

Si

T

To Superam Cleans open and XX to invite John.

Quanta Angelorum gaudia jubilant
Victor paternum dum repetit polum?

En qualis ardet, dum beati

Limina scandit Ovans Olympi!

XXI.

Io triumphe plectra Seraphica,
Io triumphe Grex Hominum fonet,
Dum læta quaquaversus ambos
Astra repercutiunt Triumphos.

nearth and Si

Sui-ipsius Increpatio.

EPIGRAMMA.

Corpore cur hæres, Watts? cur Incola Terræ?

Quid cupis indignum, Mens, habitare lutum?

Te Caro mille malis premit; hinc juvenes gravat artus

Languor, & hinc vegetus crimina sanguis alit.

Cura, Amor, Ira, Dolor mentem malè distrahit; Auceps

Undiq; adest Satanas retia sæva struens.

Suspice ut Æthereum signant tibi nutibus Astra

Tramitem, & Aula vocat parta Cruore Dei.

Te manet Uriel dux; & tibi subjicit alas

Stellatas Seraphin officiosa cohors.

LIC LTRICK POEMS, Book I

Te Superûm Chorus optat amans, te invitat Jesus,

"Huc ades & nothro tempora conde finit.

Verè amat ille Lutum quem nec Dolor aut Satan accet

Inde, nec allicium Angelus, Astra, Deus.

Excitatio Cordis Calum versus.

I Junion foundit Owing Dlympi!

1694

H

A

0

M

De

HEU quot secla teris carcere Corporis,

Watts? quid refugis Limen & Exitum?

Nec Mens Æthereum Culmen, & Atria

Magni Patris anhelitat?

Corpus vile creat mille Molestias,
Circum Corda volant & Dolor, & Metus,
Peccatumq; malis durius omnibus

Cæcas Infidias ftruit

Non hoc grata tibi Gandia de folo
Surgunt: Christus abest, delicia tuz,
Longe Christus abest, inter & Angelos

Et picta astra perambularis.

*Celi summa petas, nec jaculabitur

Iracunda tonans fulmina: Te Deus

Hortatur; Vacuum tende per Aira

Pennas nunc bomini datas.

^{*} Vide Horat. Lib. 1. Od. 3. ... Ho midgan canallais

Breathing toward the Heavenly Country.

A couly I'm will raife my Head;

Casimire, Book 1st. Od. 19. Imitated.

Urit me Patria Decor, &c.

THE Beauty of my native Land 1991 100 Immortal Love infpires;

I burn, I burn with strong Desires,

And figh and wait the high Command and T

There glides the Moon her fhining way

And shoots my Heart thro' with a Silver Ray,

Upward my Heart aspires:

A thousand Lamps of Golden Light

Hung high in vaulted Azure charm my Sight,

And wink and becken with their amorous Fires,

O ye dear Glories of my Heavenly Home,

Bright Sentinels of my Father's Court 1/4 (19)

Where all the happy Minds refort,

When will my Father's Chariot come?

Must ye for ever walk the Ethereal Round,

For ever fee the Mourner lie was a good all and a

An Exile of the Skie, The thing married in the

A Prisoner of the Ground?

Descend some shining Servant from on high,

Build me a hasty Tomb;

Linglish of

112 LTRICK POEMS, Book I.

A graffy Turf will raise my Head;
The Neighbouring Lilies dress my Bed
And shed a cheap Persume.
Here I put off the Chains of Death
My Soul too long has worn:
Friends, I forbid one groaning Breath,
Or Tear to wet my Urn;
Raphael, behold me all undrest,
Here gently lay this Flesh to rest;
Then mount and lead the Path unknown,
Swift I pursue thee, staming Guide, on Pinions of my
(own.

Casimiri Epigramma 100.

and the Teamphon Market District a

In Sanctum Ardalionem qui ex Mimo Christianus factus Martyrium passus est.

A RDALIO sacros deridet carmine Ritus,

Festaque non aqua voce Theatra quatit.

Audist Omnipotens; " Non est opus, inquit, biulca

" Fulmine; tam facilem, Gratia, vince Virum.

Deserit illa Polos, & deserit ifte Theatrum,

Et tereti facrum volvit in Enfe Caput

Sic, fic, inquit, abit nostræ Comædia Vitæ;

" Terra vale, Calum plaude, Tyranne feri.

Englished.

dono I Wast a can ble to

Ĥ

25

66

Englished.

On Saint Ardalio, who from a Stage-Player became a Christian, and suffered Martyrdom.

T.

A RDALIO jeers, and in his Comick Strains
The Mysteries of our bleeding God profanes,
While his loud Laughter shakes the painted Scenes.

II.

Heaven heard, and strait around the smoaking Throne
The kindling Lightning in thick Flashes shone,
And vengeful Thunder murmur'd to be gone.

III.

Mercy ftood near, and with a smiling Brow Calm'd the loud Thunder; "There's no need of you; "Grace shall descend, and the weak Man subdue.

IV.

Grace leaves the Skies, and He the Stage for lakes, He bows his Head down to the Martyring Ax, And as he bows, this gentle Farewell speaks;

V

" So goes the Comedy of Life away;

2-/4

ed.

" Vain Earth adieu; Heaven will applaud to Day;

" Strike courteous Tyrant, and conclude the Play.

When the Protestant Church at Montpelier was demolished by the French King's Order, the Protesstants laid the Stones up in their Burying-place, whereon a Jesuit made a Latin Epigram.

Englished thus:

A Hug'not Church once at Montpelier built
Stood & proclaim'd their Madness & their Guilt;
Too long it stood beneath Heav'ns angry Frown,
Worthy when rising to be thund'red down,
Lewis at last th' Avenger of the Skies
Commands, and level with the Ground it lies;
The Stones dispers'd, their wretched Offspring come
Gather and heap them on their Father's Tomb.
Thus the curs'd House falls on the Builders Head;
And tho' beneath the Ground their Bones are laid,
Yet the just Vengeance still pursues the guilty Dead.

The Answer, by a French Protestant.

Englished thus:

And nobly spoke the Builders Zeal for God: It stood the Envy of the sierce Dragoon, But not deserved to be destroy'd so soon:

Sacred to Devotion, &c.

1115

Yet Lewis the wild Tyrant of the Age
Tears down the Walls, a Victim to his Rage.
Young faithful Hands pile up the facred Stones
(Dear Monument) over their dead Father's Bones.
The Stones shall more when the dead Fathers rise,
Start up before the pale Destroyers Eyes,
And testify his Madness to th' avenging Skies.

Two Happy Rivals, Devotion and the Muse.

L

WILD as the Lightning, various as the Moon Roves my Pindaria Song;

Here the glows like burning Noon
In fiercest Flames, and here the plays

Gentle as Star-beams on the Midnight-Seas;

Now in a smiling Angels Form,

Anon she rides upon the Storm,

Loud as the noify Thunder, as a Deluge strong.

Are my Thoughts and Wishes free,

And know no Number nor Degree?

Such is the Muse: Lo she distains

The Links and Chains,

Yet

Measures and Rules of Vulgar Strains,

And o'er the Laws of Harmony a Sovereign Queen she (reigns.

I 2

11

II.

If the roves

By Streams or Groves

Tuning her Pleasures or her Pains,

My Paffion keeps her still in fight,

My Passion holds an equal Flight

Thro' Love's or Nature's wide Campaigns.

If with bold Attempt she fings

Of the biggest mortal things,

Tottering Thrones and Nations flain;

Or breaks the Fleets of warring Kings

While Thunders roar

From Shore to Shore.

My Soul fits fast upon her Wings.

And sweeps the crimson Surge, or scours the purple Plain:

Still I attend her as fhe flies

Round the broad Globe, and all beneath the Skies.

III.

But when from the Meridian Star

Long Streaks of Glory shine,

And Heaven invites her from afar,

She takes the Hint, she knows the Sign,

The Muse ascends her heavenly Carr,

And climbs the steepy Path & means the Throne divine.

Then she leaves my flutt'ring Mind

Clogg'd with Clay and unrefin'd,

Lengths of Distance far behind:

Vertue

Vertue lags with heavy Wheel; Faith has Wings, but cannot rife, Cannot rife, — Swift and high As the winged Numbers fly, And faint Devotion panting lies Half way th' Ethereal Hill.

IV.

And her Bombiling and the O why is Piety fo weak, And yet the Muse so strong? When shall these hateful Fetters break That have confin'd me long? Inward a glowing Heat I feel, A Spark of heav'nly Day; But earthy Vapours damp my Zeal, And heavy Flesh drags me the downward Way. Faint are the Efforts of my Will, And mortal Paffion charms my Soul aftray. Shine thou fweet Hour of dear Release, Shine from the Sky, And call me high.

1:

ne.

tue

To mingle with the Choirs of Glory and of Blis. Devotion there begins the Flight, Awakes the Song; and guides the way; There Love and Zeal divine and bright Trace out new Regions in the World of Light, And scarce the boldest Muse can follow or obey.

variant and all rule

I'm in a Dream, and Fancy reigns;

She spreads her gay delusive Scenes;

Or is the Vision true?

Behold Religion on her Throne

In awful State descending down,

And her Dominions vast and bright within my spaci-

She smiles, and with a courteous Hand She beckons me away:

I feel mine airy Powers loofe from the cumb rous Clay,
And with a joyful hafte obey

Religion's high Command.

What Lengths and Heights and Depths unknown!

Broad Fields with blooming Glory fown,

And Seas and Skies and Stars her own,

In an unmeasur'd Sphere!

What Heav'ns of Joy and Light serene, Which nor the rolling Sun has seen, Where nor the roving Muse has been That greater Traveller!

VI.

A long Farewel to all below,
Farewel to all that Sense can show,
To golden Scenes, and flow'ry Fields,
To all the Worlds that Fancy builds,
And all that Poets know.

Now

Now the fwift Transports of the Mind Leave the fluttering Muse behind,

A thousand loose Pindaric Plumes fly scatt'ring down (the Wind.

Amongst the Clouds I lose my Breath,
The Rapture grows too strong:

The feeble Pow'rs that Nature gave

Faint and drop downward to the Grave;

Receive their Fall, thou Treasurer of Death;

I will no more demand my Tongue, Till the gross Organ well refin'd

N

Can trace the boundless Flights of an unsetter'd Mind, And raise an equal Song.

I 4 The

inguido an inazacione.

And Rentice fly Contracts:

Remeath the Mount of Pairs

And Paraway of our Bleed, Select targe Vertion of our Mu. "And have the less for God.

Marete her forcing powerful Band

Souls whom the Type of Education binds

of the mode only with well the !

The following Poems of this Book are peculiarly dedicated to DIVINE LOVE.

The Hazard of lowing the Creatures.

Death John will be said think in the

W Here e'er my flatt'ring Paffions rove
I find a lurking Snare;
'Tis dangerous to let loofe our Love
Beneath th' Eternal Fair.

11.

Souls whom the Tye of Friendship binds,
And Partners of our Blood,
Seize a large Portion of our Minds,
And leave the less for God.

III.

Nature has fost but powerful Bands,
And Reason she controuls;
While Children with their little Hands
Hang closest to our Souls.

IV.

Thoughtless they act th' old Serpents Part; What tempting things they be!

Lord,

Boundes follows: Harring

Doch in Divinity and

Was ever Penel courted to

Lord, how they twine about our Heart,

And draw it off from thee!

1

k

to

3.

KI

I most

V.

Our hafty Wills rush blindly on

Where rising Passion rolls,

And thus we make our Fetters strong

To bind our slavish Souls.

Stand in Annese we wildered at bance

Dear Sovereign, break these Fetters off,

And set our Spirits free;

God in himself is Blis enough,

For we have all in thee.

Defiring to love Christ. o noon of

I.

Come let me Love: or is my Mind
Harden'd to Stone, or froze to Ice?
I fee the bleffed Fair One bend
And stoop t' embrace me from the Skies!

II.

O'tis a Thought would melt a Rock,
And make a Heart of Iron move,
That those sweet Lips, that heavenly Look
Should seek and wish a mortal Love!

Level, how they ewine about the Heart,

Infinite Grace! Almighty Chartes!

Stand in Amaze, ye whirling Skies,

Fefus the God with naked Arms

Hangs on a Crofs of Love and dies.

Did Pity ever stoop so low,

Drest in Divinity and Blood?

Was ever Rebel courted so

In Groans of an expiring God?

Again he lives; and spreads his Hands, Hands that were nail'd to tort ring Smart; By these dear Wounds, says he, and stands And prays to clasp me to his Heart.

Sure I must love; or are my Ears
Still deaf, nor will my Passion move?
Then let me melt this Heart to Tears;
This Heart shall yield to Death or Love.

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The Heart , given way, Ilm Held

So Galerid at his King's Comband

Till the doar Lord that hath my Lore

IF there are Passions in my Soul, its low more (And Passions sure there be) to be so now be all W Now they are all at thy Controlly thing such all My Jesus, all for thee.

He slides it no by more a wings

In Hearts fo hard as mine, a box of air airie.

Come, gentle Saviour, to my Break, and donor o'T

For all my Love is thine.

III.

Let the gay World with treacherous Art
Allure my Eyes in vain;
I have convey'd away my Heart,
Ne'er to return again.

And blok the Evening CVLe ;

To all that Earth can book;
This Soul of mine was never made

For Vanity and Duft.

V.

Now I can fix my Thoughts above, Amidst their flatt'ring Charms,

Mine is a dorer Planta

Till the dear Lord that hath my Love Shall call me to his Arms. VI. So Gabriel at his King's Command From you Celeftial Hill Walks downward to our worthless Land, His Soul points upward still. VII. He glides along by mortal things

Without a Thought of Love,

Fulfils his Task, and fpreads his Wings

To reach the Realms above.

1

Meditation in a Grove.

For all try Love Is things a first

Allure my Eves in wing:

Sweet Muse, descend and bless the Shade,
And bless the Evening Grove;
Business and Noise and Day are fled,
And every Care but Love.

But hence, ye wanton Young and Fair,

Mine is a purer Flame;

No Phillis shall infect the Air

With her unhallowed Name.

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Jefas has all my Powers poffeft. My Hopes, my Fears, my Joys: He, the dear Sovereign of my Breaft Shall still command my Voice. Wil honivity skiego sucho

Some of the fairest Choirs above Shall flock around my Song With Joy to hear the Name they love and year the Sound from a mortal Tongue.

His Charms shall make my Numbers flow. And hold the falling Floods, While Silence fits on every Bough, And bends the lift'ning Woods.

VI.

I'll carve our Paffion on the Bark, And every wounded Tree Shall drop and bear some mystick Mark That felse dy'd for me.

VIII addrawa warma broken A

The Swains shall wonder when they read Inscrib'd on all the Grove, That Heaven it felf came down, and bled To win a Mortals Love.

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dI

LERICK POBLES Book I.

The Fairest and the Only Beloved My Hopes, my french any Joys :

Househout Somercian of my Breath

Shrift Aid conserved up Onour to that diviner Ray That first allur'd my Eyes away, and and an in the From every mortal Fair:

All the gay things that held my Sight From every mortal Fair: Seem but the twinkling Sparks of Night And languishing in doubtful Light Die at the Morning-Ster ... Dann How amund Delle Habolt anith and MadonA

Whatever speaks the Godhead great and sometic wind And fit to be ador'd now Rain fill sele & ad Lan

Whatever makes the Creature fweet

And worthy of my Patton meet nothed the sync all

Harmonious in my Lord The bellow to the beat

A thousand Graces ever rife and and and and the

And bloom upon his Face served by he say the A thousand Arrows from his Eyes

Shoot thro' my Heart with dear Surprize

And guard around the Place of the no Lidible.

The Metren it fell cante County a All Natures Art shall never cure The Manda of The heavenly Pains I found,

And

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Secred to Deveties, &c. And 'tis beyond all Beauties Power 1010 with financial To make another Wounds Amount I you mil -Earthly Beauties grow and fade Nature heals the Wounds the made, which the But Charms fo much divine and and the Lock yld Hold a long Empire of the Heart; What Heaven has join'd thall never part, and movies of And Jefus must be mine. In vain the envious Shades of Night Or Flatteries of the Day Would vail his Image from my Sight, Or tempt my Soul away; and in the trans has placed Jesu is all my waking Theme. His levely Form meets every Dream And knows not to departs and the state of th The Passion reigns Thro' all my Veins, State of the control of the con And floating round the crimfon Stream

V

Still finds him at my Heart. A and part and ground.

Dwell there, for ever dwell, my Love;
Here I confine my Sense;
Nor dare my wildest Wishes rove
Nor stir a Thought from thence.

And

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128 LYRICK POEMS, Book L

Amongst thy Glories and thy Grace

Grant thou Everlafting Fair,

Grant my Soul a Manfion there:

My Soul aspires to see thy Face and areas ...

The Life shou'd for the Vision pay;
So Rivers run to meet the Sea,

And lose their Nature in th' Embrace.

VI.

Thou art my Ocean; thou my God;
In thee the Paffions of the Mind

With Joys and Freedoms unconfin'd

Exult, and spread their Powers abroad.

Not all the glittering things on high with the same

Can make my Heaven, if Thou remove:

I shall be tir'd, and long to die; on the swood link !

Life is a Pain without thy Love, - Translated

Who could ever bear to be

Curft with Immortality was and Indone serving of

Among the Stars, but far from Thee?

in the most spine the all Mu-

Discussion for every dwell, my Lo

evis could a light with state town

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Mutual Love stronger than Death.

To kife the Short a and die al

Then becoult lose fire solice three So to

So. Billow after Billow rolls P.

TOT the rich World of Minds above Can pay the mighty Debt of Love I owe to Christ my God to the hard market and I

With Pangs which none but he could feel to you He bought my guilty Soul from Hell; Not the first Seraph's Tongue can tell

The Value of his Blood: Select and recommend

The state of the state of

Kindly he feiz'd me in his Arms From the false World's pernicious Charms With Force divinely fweet.

Had I ten thousand Lives my own,

At his Demand

Blefs desir Redeemer God wit With chearful Hand

I'd pay the vital Treasure down We bowing at his I con In hourly Tributes at his Feet.

But Saviour, let me rafte thy Grace

With every fleeting Breath;

Broke from his Etc-1 And thro' that Heaven of Pleasure pass

To the cold Arms of Death:

Lu-

With Transport cry I, The wife Child of Cody

Americ wholeholes Hon

The colored and agence, and

Once I beheld

LYRICK POEMS, Book I.

IT OT the rich World of Minds above v

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an pay the mighty Deir of Love

Then I could lose successive Souls

Fast as the Minutes sty

So Billow after Billow rolls

To kiss the Shore and die.

LIGI

The Substance of the following Copy, and many of the Lines were sent me by an effect of Friend, Mr. W. Nokes, with a Desire that I would form them into a Pindaric Ode; but I retain'd his Measures left I should too much alter his Sense.

A Sight of Christs and Ambala

A Ngels of Light, your God and King surround With noble Songs; in his exalted Flesh He claims your Worship; while his Saints on Earth Bless their Redeemer-God with humble Tongues.

Angels, with lofty Honours crown his Head; We bowing at his Feet by Faith may feel His distant Insluence, and confess his Love.

Once I beheld his Face, when Beams Divine
Broke from his Eye-lids, and unufual Light
Wrapt me at once in Glory and Surprize.
My joyful Heart high leaping in my Breaft
With Transport cry'd, This is the Christ of God;
Then

Then threw my Arms around to fweet Embrace,
And classed, and bow'd adoring low, till I was lost in
(him.

While he appears no other Charms can hold Or draw my Soul, asham'd of former things, Which no Remembrance now deserve or Name, Tho with Contempt; best in Oblivion hid.

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bin A

en

But the bright Shine and Presence foon withdrew: I fought him whom I love, but found him not: I felt his Absence; and with strongest Cries Proclaim'd, Where Jefus is not all is vain. Whether I hold him with a full Delight. Or feek him panting with extreme Defire, 'Tis He alone can please my wond'ring Soul ; To hold or feek him is my only Choice. If he refrain on me to cast his Eye Down from his Palace, nor my longing Soul With upward Look can fpy my dearest Lord Thro' his blue Pavement, I'll behold him still With sweet Reflection on the peaceful Cross. All in his Blood and Anguish groaning deep, Gasping and dying there This Sight I ne'er can lote, by it I hee A quickning Vertue from his Death infoir d

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132 LTRIGK POEMS, Book I.

Is Life and Breath to me; His Flesh my Food; His vital Blood I drink, and hence my Strength.

I live, I'm strong, and now Eternal Life
Beats quick within my Breast; my vigorous Mind
Spurns the dull Earth, and on her siery Wings
Reaches the Mount of Purposes Divine,
Counsels of Peace betwixt th' Almighty Three
Conceiv'd at once, and sign'd without Debate
In persect Union of th' Eternal Mind,
With vast Amaze I see th' unfathom'd Thoughts,
Instinite Schemes, and infinite Designs
Of God's own Heart in which he ever rests.
Eternity lies open to my View;
Here the Beginning and the End of all
I can discover; Christ the End of all,
And Christ the great Beginning; he my Head,
My God, my Glory, and my All in All.

O that the Day, the joyful Day were come
When the first Adam from his antient Dust
Crown'd with new Honours shall revive, and see
Jesus his Son and Lord; while shouting Saints
Surround their King, and God's Eternal Son
Shines in the midst, but with superiour Beams,
And like himself; then the mysterious Word

Long

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See

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Long hid behind the Letter shall appear
All Spirit and Life, and in the fullest Light
Stand forth to publick View, and there disclose
His Father's sacred Works, and wondrous ways:
Then Wisdom, Righteousness and Grace divine
Thro' all the Infinite Transactions past
Inwrought and shining shall with double blaze
Strike our astonish'd Eyes, and ever reign
Admir'd and glorious in triumphant Light.

Death and the Tempter and the Man of Sin Now at the Bar arraign'd, in Judgment caft, Shall vex the Saints no more: but perfect Love And loudest Praises perfect Joy create, While ever-circling Years maintain the blissful State.

Where the dear Conqueror he entirion d,

vision divisit Land, hand

Love on a Cross and a Throne.

That i no good Commerce with Hell

And view my Lord in all his Love;

Look back to hear his dying Cries,

Then mount and fee his Throne above.

H.

See where he languish'd on the Cross; Beneath my Sins he groan'd and dy'd;

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134 LERICK ROEMS, Book I.

See where he fits to pleading Caufe! builded tid you I

Sound forth to publick Villag. . Ittl there disclose

There Love in Floods of Sourow reigns, and the state of the triumphs o'er the killing Smart, And buys my Pleafure with his Pains.

brike our whiche'd Lyest and Vier reign

Or if I climb th' Eternal Hills
Where the dear Conqueror fits enthron'd,
Still in his Heart Compation dwells
Near the Memorials of his Wound

How shall a pardon'd Rebel show white I solved but How much I love my dying God? guilded reve stid! Lord, here I banish every Foe,

I hate the Sins that coff thy Blood.

Shall vary the Saims no more: We period Love

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I hold no more Commerce with Hell, My dearest Lusts shall all depart; But let thine Image ever dwell Stampt as a Seal upon my Heart.

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According beginning ind dy'd

Then insum and fire his Larone about

See where he languilli d on the Croil

A preparatory Thought for the Lord's Supper.

That had blin to cid que In Imitation of Ha. 63, 1, 2, 3.

For luch anworthy Worth & we. Hat heavenly Man, or tovely God Comes marching downward from the Skies, Array'd in Garments roll'd in Blood, a hin a moo With Joy and Pity in his Eyes 2 10 1000000 Balg dilW

And I weet Holzens, crown the

The Lord! The Saviour! yes, 'tis he, I know him by the Smiles he wears; O the dear Man that dy'd for me, Drench'd deep in Agonies and Tears!

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And

Lo, he reveals his shining Breast; I own those Wounds, and I adore: Lo, he prepares a Royal Feaft. A CLEVING Sweet Fruit of the fharp Pangs he bore! 180 1 190

Of thy dear Chamman, my Whence flow these Favours so divine? Lord! why fo lavish of thy Blood? Why for fuch Earthy Souls as mine, and od north This Heav'nly Flesh, this facred Food? " hand I he Caprives of his Topque:

V.

Twas his own Love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the curfed Tree;
'Twas his own Love this Table spread
For such unworthy Worms as we,

VI.o .usl

Then let us tafte the Saviour's Love,

Come, Faith, and feed upon the Lord:

With glad Concent our Lips shall move

And sweet Hosamas crown the Board.

Converse with Christ.

that the same recept ble and I

I'm tir'd with Visits, Modes and Forms,
And Flatteries paid to Fellow-Worms,
Their Conversation cloys;
Their vain Amours and empty Stuff:
But I can ne er enjoy enough

Of thy dear Company, my Lord, thou Life of all my

IL.

When he begins to tell his Love,
Through every Vein my Passions move,
The Captives of his Tongue:

In

Local way foliating

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In midnight Shades on frosty Ground I could attend the pleasing Sound, an nariw and

Nor should I feel December cold, nor think the Dark-III. o luck vin a (nels long.

There while I hear my Saviour-God Count o'er the Sins (a heavy Load)

He bore upon the Tree,

Inward I blush with secret Shame.

And weep, and love, and bless the Name

That knew nor Guilt nor Grief his own, but bare it all per the min for be for me.

I has while Leaf Next he describes the Thorns he wore,

And talks his bloody Paffion o'er,

ny ys.

In

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Till I am drown'd in Tears:

Yet with the Sympathetic Smart

There's a strange Joy beats round my Heart: The curfed Tree has Bleffings in't, my fweerest Balm

I hear the glorious Sufferer tell

How on his Cross he vanquish'd Hell

And all the Powers beneath:

Transported and inspir'd my Tongue

Attempts his Triumphs in a Song;

How bas the Serpent loft his Sting, and where's thy Victory (Death?

VI.

With the dear Brints of dying Smarts i blood row.

He lets my Soul on Fire:

138

Not the beloved John could reft

With more Delight upon that Breaft,

Nor Thomas pry into those Wounds with more intense

Inward I biath with the Shame

Kindly he opens me his Ear,

And bids me pour my Sorrows there,

and tell him all my Pains:

Thus while I eafe my burden'd Heart

In every Woe he bears a Part,

His Arms embrace me, and his Hand my drooping mes I at b'aword (Head fuftains.

Fly from my Thoughts all humane things,

And Sporting Swains and Senting Kings

And Tales of wanton Love:

My Soul disdains that little Snare onois pris and I

The Tangles of Amira's Hair

(Death?

TV

Thine Arms, my God, are sweeter Bands, nor can my (Heart remove.

Transported and inspired my Tongue Attempts his Triumphs in a'Song;

stone has the Serpent left his Sting, and inderes the Millory

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Grace shining, and Nature fainting.

Me'er had I felt this in vard Plante, Sal. Sang 1.3. & 2.5. & 6.5.

Nor can I bear the Though, that He ELL me, fatreft of thy Kind, bund Tell me, Shepherd, all-divine, mond Where this fainting Head reclin'd a wol binod? May relieve flich Cares as mine: Shepherd, lead me to thy Grove;

If burning Noon infect the Sky Visio 318 1314 all The fickning Sheep to Coverts fly, latteralled aid of

The Sheep not half fo faine as I, ... but which and

Thus overcome with Love said you is saling od

That with a't rown he fatt

Say, thou dear Sovereign of my Breaft, Where doft thou lead thy Flock to reft: Vin a 10/1

Why should I appear like one minus I and and a

Wild and wandring all alone, new old look in A Unbeloved and unknown death for I had some

Omy great Redeemer, Tays, and sat soil I see!

Shall I turn my Feet aftray ?

Will Jesus bear to see me rove, and drained agrand with

To fee me feek another Love that and studies "T

Beneath thefe Rays I cannor fire, .III and yet washous them sie.

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III.

Ne'er had I known his dearest Name, Ne'er had I felt this inward Flame,

Had not his Heart-strings first began the tender Sound:

Nor can I bear the Thought, that He

Shou'd leave the Sky,

Shou'd bleed and dye, and don't have

Should love a Wretch fo vile as me Without Returns of Passion for his dying Wound,

Shopherd, feed to to thy Whole His Eyes are Glory mixt with Grace in animud II In his delightful awful Bace or apoule gain toll ad I

Sits Majesty and Gentleness of the son work out t

So tender is my bleeding Heart omorrow at !

That with a Frown he kills;

His Absence is perpetual Smart, was used well was

Nor is my Soul refin'd enough best note flot soul w

To bear the Beamings of his Love, a f blood will

And feel his warmer Smiles. The bris bill W

Where shall I rest this drooping Head 30 40 10 10 I love, I love the Sun, and yet I want the Shade.

Shall Truen my Peer aftray ? .V

My finking Spirits feebly strive sel on atted and still

T' endure the Extaly syo, I radions shall am sall of !

Beneath these Rays I cannot live,

And yet without them die.

None

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And nearest Image o

None knows the Pleasure and the Pain and and That all my inward Powers sustain and power of the God again.

But such as feel a Saviour's Love, and love the God again.

VI.

Oh why should Beauty Heavenly bright
Stoop to charm a Mortal's Sight,
And torture with the sweet Excels of Light?
Our Hearts, alas, how frail their Make!
With their own Weight of Joy they break,
Oh why is Love so strong, and Nature's self so weak?

VII.

Turn, turn away thine Eyes,
Ascend the Azure Hills, and shine
Amongst the happy Tenants of the Skies,
They can sustain a Vision so divine.
O turn thy lovely Glories from me,
The Joys are too intense, the Glories overcome me.

VIII.

Dear Lord, forgive my rash Complaint,
And love me still
Against my froward Will;
Unvail thy Beauties tho' I faint.
Send the great Herald from the Sky,
And at the Trumpets awful Roar
This feeble State of things shall sty,
And Pain and Pleasure mix no more;

144 LTRION DEMONDE Book L

Then shall I gaze with fireign and Sight on On Glories instancely bright, which will all be Love, by John all Delight.

Oh why should Beauty Heavenly bright Second Heavenly bright Second Heavenly bright And corture with the fiveet Excels of Light?

OF all the Joys we Mortals know

Jefus, thy Love exceeds the reft;

Love, the best Bleffing here below,

And nearest Image of the Bleft.

Tura, cura away thinest

Sweet are my Thoughts, and folt my Cares
When the dear Heavinly Flame I feel;
In all my Hopes and all my Fears
There's fomething kind and pleasing still.

Hŕ

While I am held in his Embrace

There's not a Thought attempts to rove;

Each Smile he wears upon his Face

Fixes and charms and fires my Love.

He speaks, and strait immortal Joys
Run thro' my Ears, and reach my Heart;
My Soul all melts at that dear Voice, but nied base
And Pleasure shoots thro' every Part.

V.

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And

If he withdraw a Moments space composed is no bnA He leaves a facred Pledge behind: Here in this Breaft his Image flays, might arem on a T The Grief and Comfort of my Mind. Value and The I faint beneath a nobler WooddaTV

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V.

While of his Absence I complain, wolld svol sold And long, and weep as Lovers do. There's a strange Pleasure in the Pain, And Tears have their own Sweetness too.

When round his Courts by Day I rove, Or ask the Watchmen of the Night For fome kind Tidings of my Love, His very Name creates Delight. Ablence, that heened Wound.mv

Jesus, my God; yet rather come; " I frequent midT Mine Eyes would dwell upon thy Face; Tis best to see my Lord at home, And feel the Presence of his Grace.

The Absence of Christ.

in nonis i vin ildi

murmur to the hollow Vale

Ome, lead me to fome lofty Shade Where Turtles moan their Loves;

LTRICK POEMS, Book I. Tall Shadows were for Lovers made; And Grief becomes the Groves He leaves a fice of Pladers belief. Tis no mean Beauty of the Ground That has inflav'd my Eyes; I faint beneath a nobler Wound, Nor love below the Skies. and forth but ween as Los Jefus, the Spring of all that's bright; The everlasting Fair. more field even most but Heavens Ornament and Heavens Delight Ismy Eternal Care. When rooms his Cours by T Or ask the Winchings of But, ah! how far above this Grove Does the dear Charmer dwell? His very Mamocreat Absence, that keenest Wound to Love, That sharpest Pain I feel. ger, my God; verse a llowb bluow asy I call Pensive I climb the facred Hills, I ymas) or find at And near him vent my Woes; Yet his fweet Face he still conceals, Yet still my Passion grows.

be Ablence of IV links.

I murmur to the hollow Vale,
I tell the Rocks my Plame,
And bless the Eccho in her Cell
That best repeats his Name.

VII.

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VII.

In vain : for I should gaze fullyng

My Paffion breathes perpetual Sighs and its snow I III I Till pitying Winds shall hear, And gently bear them up the Skies, to O vidgim) ned T And gently would his Ear. The amazing and war

Thefe little delpicableshings. Defiring his Descent to Earth.

Among It am give thek Worlds away,

Nor envy Acres Linein

I would not a divide the Sky

YESUS, I love. Come dearest Name, All a synd I Come and possess this Heart of mine; I love, tho 'tis a fainter Flame, And infinitely less than thine.

According to him the Progress

Oif my Lord would leave the Skies, Dreft in the Rays of mildest Grace, My Soul should hasten to my Eyes To meet the Pleasures of his Face.

III biswai dibe and inio 27/2

How would I feaft on all his Charms, Then round his lovely Feet entwine! Worship and-Love in all their Forms Shou'd pay him Honour most divine. ed to fishive entruct

IV.

In vain the Tempters flatt'ring Tongue, The World in vain should bid me move;

146 LTRICK POEMS, Book I.

In vain; for I should gaze so long
Till I were all transform'd to Love heard no live I vM

Till phying Winds hall heaV

Then (mighty God) I'd fing and fay, and without link

"What empty Names are Crowns and Kings!

" Amongst 'em give these Worlds away,

"These little despicable things.

Defiving his Delays to Larth.

I would not ask to climb the Sky,

Nor envy Angels their Abode,

I have a Heav'n as bright and high

In the bleft Vision of my God.

Ascending to him in Heaven.

ind indairely less than thine.

but in the Rays of mildelt a ree,

TIS pure Delight without Alloy I had a few, to hear thy Name, and a few My Spirit leaps with inward Joy,

I feel the facred Flame.

han count his lovely Pert entline

My Passions hold a pleasing Reigna of A sandados.

While Love inspires my Breast, and and the Love the divinest of the Train,

The Sovereign of the rest.

5

III.

This is the Grace must live and sing

When Faith and Fear shall cease,

Must found from every joyful String

Thro' the sweet Groves of Bliss.

Ord, 'de an Infinite Delie !!

Let Life immortal feize my Clay; would be let Love refine my Blood;
Her Flames can bear my Soul away, with the Can bring me near my God.

V.

Swift I ascend the heavenly Place,
And hasten to my Home,
I leap to meet thy kind Embrace,
I come, O Lord, I come.

VI

Sink down, ye separating Hills,

Let Guilt and Death remove,

Tis Love that drives my Chariot-Wheels,

And Death must yield to Love.

L 2000 milital son The

Show the clay Local and 171 Min

e ranks residing the areas f

The Lord a Sea welling a Shore,

Supering of Landik allegate

Twis a syonal birdies old F

While the bright Nation for

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The Presence of God worth dying for: Or, The Death of Moles. Med Sund from very lightly String

Thre' the frees Chorer of Mil.

Ord, 'tis an Infinite Delight To fee thy lovely Face, To dwell whole Ages in thy Sight Noted and temple told And feel thy vital Rays.

Car bring his now my Goin

This Gabriel knows; and fings thy Name Swife I alcend the With Rapture on his Tongue; Moses the Saint enjoys the same, Liver to effect third And Heaven repeats the Song.

I come O Lead I comes I

While the bright Nation founds thy Praise From each eternal Hill, Sweet Odours of exhaling Grace The happy Region fill.

Thy Love, a Sea without a Shore, Spreads Life and Joy abroad: O'tis a Heaven worth dying for To fee a fmiling God.

Shew me thy Face, and I'll away From all inferiour things;

Speak,

H

Sidk stoway, ya

And Death mult, skill to

Speak, Lord, and here I quit my Clay,

And firetch my airy Wings of one as Alauma I

VI. Tomas and bomile had

Sweet was the Journey to the Sky agram follow I So I

The wondrous Prophet try'd; no cedies quel of

Climb up the Mount, fays God; and die;

The Prophet climb'd and dy'd, colesso sit seno. I

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5.

Softly his fainting Head he lay it come and the Upon his Maker's Breaft, minga nauton modelling.

His Maker kiss'd his Soul away, 1

My Taffions fly to feek the iffer of field aid bial bnA

In God's own Arms he left the Breath A ord and wat? That God's own Spirit gave and do no muon but A.

His was the nobleft Road to Death,

And his the fweetest Grave I you miss! proved the

My Soul diffolyes away

Longing for his Return. and his

I.

Twas a mournful parting Day!

Farewell, my Spouse, he faid;

(How tedious Lord is thy delay!

How long my Love hath staid!)

mill.

eak,

L 3.

Speak, Lord, and here I quir IIv Chry,

Farewell! at once he left the Ground of Asian Bak And climb'd his Father's Sky:

Lord, I would tempt thy Charlot down and an was we Or leap to thee on higher torigon autonom and I

Otimes as the Medic, 1818 GOTHANA die;

Round the Creation wild I rove, and sengor sall And view the Globe in vain;

There's nothing here that's worth my Love and visito Till thou return again, thenthe stake and nogU

His Maker kill'd bir SoulawayNI

My Paffions fly to feek their King, alel aid bial bak And fend their Groans abroad.

They beat the Air with heavy Wing, A nwo about al And mourn an absent God: We awo shock and T

His was the nobleft Road to Darth,

With inward Pain my Heart-strings found My Soul diffolves away;

Dear Sovereign, whirl the Seafons round, And bring the promis'd Day.

Hope in Darkness amon s and 1694.

For goodly my 53-50 checked

How redious Lord is the Victor Y ET, gracious God, of ero I you good wolf Yet will I feek thy fmiling Face;

What

What the a fhort Eclipse his Beauties shrowd

And bar the Influence of his Rays, and one

Tis but a Morning-Vapour or a Summer-Cloud: A

He is my Sun tho he refuse to shine,

P

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The for a Moment heldeparted and I shared

I dwell for ever on his Hearts Tavor bnow nor W

For ever he on mine: to sodor Astin and hour A

Early before the Light arise v node belgand ba A.

I'll fpring a Thought away to God; a driw aid

The Passion of my Heart and Eyes Carlo and all

Shall shoot a thousand Groans and Sighs, Him bank

A thousand Glances strike the Skies,

Were all Devotion, alabode is moisoved ils arew.

And loud Holannes founded that edeemer's Praife.

Dear Sovereign, hear thy Servant prayers Bend the blue Heavens, Eternal King, and bank)

Downward thy chearful Graces bring; voice Levell

Or shall I breath in vain and pant my Hours away?

Break, glorious Brightness, thro the gloomy Vail,

Look how the Armies of Defpair bear and the W

Aloft their footy Banners fears and region violetical

Round my poor captive Soul, and dare and old W

Pronounce me Prisoner of Hell.

But thou my Sun, and thou my Shield

Wilt fave me in the bloody Field; partial salt

LTRICK POEMS, Book I. 152 Break, glorious Brightness, shoot one glimm'ring Ray, One Glance of thine creates a Day to and bath And drives the Troops of Hell awayoM a and aiT He is my Sunabo hoseielito faice, Happy the Times, but ah! the Times are gone T When wond'rous Power and radiant Grace Round the tall Arches of the Temple shone, And mingled their victorious Rays ; saided which Sin with all its ghaftly Train od I a going HI Fled to the Deeps of Death again, la noula I d'I And fmiling Triumph fat on every Face and link Our Spirits raptur'd with the Sight (D bailhoch A Were all Devotion, all Delight, 30 100 Tod R And loud Hofannas founded the Redeemer's Praife. Here could I fay? You ment any system Here could I fay? You ment and a rest of the could I fay? (And point the Place whereon I flood) and broff Here I enjoy'd a Visit half the Day will brown woll From my descending God : wani dasard I light 10 I was regard with heavenly Fare, I awonof plant With Fruit and Manna from above it would loo I Divinely fweet the Bleffings were wood nieds flolA While mine Emanuel was there; 10 1009 Vm bnuo A And o'er my Head Whohal shroomdon's

The Conquerof Tored It's and you won sud

The Banner of his Love, de sale of om evel all

IV.

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My, winged I inte, and with aways

Then why, my Heart, funk down fo low? olon T Why do my Eyes diffolve and flow,

And hopelels Nature mound ? area ? area of

Review, my Soul, those pleasing Days, 1919 and 1911

Read his unalterable Grace oversis anoived asoft

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V.

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Thro' the Difpleafure of his Face, do add asken ba A

And wait a kind Return.

A Father's Love may raise a Frown Val word , And H

To chide the Child, or prove the Son, yard ba A

But Love will ne'er deftroy inoc and nod, amo

The Hour of Darkness is but short,

Faith be thy Life, and Patience thy Support,

The Morning brings the Joy. And blefs our Eves.

Come Lord Telus! lo florist nod T

mou ablant Love, then dear

Out Heart-Rrings groan with Leep Complains THen shall thy lovely Face be feen did field mo When shall our Eyes behold our God ? 1000 but

What Lengths of Diftance lie between, I not controlled

And Hills of Guilt a heavy Load!

Our Spirits shalp their eagur Yings

Our Months are Ages of Delay, with sorm or mud but A And flowly every Minute wears:

T' surend thy thining Charic

Fly,

LTRICK POEMS, Book I.

Fly, winged Time, and roll away

These redious Rounds of suggish Years. View and T

world His sylothic avery years of the Years.

Ye heavenly Gates, loose all your Chains, don't have the eternal Pillars bow; a loos year word?

Dear Saviour, cleave the Starry Plains, and been

And make the Chrystal Mountains flow and ord T

Hark, how thy Saints their Cries, And Park, how thy Saints unite their Cries, And Park, how the Saints the general Door of Come, thou the Soul of all our Joye weekle of Nations, come of Dour of Desire of Nations, come of Desire of Nations of Desire of Nations of Desire of Desire of Nations of Desire of

Put thy bright Robes of Triumph on, in the And bless our Eyes, and bless our Ears,
Thou absent Love, thou dear unknown,
Thou fairest of ten thousand Fairs.

VI.

Our Heart-strings groan with deep Complaint,
Our Flesh lies parting, Lord, for theelash nell W
And every Limb and every Joint and standard that W
Stretches for Immortality, sometic to adapt the standard that W

Our Spirits shake their eager Wings,

And burn to meet thy rolling Throne; as almost and
We rise away from mortal things Myraya viwos bad

T' attend thy shining Chariot down.

VIII

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VIII.

Now let our chearful Eyes furvey

The blazing Earth and melting Hills,

And smile to see the Lightnings play,

And slash along before thy Wheels.

IX.

O for a Shout of violent Joys
To joyn the Trumpets thundring Sound!
The Angel Herald shakes the Skies,
Awakes the Graves, and tears the Ground.

X.

Ye flumb'ring Saints, a Heavenly Host
Stands waiting at your gaping Tombs;
Let every Sacred sleeping Dust
Leep into Life, for Jesus comes.

XI.

New-moulds our Limbs of cumb rous Clay; Quick as Seraphick Flames we move, Active and young, and fair as they.

XII.

Our airy Feet with unknown Flight Swift as the Motions of Defire Run up the Hills of Heavenly Light, And leave the weltring World in Fire.

What

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r Faic

LTRICK POEMS, Book L 156

Bewailing my own Inconftancy. Al work

The blazing Barch and molting I

And finite to fee Love the Lord; but ah! how far My Thoughts from the dear Object are! This wanton Heart how wide it roves!

And Fancy meets a thousand Loves.

If my Soul burn to fee my God Awakes the Grav I tread the Courts of his Abode, But Troops of Rivals throng the Place And tempt me off before his Face.

Would I enjoy my Lord alone, Leep into Life, for } I bid my Paffions all be gone, All but my Love; and charge my Will, To bar the Door and guard it still.

Quick as Seraphic But Cares or Trifles make or find Adive and young, as Still new Avenues to the Mind, Till I with Grief and Wonder fee Our airy Feet wi Huge Crouds betwixt my Lord and me.

Oft I am told the Muse will prove A Friend to Piety and Love;

68 E

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Let every Snowed Respine

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Say, That My F

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Strait I begin some facred Song, And take my Saviour on my Tongue.

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Strangely I lose his lovely Face To hold the empty Sounds in chase; At best the Chimes divide my Heart, And the Muse shares the larger part.

False Confident! and falser Breast! Fickle and fond of every Gueft: Each airy Image as it flies Here finds Admittance thro' my Eyes.

VIII.

This foolish Heart can leave her God, And Shadows, tempt her Thoughts abroad: How shall I fix this wandring Mind, Or throw my Fetters on the Wind?

IX.

Look gently down, Almighty Grace, Prison me round in thine Embrace; Pity the Soul that would be thine, And let thy Power my Love confine.

Say, when shall that bright Moment be That I shall live alone for thee, My Heart no Foreign Lords adore, And the wild Muse prove false no more? For-

158 LTRICK POEMS, Book L

Forfahen, yet Hoping.

mait I bessen fome facred Some

I.

HAppy the Hours, the Golden Days
When I could call my Jesus mine,
And fit and view his smiling Face,
And melt in Pleasures all Divine.

II.

Near to my Heart within my Arms
He lay, till Sin defil'd my Breaft,
Till broken Vows and earthly Charms
Tir'd and provok'd my Heavenly Gueft.

Ш.

And now He's gone (O mighty Woe)
Gone from my Soul, and hides his Love!
Curse on you, Sins, that griev'd Him so,
Ye Sins, that forc'd him to remove.

IV.

Break, break, my Heart, complain, my Tongue, Hither, my Friends, your Sorrows bring:

Angels, affift my doleful Song,

If you have e're a mourning String.

V.

But, ah! your Joys are ever high, and lead and we will be the lovely Face you fee, and die, and the well will be will be and groun for thee, my God, for thee, but and VI.

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Yet let my Hope look thro' my Tears

And spy afar his rolling Throne;

His Chariot thro' the cleaving Spheres I will have the shall bring the bright Beloved down.

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And Ranks of faining ThroughViound

Swift as a Roe flies o'er the Hills

My Soul springs out to meet him high,

Then the dear Conqueror turns his Wheels,

And climbs the Mansions of the Sky.

VIII. water on half bearing there

There smiling Joy for ever reigns,

No more the Turtle leaves the Dove;

Farewell to Jealousies, and Pains,

And all the Ills of absent Love.

The Conclusion.

God exalted above all Praise.

Bedigitt, our Tunes; our Worde be few ; , ,

E Ternal Power! whose high Abode

Becomes the Grandeur of a God;

Infinite Lengths beyond the Bounds

Where Stars revolve their little Rounds.

The first Laws, O Dem, Plat 64.1.

The lowest Step about thy Seat Rises too high for Gabriel's Feet,

In

LYRICK POEMS, Book I. 160

In vain the tall Arch-Angel tries To reach thine Height with wondring Eyes, you to be you

And fry the his colling, Throlling

Thy dazling Beauties whilst he fings our solution ill He hides his Face behind his Wings ; id od mand his de And Ranks of shining Thrones around Fall worshipping, and spread the Ground. I sandiwa My Soul applings out to most. Vin

Lord, what shall Earth and Ashes do ? 1800 of health We would adore our Maker too; hall sold addies bak From Sin and Duft to thee we cry The Great, the Holy, and the High. of vol animal said

No was the Tardeleaves de Vons

Earth from afar has heard thy Fame. Note to Howard And Worms have learnt to life thy Name ; and list and But, O, the Glories of thy Mind Leave all our foaring Thoughts behind.

God is in Heaven, and Men below: Beshort, our Tunes; our Words, be few ; A facred Reverence checks our Songs, And Praise sits silent on our Tongues.

> The End of the First BOOK. Tibi silet Laus, O Deus, Pfal. 65. 1.

> > HOR E

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LYRICK POEMS, TONKIL

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BOOK II. midness . N

Sacred to VERTUE, LOYALTY, and FRIENDSHIP.

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Her MAJESTY.

UEEN of the Northern World, whose gentle (Sway
Commands our Love, and charms our
Hearts t' obey,

Forgive the Nation's Groan when WILLIAM dy'd:
Lo, at thy Feet in all the loyal Pride

Of blooming Joy three happy Realms appear,

And WILLIAM's Urn almost without a Tear

Stands; nor complains: while from thy gracious (Tongue

Peace flows in Silver Streams amidst the Throng.

Amazing

160 LYRICK POEMS, Book II.

Amazing Balm, that on those Lips was found To footh the Torment of that mortal Wound, And calm the wild Affright! The Terror dies, The bleeding Wound cements, the Danger stys, And Albion shouts thine Honours as her Joys arise.

The German Eagle feels her Guardian dead,
Not her own Thunder can secure her Head;
Her trembling Eaglets haston from after,
And Belgia's Lion dreads the Gallie War:
All hide behind thy Shield. Remoter Lands
Whose Lives lay trusted in Nassovian Hands
Transfer their Souls, and live; secure they play
In thy mild Rays, and love the growing Day.

Thy bearty Wing at once defends and warms
Fainting Religion; whilst in various Forms
Fair Piety shines thro' the British Isles:
Here at thy Side, and in thy kindest Smiles
Blazing in Ornamental Gold she stands,
To bless thy Councils, and assist thy Hands,
And Crouds wait round her to receive Commands.
There at a humble Distance from the Throne
Beauteous she lies; her Lustre all her own,
Ungarnish'd; yet not blushing, nor assaid,
Nor knows Suspicion, nor affects the Shade:

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Chearful and pleas'd she not presumes to share
In thy Parental Gists, but owns thy Guardian Care.
For thee, dear Sovereign, endless Vows arise,
And Zeal with early Wing salutes the Skies
To gain thy Safety: Here a solemn Form
Of ancient Words keeps the Devotion warm,
And guides, but bounds our Wishes: There the Mind
Feels its own Fire, and kindles unconfin'd
With bolder Hopes: Yet still beyond our Yows
Thy lovely Glories rise, thy spreading Terror grows.

PRINCESS, the World already owns thy Name : Go, mount the Chariot of Immortal Fame, Nor die to be renown'd: Fame's loudest Breath Too dear is purchased by an Angels Death. The Vengeance of thy Rod with general Joy Shall scourge Rebellion, and the Rival-Boy: Thy founding Arms his Gallie Patron hears And speeds his Flight i nor overrakes his Fears Till hard Despair wring from the Tyrant's Soul The Iron Tears out. Let the Frown controul Our angry Jars at home, till Wrath fubmit Her impious Banners to thy facred Feet. Mad Zeal and Frenzy with their murderous Train Flee these sweet Realms in thine auspicious Reign, Envy expire in Rage, and Treason bite the Chain. M 2

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Let

164 LYRICK POEMS, Book II.

Let no black Scenes affright fair Albion's Stage:
Thy Thread of Life prolong our golden Age,
Long bless the Earth, and late ascend thy Throne
Ethereal; (not thy Deeds are there unknown,
Nor there unsung; for by thine awful Hands
Heaven rules the Waves, and Thunders o'er the Lands,
Creates inferior Kings and gives'em their Commands.)
Legions attend thee at the radiant Gares;
For thee thy Sifter-Seraph bless MARIA waits.

But oh! the parting Stroke! some heavenly Power Chear thy sad Britons in the gloomy Hour; Some new propitious Star appear on high The fairest Glory of the Western Sky, And ANNA be its Name; with gentle Sway To check the Planets of malignant Ray, Sooth the rude North Wind, and the rugged Bear, Calm rising Wars, heal the contagious Air, And reign with peaceful Insluence to the Southern (Sphere.)

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Cohers the Mighe, brigo Tine Day.

1001 hoth a soul wilders sho See.

70 HN LOCK, Efq;

Retir'd from Business.

Ngels are made of heavenly things, And Light and Love our Souls compose, Their Bliss within their Bosom springs, Within their Bosom flows.

But narrow Minds still make Pretence To fearch the Coasts of Flesh and Sense. And fetch diviner Pleasures thence. Men are akin to Ethereal Forms, But they belye their nobler Birth, Debase their Honour down to Earth, And claim a Share with Worms.

He that has Treasures of his own May leave the Cottage or the Throne, May quit the Globe, and dwell alone Within his spacious Mind.

Welch if his Munde clarece to light

166 LIRICK POEMS, Book II.

LOCK hath a Soul wide as the Sea,
Calm as the Night, bright as the Day,
There may his vast Ideas play,
Nor feel a Thought confin'd.

TO

JOHNSHUTE, Efq.

On Mr. LOCK's dangerous Sickness some time after he had retired to study the Scriptures.

June, 1704.

P

T.

A ND must the Man of wond rous Mind
(Now his rich Thoughts are just resn'd)
Forsake our longing Eyes?

Reason at length submits to wear
The Wings of Fairb, and lo they rear
Her Chariot high, and nobly bear
Her Prophet to the Skies.

II.

Go, Friend, and wait the Prophet's Flight, Watch if his Mantle chance to light And seize it for thy own;

SHUTE

SHUTE is the darling of his Years,
Young SHUTE his better Likenels bears,

II.

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the

704.

All but his Wrinkles and his Hairs

Are copy'd in his Son, and had a line

These L'ajoj San p'aim or A

Thus when our Follies or our Fau'ts
Call for the Pity of thy Thoughts,

Thy Pen shall make us wife:

The Sallies of whose youthful Wit

Could pierce the British Fogs with Light,

Place our true Interest in our Sight,

And open half our Eyes.

TO

Mr. WILLIAM NOKES:

Friendfbip.

1701.

I.

PRIENDSHIP, thou Charmer of the Mind,
Thou fweet deluding Ill,
The brightest Minute Mortals find,
And sharpest Hour we feel.

M 4

H.

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II. did to politica school of

Fate has divided all our Shares

Of Pleafure and of Pain;

In Love the Comforts and the Cares

Are mix'd and join'd again-

erkung da a telebahan majar a sa te

But whilft in Floods our Sorrow rolls,
And Drops of Joy are few,
This dear Delight of mingling Souls
Serves but to swell our Woe.

JAN 12 10 to har harry I have a

Oh! why should Bliss depart in haste,
And Friendship stay to moan?
Why the fond Passion cling so fast,
When every Joy is gone?

V.

DETERNITION Charmer of the Alfold

All gribulat retail in [1]

half thiseM areall a haden

Locks wing of Chames

Yet never let our Hearts divide,

Not Death dissolve the Chain:

For Love and Joy were once ally'd,

And must be join'd again.

While the glad Tenaro T to Shore

NATHANAEL GOULD, Efq;

4975 and with Trading 100s grow

Shout and pronounce him S

Or richer Spices from the Kiffing Sun:

I.

TIS not by Splendor or by State,
Exalted Mein, or lofty Gate,
My Muse takes Measure of a King:
If Wealth or Height or Bulk will do
She calls each Mountain of Peru

A more Majestic thing.

Frown on me, Friend, if e'er I boast
O'er Fellow-Minds enslav'd in Clay,
Or swell when I shall have engrost
A larger Heap of shining Dust,
And wear a bigger Load of Earth than they.

Let the vain World falute me loud,

My Thoughts look inward, and forget

The founding Name of High and Great,

The Flatteries of the Croud.

II.

When GOULD commands his Ships to run And fearch the Traffick of the Sea, His Fleet o'ertakes the falling Day, And bears the Western Mines away,

176 LTRICK POEMS, Book II.

Or richer Spices from the Rising Sun:
While the glad Tenants of the Shore
Shout and pronounce him Senator,
Yet still the Manutche same:
For well the happy Merchant knows
The Soul with Treasure never grows,
Nor swells with airy Fame.

咁.

But trust me, GOULD, 'tis lawful Pride
To rise above the mean Controul
Of Flesh and Sense to which we're ty'd;
This is Ambition that becomes a Soul.
We steer our Course up thro' the Skies;
Farewel this barren Land:
We ken the heavenly Shore with longing Eyes,
There the dear Wealth of Spirits lies,
And beckoning Angels stand.

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and one look that the drew on F. T. O.

Helle et a gride de la Caling Engage. Andre et aller de la calina de l F

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with child all the Kimon (

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To leve our finding Breath, Tions and a few violation bank

Dr. THOMAS GIBSON.

Refigee the more processions

The Life of Souls.

Temself whether or had men the

Wift as the Sun revolves the Day We haften to the Deady Slaves to the Wind we paff away. And to the Ground we tread. Tis Air that lends us Life, when full The vital Bellows heave: Our Flesh we borrow of the Dust And when a Mother's Care has nurft The Babe to manly Size, we must With Usury pay the Grave. that seed stills bear int

Rich Juleps drawn from precious Oar Still tend the dying Flame: And Plants and Roots of barbarous Name Torn from the Indian Shore. Thus we support our tott'ring Flesh, Our Cheeks resume the Rose afrest. When Bark and Steel play well their Game

LYRICK POEMS, Book II.

To fave our finking Breath, And GIBSON with his awful Power Rescues the poor precarious Hour From the Demands of Death,

III.

But Art and Nature, Pow'rs and Charms, And Drugs, and Recipe's, and Forms Yield us at last to greedy Worms

A despicable Prey 3 de sovious rue odres of I'de have a Life to call my own and or not said and That shall depend on Heaven alone; W

Nor Air, nor Earth, nor Sea on on bank Mix their base Essences with mine, about and and Nor claim Dominion fo Divine dewolfed lang of T.

To give me leave to Be. To yoursed sweet 100

And when a Mosher's Care have Sure there's a Mind within, that reigns most od a said O'er the dull Current of my Veins ; very visit of A I feel the inward Pulse beat high With vigorous Immortality no mortal west spelot dail Let Earth resume the Flesh it gave, wo and how the And Breath dissolve amongst the Winds; GIBSON, the things that fear a Grave, mon mon That I can lofe, or you can fave, no month aw and T Are not akin to Minds A sile amulan alession to

Wisen Burk and Steel play well rivin Game

V.

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Hefpreads the Reliance wide to VI

We claim Acquaintance with the Skies, who M in Upward our Spirits hourly rife, was a side abanda ba A

And there our Thoughts employ: When Heaven shall fign our Grand Release, a migim of We are no Strangers to the Place, thom we are non W

The Bufiness, or the Joy. one que bired thod but

False Greatness? that Aniels o'T

How long their Shadow's grown!

Alad! now water than the he

Thus mingled fill with Which and State TLO, forbear to call him bleft Crafus himfelf That only boafts a large Estate, will our elf-Should all the Treasures of the West Arcfar imerican Meet and conspire to make him Great. Her of I stow I know thy better Thoughts, I know of the reservo Thy Reason can't descend so low. I win med flum I Let a broad Stream with Golden Sands Thro' all his Meadows roll. He's but a Wretch with all his Lands

He fwells amidft his wealthy Store, And proudly poizing what he weighs, In his own Scale he fondly lays Huge Heaps of shining Oar.

0

H.

That wears a narrow Soul.

He

LYRICK POEMS, Book II.

He spreads the Ballance wide to hold

His Mannors and his Farms.

And cheats the Beam with Londs of Gold

He hugs between his Arms.

So might the Plough Boy slimb a Trace

When Crass mounts his Throne,

And both stand up, and smile to see

How long their Shadow's grown.

Alas! how vain their Fancies be

To think that Shape their own!

IIL

Thus mingled still with Wealth and State

Crefus himself can never know;

His true Dimensions and his Weight

Are far inferiour to their Show.

Were I so tall to reach the Pole;

Or grasp the Ocean with my Span;

I must be measur'd by my Soul:

The Mind's the Standard of the Man.

To SARISSA. An Epiftle.

BEar up, SARISSA, thro' the ruffling Storms
Of a vain vexing World: Tread down the Cares
'Those ragged Thorns that lie across the Road,
Nor

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Nor spend a Tear upon them. Trust the Muse,
She sings experienc'd Truth: This bring Dew,
This Rain of Eyes will make the Brian grow.
We travel thro' a Desart, and our Fact.
Have measur'd a fair Space, have lest behind.
A thousand Dangers and a thousand Snares.
Well-scap'd. Adieu, ye Horrors of the Dark,
Ye sinish'd Labours, and ye redious Toils
Of Days and Hours: The Twinge of real Smart,
And the false Terrors of ill-boding Dreams
Vanish together; be alike forgor.
For ever blended in one common Grave.

77

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res

for

Farewel, ye waring and ye waning Moons
That we have watch'd behind the flying Clouds
On Night's dark Hill, or fetting or afcending,
Or in Meridian Height: Then Silence reign'd
O'er half the World; then ye beheld our Tears,
Ye witness'd our Complaints, our Kindred Groans,
(Sad Harmony:) while with your beamy Horns
Or richer Orb ye filver'd o'er the Green
Where trod our Feet, and lent a feeble Light
To Mourners. Now ye have fulfill'd your Round,
Those Hours are fled, farewel. Months that are gone,
Are gone for ever, and have born away
Each his own Load. Our Woes and Sorrows past,
Moun-

176 LTRICK POEMS, Book II.

Mountainous Woes, still lessen as they sty

Far off. So Billows in a stormy Sea,

Wave after Wave (a long Succession) roll

Beyond the Ken of Sight: The Saylors safe

Look far a stern till they have lost the Storm,

And shout their Boistrous Joys. A gentler Muse

Sings thy dear Safety, and commands thy Cares

To dark Oblivion; bury'd deep in Night

Lose them, SARISSA, and affist my Song.

Awake thy Voice, fing how the flender Line
Of Fates immortal NOW divides the Paft
From all the Future, her Eternal Bars
Forbidding a Return. The paft Temptations
No more shall vex us; every Grief we feel
Shortens the destin'd Number; every Pulse
Beats a sharp Moment of the Pain away,
And the last Stroke will come. By swift Degrees
Time sweeps us off, and we shall soon arrive
At Life's sweet Period: O Celestial Point
That ends this mortal Story!

But if a Glimple of Light with flatt'ring Ray Break thro' the Clouds of Life, or wandring Fire Amidst the Shades invite your doubtful Feet, Beware the dancing Meteor; faithless Guide,

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That leads the lonefom Pilgrim wide aftray To Bogs and Fens, and Pits and certain Death Should vicious Pleafure take an Angel-Form And at a Distance rise, by slow Degrees, Treacherous, to wind her felf into your Heart, Stand firm aloof; nor let the gaudy Phantom Too long allure your Gaze: the just Delight That Heaven indulges lawful, must obey Superiour Powers; nor tempt your Thoughts too far In Slavery to Sense, hor swell your Hope To dang'rous fize: If it approach your Feet And court your Hand, forbid th' intruding Joy To fit too near your Heart: Still may our Souls Claim Kindred with the Skies, nor mix with Duff Our better-born Affections; leave the Globe A Neft for Worms, and haften to our Home:

O there are Gardens of th' immortal Kind

That crown the heavenly Eden's rising Hills

With Beauty and with Sweets; no lurking Mischief

Dwells in the Fruit, not Serpent twines the Boughs;

The Branches bend laden with Life and Bliss

Ripe for the Taste, But 'tis a steep Ascent:

Hold fast the * Golden Chain let down from Heav'n;

ell to erowing Pune.

^{*} The Gofpel:

LYRICK POEMS, Book II.

Twill help your Feet and Wings; I feel its Force Draw upwards; fasten'd to the Pearly Gate It guides the way unerring: Happy Clue Thro'this dark Wild! 'Twas Wisdom's noblest Work. All joyn'd by Power Divine, and every Link is Love.

Satisficial Powers : morrelle Apt Cour

from things to lead the said and the

grichalni Paractife. burth mov. muon ba out too near your Mears; Still road our Soul

Chien Kindred with the Shide por after with Do Oung as I am I quit the Stage; and remod 110 Nor will I know th' Applaufes of the Age; Farewell to growing Fame. I leave below A Life not half worn out with Cares Or Agonies, or Years ; movement and aways and I leave my Country all in Tears, Long Town

But Heaven demands me upward, and I dare to go. Amongst Ye, Friends, divide and share The Remnant of my Days

If ye have Patience, and can bear

A long Fatigue of Life, and drudge thro' all the Race.

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II. Prink

Here breathe Immorta Ali:

Hark, my fair Guardian chides my stay, vol

And waves his Golden Rod ; order ordered

"Angel, I come; lead on the way was I an'T

And now by fwift Degrees to shined both

I fail aloft thro' Azure Seas,

Now tread the milky Road and and would and

Farewell, ye Planers, in your Spheres; 100

And as the Stars are loft a brighter Sky appears.

In hafte for Paradife of noble?) and bound

I firetch the Pinions of a bolder Thought still ba A

Scarce had I will'd, but I was pafter a see I "

Defarts of trackless Light and all th' Ethereal Waste,

And to the facred Borders brought; I gano?

There on the Wing a Guard of Cherubs lies,

Each waves a keen Flame as he flys,

And well defends the Walls from Sieges and Surprize.

Wich the han Profisce thim all froed :

With pleasing Reverence I behold a bast I deline

The Pearly Portals wide unfold : Life of Anti- brid

Enter my Soul, and view th' amazing Scenes;

Sit fast upon the flying Muse,

lace.

And let thy roving Wonder loofe book all

O'er all th' Empyreal Plains. war and a

Noon stands eternal here: here may thy Sight

rink in the Rays of Primigenial Light;

Here.

180 LYRICK POEMS, Book II.

Joy must beat high in every Vein, which is Pleasure thro' all thy Bosom reign; which

The Laws forbid the ffranger Pain

And banish every Care had to woo had

I full alon thro Azure. VPs.

See how the hubbling Springs of Love World

Beneath the Throne arife, all you live I

The Streams in Chrystal Channels move, had had

Around the Golden Streets they rove, and make

And bless the Mansions of the upper Skies. and donated

There a fair Grove of Knowledge grows,

Nor Sin nor Death infects the Fruit 3 27 10 and of

Young Life hangs fresh on all the Boughs, A

And fprings from every Root a Wedne orall

Here may thy greedy Senses feast aven don't

While Excasy and Health attends on every Taste.

With the fair Prospect charm'd I stood;

Fearless I feed on the delicious Fare, and the dill

And drink profuse Salvation from the Silver Food,

Nor can Excess be there.

Sir fast upon the sylugity inter-

In facred Order rang'd along on you sel back

Saints new-releas'd by Death 'th lis 19 O

Joyn the bold Scraphs warbling Breath, ash and

And aid th' Immortal Song: o aya a shi ni hah

Each

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Each has a Voice that tunes his Strings mille I To mighty Sounds and mighty Things.

Things of everlasting Weight,

Sounds like the fofter Viol, fweet,

And like the Trumper, ftrong.

Divine Attention held my Soul,

I was all Ear; well but sich and M

Thro' all my Pow'rs the Heavenly Accents roll,

I long'd and wish'd my BRADBURY there:

" Could he but hear these Notes, I said,

" His tuneful Soul wou'd never bear

The dull unwinding of Life's tedious Thread,

" But burst the vital Chords to reach the happy Dead.

VI.

And now my Tongue prepares to joyn The Harmony, and with a noble Aim

Attempts th' unutterable Name.

But faints confounded by the Notes Divine:

Again my Soul th' unequal Honour fought,

Again her utmost Force she brought,

And bow'd beneath the Burden of th'unwieldy Thought.

Thrice I essay'd, and fainted thrice;

Th' Immortal Labour strain'd my feeble Frame.

Broke the bright Vision, and dissolv'd the Dream;

I funk at onceand loft the Skies:

In vain I fought the Scenes of Light

Rolling

Each

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182 LORIGK POEMS, Book IL

For all around 'em flood my Curtains and the Night.

Strict Religion very rare.

Things of everlating Weight

Pirine Areagion held ur Son

I'M born aloft, and leave the Croud,
I sayl upon a Morning-Cloud
Skirted with dawning Gold:
Mine Eyes beneath the opening Day
Command the Globe with wide Survey,
Where Ants in buly Millions play,
And tug and heave the Mould.

II.

"Are these the things (my Passion cry'd)

"That we call Men'd Are these ally'd vocased and "To the fair Worlds of Light?" do done in A

"They have ras'd out their Maker's Name,

"Grav'n on their Minds with pointed Flame

"In Strokes divinely bright.

adgeodTpolicie wildlight that wildspenied worth A

tions at observabled the start

"Wretches! they hate their native Skies;

"If an Ethereal Thought arife,
"Or Spark of Vertue thine,

hiw ? with I tought the Secresof Light

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ht.

"With cruel Force they damp its Plumes, "Choke the young Fire with fenfual Fumes, "With Business, Lust or Wine.

" Lo! how they throng with panting Breath "The broad descending Road

"That leads unerring down to Death,

" Nor miss the dark Abode,

Thus while I drop a Tear or two On the wild Herd, a noble few Dare to ftray upward, and purfue Th' unbeaten Way to God.

hat fell as mare Path w I meet Myrtillo mounting high, I knew his candid Soul afar; Here Dorylus and Thyrsis fly Each like a rifing Star.

Charin I faw and Fidea there, I faw them help each others Flight,

And bles them as they go:

They foar beyond my lab'ring Sight, And leave their Loads of mortal Care

But not their Love below.

On Heav'n their Home they fix their Eyes The Temple of their GOD:

With Morning Incense up they rise

With

LTRICK POEMS, Book II.

Sublime, and thro' the lower Skies Spread the Perfumes abroad.

Across the Road a Seraph flew.

" Mark (faid he) that happy Pair,

" Marriage helps Devotion there:

"When Kindred Minds their God pursue

"They break with double Vigour thro' "The dull incumbent Air.

Charm'd with the Pleasure and Surprize My Soul adores and fings,

"Bleft be the Pow'r that fprings their Flight.

"That streaks their Path with heavenly Light,

"That turns their Love to Sacrifice.

"And joins their Zeal for Wings.

TO

Mr. C. and S. FLEETW

LEETWOODS, young generous Pair, Despise the Joys that Fools pursue; Bubbles are light and brittle too, Born of the Water and the Air.

Try'd

1

Try'd

Try'd by a Standard bold and just I 100 flo abniw Honour and Gold are Paint and Duft; shi shiw? How vile the last is, and as vain the first: W Things that the Croud call great and brave, gired With me how low their Value's brought? 3001 Titles and Names, and Life and Breath, MA Slaves to the Wind and born for Death; The Soul's the only thing we have a daid I Worth an important Thought. None but the Prefent is our own;

The Soul! 'tis of th' immortal kind. Not form'd of Fire or Earth or Wind. and all Out-lives the mouldring Corps, and leaves the Globe In Limbs of Clay tho fhe appears, Dreft up in Ears and Eyes, WON ONT The Flesh is but the Soul's Disguise, There's nothing in her Frame kin to the Rags she wears. From all the Laws of Matter free, From all we feel, and all we fee V She stands eternally distinct, and must for ever Be. THE POV an work his.

Rife then, my Thoughts, on high, Soar beyond all that's made to die; Lo! on an awful Throne Sits the Creator and the Judge of Souls, Whirling the Planets round the Poles,

Winds

186 LTRICK POEMS, Book II.

Winds off our Threads of Life, & brings our Periods on.
Swift the Approach, and folemn is the Day,

When this immortal Mind

Stript of the Body's coarse Array

To endless Pain, or endless Joy

Must be at once consign'd.

salarki vot all ban bar Vinds or sever

Think of the Sands run down to waste,

We possess none of all the Past,

None but the Present is our own;

Grace is not plac'd within our Power,

'Tis but one short, one shining Hour,

Bright and declining as a setting Sun.

See the white Minutes wing'd with haste;

The NOW that slies may be the last,

Seize the Salvation e'er it is past,

Nor mourn the Blessing gone:

A Thoughts Delay is Ruin here,
A closing Eye, a gasping Breath
Shuts up the golden Scene in Death,
And drowns you in Despair.

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the or sharp knows Halbington asce.

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snow Etches as no trik

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Book H.

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To fell the gandy Hon Ook Res of Wenown,

And Honour calls you from the fofter Scenes-

Mr. WILLIAM BLACKBOURN,

Casimir. Lib. 2. Od. 2. imitated. Qua tegit Canas modo Bruma valles, &c.

T.

Mark how it snows! how fast the Valley fills!
And the sweet Groves the hoary Garment wear;
Yet the warm Sun-beams bounding from the Hills
Shall melt the Vail away, and the young Groon appear.

II.

But when old Age has on your Temples shed
Her Silver-Frost, there's no returning Sun;
Swift slies our Autumn, swift our Summer's sled,
When Youth, and Love, and Spring, and golden Joys
(are gone.

III.

Then Cold and Winter, and your aged Snow Stick fast upon you; not the rich Array, Not the green Garland, nor the rosy Bough Shall cancel or conceal the melancholy Grey.

IV.

The Chase of Pleasure is not worth the Pains, While the bright Sands of Health run wasting down;

And

188 LYRICK POEMS, Book IL.

And Honour calls you from the fofter Scenes
To fell the gaudy Hour for Ages of Renown.

V

'Tis but one Youth and short that Mortals have,'
And one old Age dissolves our feeble Frame;
But there's a heavenly Art t' elude the Grave,
And with the Hero-Race immortal Kindred claim.

The Man that has his Countries facred Tears

Bedewing his cold Herse, has liv'd his Day:

Thus, BLACKBOURN, we should leave our Names

(our Heirs;

Old Time and waning Moons sweep all the restaway.

True Monarchy. how will will

But when old Age has on your Tolkples fled

5.4771 cs our Autumn, Touth our Summer's field,

When Youth, and Fore, and Spring, and giving Joys

THE rising Year beheld th' imperious Gaul.
Stretch his Dominion, while a hundred Towns
Crouch'd to the Victor: but a steady Soul
Stands firm on its own Base, and reigns as wide,
As absolute; and sways ten thousand Slaves,
Lusts and wild Fancies with a sovereign Hand.

We are a little Kingdom; but the Man That chains his Rebel Will to Reason's Throne,

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189

Forms it a large one, whilst his Royal Mind ad or quock Makes Heaven in Council, from the Rolls above to Draws his own Statutes, and with Joy obeys.

He lives above the Croud, nor hears the Moife

Tis not a Troop of well-appointed Guards

Create a Monarch, not a purple Robe

Dy'd in the Peoples Blood, not all the Crowns

Or dazling Tiars that bend about the Head,

Tho gilt with Sun-beams and fet round with Stars.

A Monarch He that conquers all his Fears,

And treads upon them; when he stands alone,

Makes his own Camp; four Guardian Virtues wait

His nightly Slumbers, and secure his Dreams.

Now dawns the Light; he ranges all his Thoughts

In square Battalions; bold to meet th' Attacks

Of Time and Chance, himself a num'rous Host,

All Eye, all Ear, all wakeful as the Day,

Firm as a Rock, and moveless as the Centre.

In vain the Harlot Pleasure spreads her Charms
To lull his Thoughts in Luxury's fair Lap
To sensual Ease (the Bane of little Kings,
Monarchs whose waxen Images of Souls
Are moulded into Sostness) still his Mind
Wears its own Shape, nor can the heavenly Form

Goot Tthout Gold, and Green without Renown.

1981 LYRICK POEMS, Book II.

Of the mad Vulgar, that unthinking Plendy soll as held

He lives above the Croud, nor hears the Noise

Of Wars and Triumpie, nor regards the Shouts of Top popular Applause, that empty Sound;

Nor feels the flying Arrows of Reproach,

Or Spite of Envy. In himself secure,

Wisdom his Tower, and Conscience is his Shield,

His Peace all inward, and his Joys his own.

Now my Ambition fwells, my Wishes fear, and This be my Kingdom: fit above the Globe and all My ring Soul, and dress thy self around And shine in Vertue's Armour, climb the Height of Wisdoms tofty Castle, there reside the smill of Safe from the smiling and the frowning World.

Yet once a Day drop down a gentle Look

On the great Mole-hill, and with pitying Eye

Survey the bufy Emmets round the Heap

Crouding and buffling in a thouland Forms

Of Strife and Toil, to purchase Wealth and Fame,

A Bubble or a Duft: Then call thy Thoughts

Up to thy felf to feed on Joys unknown,

Rich without Gold, and Great without Renown.

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14

True Courage. de on

Honour demands my Song. Forget the Ground
My generous Muse, and sit amongst the Stars;
There sing the Soul, that conscious of her Birth
Lives like a Native of the vital World
Amongst these dying Clods, and bears her State
Just to her self: how nobly she maintains
Her Character, Superiour to the Flesh,
She wields her Passions like her Limbs, and knows
The Brutal Powers were only born to obey.

This is the Man whom Storms could never make
Meanly complain, nor can a flatt'ring Gale
Make him talk proudly: he hath no Defire
To read his fecret Fate; yet unconcern'd
And calm could meet his unborn Deftiny
In all its charming or its frightful Shapes.

He that unfhrinking and without a Groan
Bears the first Wound may finish all the War
With meer couragious Silence, and come off
Conqueror: for the Man that well conceals
The heavy Strokes of Fate he bears'em well.

192 LYRICK POEMS Book II.

He, tho th' Atlantic and the Midland Seas With adverse Surges meet, and rise on high Suspended 'twixt the Winds, then rush amain Mingled with Flames upon his fingle Head, With Clouds and Stars and Thunder, firm he flands, And from the lofty Caftle of his Mind Sublime looks down and joyfully furveys and framount The Ruins of Greation ; he alone would have Heir of the dying World: A piercing Glance Toll Shoots upwards from between his closing Lids To reach his Birth-place, then without a Sigh a Boult He bids his batter'd Flesh lie gently down Amongst its native Rubbish; while his Soul Breathes and flys upward, an undoubted Guest Of the third Heaven, th' unruinable Sky. ist mid alal. To read his fecret Face : yet unconcern'd

Thither when Fate has brought our willing Souls,
No matter whether 'twas a sharp Disease
Or a sharp Sword that help'd the Travellers on,
And push'd us to our Home. Bear up my Friend
Serenely, and break thro' the stormy Brine
With steddy Prow; know, we shall once arrive
At the fair Haven of eternal Bliss
To which we ever steer; whether as Kings

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Of

Of wide Command we've spread the spacious Sea With a broad painted Fleet, or row'd along In a thin Cock-boat with a sittle Oar.

There let my narrow Plank shift me to Land And I'll be happy: thus I'll leap ashore Joyful and fearless on th' Immortal Coast, Since all I leave is mortal, and it must be lost.

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Of

To the much Honoured

Mr. THOMAS ROWE,

The Director of my Youthful Studies.

Free Philosophy.

T.

Custom, that Tyranness of Fools

That leads the Learned round the Schools
In Magic Chains of Forms and Rules!

My Genius storms her Throne:

No more, ye Slaves, with Awe profound

Beat the dull Track, nor dance the Round;

Loose Hands, and quit th'inchanted Ground,

Knowledge invites us each alone.

Of wide Compand the the frequencies Sea

I hate these Shackles of the Mind

Porg'd by the haughty Wise;

Souls were not born to be confin'd,

And led like Sampson blind and bound;

But when his native Strength he found

He well aveng'd his Eyes.

I love thy gentle Influence, ROWE,

Thy gentle Influence like the Sun

Only dissolves the frozen Snow,

Then bids our Thoughts like Rivers flow,

And chuse the Channels where they run.

III.

Thoughts should be free as Fire or Wind;
The Pinions of a single Mind
Will thro' all Nature sty:
But who can drag up to the Poles
Long fetter'd Ranks of Leaden Souls?
My Genius which no Chain controuls
Roves with Delight, or deep or high:
Swift I survey the Globe around,
Dive to the Centre thro' the solid Ground,
Or travel o'er the Sky.

To

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To the Reverend

Mr. BENONI ROWE.

The Way of the Multitude.

Ť.

Rowe, if we make the Croud our Guide
Thro' Life's uncertain Road,
Mean is the Chafe; and wandering wide
We miss th' immortal Good;
Yet if my Thoughts could be confined
To imitate a foreign Mind,
I'd mark thy Steps and tread the same:
Drest in thy Notions I'd appear
Not like a Soul of mortal Frame,
Nor with a vulgar Air.

11.

Men live at Random and by Chance,

Bright Reason never leads the Dance;

Whilst in the broad and beaten way

O'er Dales and Hills from Truth we stray,

To Ruin we descend, to Ruin we advance.

Wisdom retires; she hates the Croud,

And with a decent Scorn

To

196 LTRICK POEMS, Book II.

Aloof she climbs her steepy Seat,
Where nor the Grave nor Giddy Feet
Of the learn'd Vulgar or the Rude
Have e'er a Passage worn.

III.

Meer Hazard first began the Track
Where Custom leads her Thousands blind
In willing Chains and strong;
There's scarce one bold, one noble Mind
Dares tread the fatal Error back;
But Hand in Hand our selves we bind
And drag the Age along.

IV.

Mortals a favage Herd, and loud
As Billows on a noify Flood
In rapid Order roll:
Example makes the Mischief Good:

With jocund Heel we beat the Road, Unheedful of the Goal.

Me let * Ithuriel's friendly Wing
Snatch from the Croud, and bear sublime
To Wisdom's lofty Tower,
Thence to survey that wretched Thing
Mankind; and in exalted Rhime

Bless the delivering Power.

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^{*} Ithuriel is the Name of an Angel in Milton's Paradife loft.

To the Reverend

Mr. 70 HN HOWE.

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1704

Reat Man, permit the Muse to climb
And seat her at thy Feet,
Bid her attempt a Thought sublime,
And consecrate her Wit.

I feel, I feel, th' attractive Force
Of thy superiour Soul;
My Chariot slys her upward Course,
The Wheels divinely roll.

Now let me chide the mean Affairs
And mighty Toyl of Men:
How they grow grey in trisling Cares,
Or waste the Motions of the Spheres
Upon Delights as vain!

II.

A Puff of Honour fills the Mind,
And yellow Duft is folid Good;
Thus like the As of savage Kind
We snuff the Breezes of the Wind,
Or steal the Serpents Food.
Could all the Choirs
That charm the Poles

0

But strike one doleful Sound,

'Twould be imploy'd to mourn our Souls,
Souls that were fram'd of sprightly Fires
In Floods of Folly drown'd.

Souls made of Glory seek a Brutal Joy;
How they disclaim their heavenly Birth,
Melt their bright Substance down with drossy Earth,
And hate to be refin'd from that impure Alloy.

III.

Oft has thy Genius rouz'd us hence
With elevated Song,
Bid us renounce this World of Sense,
Bid us divide th' Immortal Prize
With the Seraphic Throng:

"Knowledge and Love make Spirits bleft,

"Knowledge their Food, and Love their Rest; But Flesh, th' unmanageable Beast, Resists the Pity of thine Eyes,

And Music of thy Tongue.

Then let the Worms of groveling Mind
Round the short Joys of earthly Kind
In restless Windings roam;
HOWE hath an ample Orb of Soul,
Where shining Worlds of Knowledge roll,

Where Love the Centre and the Pole Compleats the Heaven at home.

The

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The

The Disappointment and Relief.

ERTUE, permit my Fancy to impose Upon my better Pow'rs: She casts sweet Fallacies on half our Woes, And filvers o'er the fable Hours. How could we bear this tedious Round Of waning Moons, and rolling Years, Of flaming Hopes, and chilling Fears, If (where no fovereign Cure appears) No Opiates could be found?

Love, the most cordial Stream that flows, Is a deceitful Good: Young Doris who nor Guilt nor Danger knows On the green Margin stood, Pleas'd with the golden Bubbles as they rofe, And with more golden Sands her Fancy pav'd the Flood: Then fond to be entirely bleft,

And tempted by a faithless Youth As void of Goodness as of Truth, She plunges in with heedless hafte And rears the nether Mud:

at with from her feel with Lipwis.

adowed forms the Ol 4 get and absorpt Dark-

200 LYRICK POEMS, Book II.

Darkness and nauseous Dregs arise
O'er thy fair Current, Love, with large Supplies
Of Pain about the Heart, and Sorrow for the Eyes.
The golden Bliss that charm'd her Sight
Is dash'd, and drown'd, and lost:
A Spark or glimmering Streak at most
Shines here and there amidst the Night;
Amidst the turbid Waves, and gives a faint Delight.

III.

Recover'd from the fad Surprize Doris awakes at laft, Grown by the Disappointment wise: And manages with Art th' unlucky Caft: When the lowring Frown she spies On her haughty Tyrants Brow With humble Love she meets his wrathful Eyes And makes her fovereign Beauty bow; Chearful she smiles upon the griezly Form; So shines the setting Sun on adverse Skies, And paints a Rain-bow on the Storm. Anon she lets the sullen Humour spend, And with a vertuous Book or Friend Beguiles th' uneafy Hours: Well-colouring every Cross she meets With Heart serene she sleeps and eats, She spreads her Board with fancy'd Sweets, And strows her Bed with Flow'rs.

The

The Heroe's School of Morality.

Library bost in hour page

THERON amongst his Travels found
A broken Statue on the Ground;
And searching onward as he went
He trac'd a ruin'd Monument.
Mould, Moss, and Shades had overgrown
The Sculpture of the crumbling Stone,
Yet e'er he past with much ado
He guess'd and spell'd out Sci-pi-o.

"Enough he cry'd; I'll druge no more

"In turning the dull Staicks o'er:

"Let Pedants waste their Hours of Ease

"To fweat all Night at Socrates;

"And feed their Boys with Notes & Rules,

"Those tedious Recipe's of Schools

"To cure Ambition: I can learn

"With greater Eafe the great Concern

"Of Mortals; how we may defpife

"All the gay things below the Skies.

"Says all that the old Sages faid;

202 LYRICK POEMS, Book II.

- "For me these shatter'd Tombs contain
- "More Morals than the Vatican.
- "The Duft of Heroes caft abroad,
- " And kick'd, and trampled in the Road,
- "The Relicks of a lofty Mind
- "That lately Wars and Crowns delign'd
- " Toft for a Jeft from Wind to Wind
- "Bid me be humble, and forbear
- "Tall Monuments of Fame to rear,
- "They are but Castles in the Air.
- "The towring Heights and frightful Falls
- "The ruin'd Heaps and Funerals
- "Of fmoaking Kingdoms and their Kings
- "Tell me a thousand mournful things
- "In melancholy Silence.

He.

Chicary Problem a waithout Preside

and a digestion of

- "That living could not bear to fee
- An equal, now lies torn and dead,
- "Here his pale Trunk, and there his Head;
- "Great Pompey! while I meditate
- "With folemn Horror thy fad Fate,
- "Thy Carcass scatter'd on the Shore
- "Without a Name instructs me more in the MA"
- "Than my whole Library before.

10

ie

lo reclaide of conference

"Lie still my Plutarch then, and sleep, when's

"And my good Seneca may keep

"Your Volumes clos'd for ever too,

"I have no further Use for you:

"For when I feel my Vertue fail,

"And my ambitious Thoughts prevail,

"I'll take a turn among the Tombs,

"And fee whereto all Glory comes:

"There the vile Foot of every Slave

" Infults a Charles or a Gustave;

Beggars with awful Ashes Sport,

"And tread the Cafars in the Dirt.

Freedom.

1697.

I.

TEmpt me no more. My Soul can ne'er comport
With the gay Slaveries of a Court:

I've an Aversion to those Charms,

And hug dear Liberty in both mine Arms.

Go, Vassal-Souls, go, cringe and wait,
And dance Attendance at a Honorio's Gate,
Then run in Troops before him to compose his State;
Move as he moves, and when he loyters, stand;

You're

204 LTRICK POEMS, Book IL

You're but the Shadows of a Man.

Bend when he speaks; and kiss the Ground,

Go, catch th' Impertinence of Sound;

Adore the Follies of the Great,

Wait till he smiles: But lo, the Idol frown'd

And drove them to their Fate.

II

Thus base-born Minds: but as for Me,

I can and will be free:

Like a strong Mountain or some stately Tree My Soul grows firm upright,

And as I ftand and as I go,

It keeps my Body fo;

No, I can never part with my Creation-Right.

Let Slaves and Affes floop and bow,

I cannot make this Iron Knee

Bend to a meaner Power than that which form'd it free,

lease he movere and when he forests, frind a

Thus my bold Harp profusely play'd

Pindarical; then on a branchy Shade

I hung my Harp aloft, my self beneath it layd.

Nature that liften'd to my Strain,

Resum'd the Theme, and acted it again.

Sudden rose a whirling Wind
Swelling like Honorio proud,

Around

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ree

und

Around the Straws and Feathers croud,

Types of a flavish Mind;

Upwards the stormy Forces rise,

The Dust slies up and climbs the Skies,

And as the Tempest fell th' obedient Vapours sunk:

Again it roars with bellowing Sound,

The meaner Plants that grew around,

The Willow, and the Asp trembled and kiss'd the (Ground:

Hard by there stood the Iron Trunk

Of an old Oak, and all the Storm defy'd;

In vain the Winds their Forces try'd,

In vain they roar'd; the Iron Oak

Bow'd only to the heavenly Thunders Stroke:

On Mr. LOCK's Annotations upon several Parts of the New Testament, lest behind him at his Death.

L

And his relain Topones at

Faishoh in oil sa-

THUS Reason learns by flow Degrees
What Faith reveals; but still complains
Of Intellectual Pains

And Darkness from the too exuberant Light.

The Blaze of those bright Mysteries.

Pour'd

206 LTRICK POEMS, Book IL

Pour'd all at once on Nature's Eyes

Offend and cloud her feeble Sight

Updared in alternative Physics of

Reason could scarce sustain to see
Th' Almighty One, th' Eternal Three,
Or bear the Infant Deity;
Scarce could her Pride descend to own
Her Maker stooping from his Throne,
And drest in Glories so unknown.
A ransom'd World, a bleeding God,
And Heav'n appeas'd with slowing Blood,
Were Themes too painful to be understood.

III.

Faith, thou bright Cherub, speak and say
Did ever Mind of mortal Race
Cost thee more Toyl or larger Grace
To melt and bend it to obey.
Twas hard to make so rich a Soul submit,
And lay her shining Honours at thy sovereign Feet.

Sifter of Faith, Fair Charity,

Shew me the wond'rous Man on high;

Tell how he fees the God-head Three in One;

The bright Conviction fills his Eye;

His nobleft Pow'rs in deep Proftration lye

At the mysterious Throne.

" For

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- " Forgive, he crys, Ye Saints below when the y
- " The wav'ring and the cold Affent and and said and
- " I gave to Themes divinely true; has over any one
- " Can you admit the Bleffed to repent?
 - "Eternal Darkness vail the Lines on bood was all
 - " Of that unhappy Book, and was a long to
- "Where feeble Reason with false Luftre shines,"
 - "Where the meer Mortal Pen mistook' wind had
 - "What the Cœleftial meant!

See Mr. Lock's Annotations on Rom. 3. 25. and Paraphrase on Rom. 9. 5. which has inclin'd some Readers to doubt whether he was fully perswaded of the Deity and Satisfaction of Christ.

True Riches. I wood die LaA

Here on all the initiate E

Am not concern'd to know
What to morrow Fate will do:
'Tis enough that I can fay
I've possess my felf to day:
Then if haply Midnight-Death
Seize my Flesh and stop my Breath,
Yet to morrow I shall be
Heir to the best Part of Me.

Glittering Stones and Golden things, no best adquised Wealth and Honours that have Wings, no best adquised to enter the Ever fluttering to be gone

208 LYRICK POEMS, Book II.

I could never call my own:
Riches that the World bestows
She can take and I can lose;
But the Treasures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her Line.
When I view my spacious Soul,
And survey my self awhole,
And injoy my felf alone,
I'm a Kingdom of my own.

Fve a mighty Part within That the World hath never feen, Rich as Eden's happy Ground, And with choicer Plenty crown'd. Here on all the shining Boughs Knowledge fair and useful grows; On the same young flow'ry Tree All the Seasons you may see; Notions in the Bloom of Light, Just disclosing to the Sight; Here are Thoughts of larger Growth, Rip'ning into folid Truth; Fruits refin'd, of noble Tafte; Seraphs feed on fuch Repast. Here in a green and fhady Grove Streams of Pleasure mix with Love:

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There beneath the smiling Skies
Hills of Contemplation rife;
Now upon some shining Top
Angels light, and call me up;
I rejoyce to raise my Feet,
Both rejoyce when there we meet.

There are endless Beauties more Earth hath no Refemblance for; Nothing like them round the Pole, Nothing can describe the Soul: Tisa Region half unknown That has Treasures of its own. More remote from publick View Than the Bowels of Peru: Broader'tis and brighter far Than the Golden Indies are: Ships that trace the watry Stage Cannot coast it in an Age; Harts or Horfes, ftrong and fleet, Had they Wings to help their Feet Could not run it half way o'er Inten thousand Days and more:

Yet the filly wandring Mind
Loath to be too much confin'd

ere

210 LTRICK POEMS, Book II.

Roves and takes her dayly Tours, and dayle Coasting round the narrow Shores, and Marrow Shores of Flesh and Sense,
Picking Shells and Pebbles thence:
Or she sits at Fancy's Door,
Calling Shapes and Shadows to her,
Foreign Visits still receiving,
And t' her felf a Stranger living.
Never, never would she buy
Indian Dust or Tyrian Dye,
Never trade abroad for more
If she saw her native Store,
If her inward Worth were known.

The Adventurous Mafe. 100 advent

I'm the Bowels of Fath

E interest and some state is

I.

With an inimitable Wing:
Thro' rising Deluges of dawning Light
She cleaves her wondrous way,
She tunes immortal Anthems to the growing Day;
Nor Rapin gives her Rules to fly nor Parcell Notes to sing.

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II.

Give me the Muse whole enerous Force She nor inquires, nor knows nor fears (Sand; Where lie the pointed Rocks, or where th' ingulphing Climbing the liquid Mountains of the Skies She meets descending Angels as she flys, a or aread back

Nor asks them where their Country lies,

Or where the Sea marks fland.

Touch'd with an Empyreal Ray on a some T

She springs unerring upward to eternal Day, Spreads her white Sayls aloft, and freers

With bold and Jafe Attempt to the Celestial Land.

Belold his Mulesen offer explore.

While little Skiffs along the mortal Shores With humble Toyl in Order creep, to amino the A

Coasting in fight of one anothers Oars, a bost of Nor venture thro' the boundless Deep.

Such low pretending Souls are they

Who dwell inclos'd in folid Orbs of Skull;

Plodding along their fober way, an Banad to M.

The Snail o'ertakes them in their wildest Play,

While the poor Labourers (weat to be correctly dull.

A Montananteno high of toupled sounds to climb. Give me the Chariot whose diviner Wheels

Mark their own Rout, and unconfin'd

Bound o'er the everlasting Hills,

And lose the Clouds below, and leave the Stars behind.

LYRICK POEMS, Book II. 212

Give me the Muse whose generous Force Impatient of the Reins Pursues an unattempted Course, Maior of the Angel Vi Breaks all the Criticks Iron Chains, And bears to Paradife the raptur'd Mind. ich april ordin ment Honor

There Milton dwells: The Mortal fung Themes not prefum'd by mortal Tongue; New Terrors and new Glories shine In every Page, and flying Scenes Divine Surprize the wond'ring Sense, & draw our Souls along. Behold his Muse sent out t'explore The unapparent Deep where Waves of Chaos roar. And Realms of Night unknown before. She trac'd a glorious Path unknown, Thro' Fields of heav'nly War, and Seraphs overthrown, Where his advent'rous Genius led: Sovereign she fram'd a Model of her own. Nor thank'd the Living nor the Dead. The noble Hater of degenerate Rhyme Shook off the Chains, and built his Verse sublime, A Monument too high for coupled Sounds to climb. He mourn'd the Garden loft below; (Earth is the Scene for tuneful Woe) Now Bliss beats high in all his Veins,

Fri

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Hed besteroid

Now the loft Eden He regains,

Keeps his own Air, and triumphs in unrivall'd Strains.

VI.

Immortal Bard! Thus thy own Raphael fings, And knows no Rule but native Fire:

All Heav'n fits filent while to his Sovereign Strings
He talks unutterable Things;

With Graces Infinite his untaught Fingers rove
Across the Golden Lyre:

From every Note Devotion springs,

Rapture and Harmony and Love
O'erspread the lift'ning Choir,

Mr. NICHOLAS CLARK.

The Complaint.

stande or a telephone to the contract of

Twas in a Vale where Ofyers grow

By murm'ring Streams we told our Woe,

And mingled all our Cares:

Friendship sat pleas'd in both our Eyes,
In both the weeping Dews arise

And drop alternate Tears.

P 3

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514 LYRICH POEMS, Book n.

fi.

The vigorous Monarch of the Day "A nwo aid agood Now mounted half his Morning Way

Shone with a fainter Bright; IT. brod be romm!
Still fickning and decaying this, and on awond bnA
Dimly he wander dup the Hill

With his expiring Light. Tollarspung skies H

With Graces Infinite the unraught Tingent force

In dark Eclipse his Chariot roll has Gold views more

Behind her fable Wheels normal fine sunqu's Nature grew fad to lose the Day on the property of

The flow'ry Vales in Mourning lay.

In Mourning stood the Hills.

IV. 🗥

Such are our Sorrows, CLARK, I cry'd, Clouds of the Brain grow black, and hide

Our dark'ned Souls behind; In the young Morning of our Years Distempering Fogs have climb'd the Spheres.

And choke the lab'ring Mind. ale'V a nias W

By mucm'ring a come we to a we Wee

And overlooks the lofty Shade is sasiqual qidishairi

New-bright ning all the Skies in iges worth and all

But drop alternate Tears.

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The Afflictions of a Friend.

1702.

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The admit a restor, a service of

OW let my Cares all bury'd lie, My Griefs for ever dumb: Your Sorrows swell my Heart so high, They leave my own no Room.

III SATE SEDONE STATE

Sickness and Pains are quite forgot, The Spleen it felf is gone; Plung'd in your Woes I feel them not. Or feel them all in one

Force specie introduce (a company)

Infinite Grief puts Sence to Flight, And all the Soul invades: 1107 a 1501 So the broad Gloom of spreading Night TOTAL TOTAL STATE OF CHAIL THAT

Thus am I born to be unbleft! This Sympathy of Woe 1 15 1000 Hell there and

Drives my own Tyrants from my Breaft T' admit a foreign Foe! The long Johnson aby

V.

Sorrows in long Succession reign;
Their Iron Rod I feel:

II.

O

ick

V.

Friendship has only chang'd the Chain,
But I'm the Pris'ner still.

Will Name of the State

Why was this Life for Mifery made?

Or why drawn out fo long?

Is there no Room amongst the Dead?

Or is a Wretch too young?

Wege Kindred Shirts born HV

Move faster on great Nature's Wheel,

Be kind, ye rolling Powers,

Hurl my Days headlong down the Hill

With undiftinguish'd Hours.

Tochid it Heaving and this billy

Be dusky all my rifing Suns,

Nor fmile upon a Slave:

Parkness and Death, make haste at once
To hide me in the Grave.

Oserwheim the dusky Poice

And make our Joys

Sorrows are built in vall Balin.

As Delnees of dayming Light

LTRICK POEMS, Book II 218

The Reverse : Or, The Comforts of a Frienden Lod I feel Hell

Friendship has only chang'd the Chain.

But I'm the Pris'ner fill HUS Nature tun'd her mournful Tongue, Till Grace lift up her Head, I aid anw vill

Revers'd the Sorrow and the Song, awarb why all

And fmiling thus the faid nome mood on erors il

Or is a Wresca too young Were Kindred Spirits born for Cares?

Must every Grief be mine? I many no refisi evold

Is there a Sympathy in Tears, politon by bond all Yet Joys refute to join to anotherd exact yet hall

With undiffinguish d Hou Forbid it Heav'n, and raife my Love,

And make our Joys the fame in you lie vale of

So Blis and Friendship join'd above our slimit and

Darknets and Death, make half larrommi na xiM

To hide me in the Grave Sorrows are loft in vaft Delight

That brightens all the Soul,

As Deluges of dawning Light O'erwhelm the dusky Pole:

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Book II. Sattlet to Verthe, Bell J Pleasures in long Succession reign and of And all my Powers employ TO I MHOF Friendship but shifts the pleasing Scene, And fresh repeats the Joyo? when I all Life has a foft and Silver Thread, Nor is it drawn too long on obrieff it will Yet when my vafter Hopes perswade, " Venering the Leap to Wo snop ad on gair's m' " Heedless to Arms and Bloom Ney Ry. Fast as ye please roll down the Hill, And hafte away, my Years; how me could on A? Or I can wait my Father's Will, Land, by lliw vdW 3 And dwell beneath the Spheres to all sast both " At desperate Chance and Hilly Games? R Rife glorious, every future Sunt Gild all my following Days, a Traidon a anuola V ? But make the waft dear Moment known has short W By well-diffinguish of days of the meets the days be disparished By Secure of Life above the Segret one security with halfed a dy Trydnes of Andrew M e Bui Frenzy dares eternal Pares, salest retrail of " And four 'd with Honours airy Dreams of liceto arech th' Infernal Garest Special or asset to V. And force a Paffage to the Flomes.

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LTRICK POEMS, Book IL

To the Right Henourable

70 HN Lord CUTTS.

The Hardy Soldier.

At the Siege of Namur.

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Life has a folt and Silver IF

Why is Man so thoughtless grown ?

"Vent'ring the Leap to Worlds unknown, "I'm m'?

" Heedless to Arms and Blood they fly.

raft as tre please roll down the init

" Are Lives but worth a Soldier's Pay on other bank

"Why will ye join fuch wide Extremes, we are I at

"And stake Immortal Souls in playaned flowb baA

"At desperate Chance and bloody Games?

Rife plantous, every limite Sulli

Valour's a nobler Turn of Thought, ym 116 blid

"Whose pardon'd Guilt forbids her Fears in othern and

" Calmly she meets the deadly Shot and Hely va

"Secure of Life above the Stars.

IV.

" But Frenzy dares eternal Fate,

"And spurr'd with Honours airy Dreams

" Flies to attack th' Infernal Gate,

" And force a Paffage to the Flames.

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V.

Thus hov'ring o'er NAMURIA's Plains

Sung heav'nly Love in Gabriel's Form:

Young THRASO felt the moving Strains,

And vow'd to pray before the Storm.

Or modern aff, who sile all sence,

Anon the thundering Trumpet calls,

Vows are but Wind, the Hero cries;

Then fwears by Heav'n, and scales the Walls,

Drops in the Ditch, despairs and dies.

Burning several Poems of Ovid, Martial, Oldham, Dryden, &c.

76-130 64-12-5-50

I Judge the Muse of lewd Desire;
Her Sons to Darkness, and her Works to Fire.
In vain the Flatteries of their Wit
Now with a melting Strain, now with an heavenly
Would tempt my Virtue to approve
Those gaudy Tinders of a lawless Love.
So Harlots dress: They can appear
Sweet, modest, cool, divinely Fair,
To charm a Cato's Eye; but all within
Stench, Impudence and Fire, and ugly raging Sin.

II,

II.

Die, Flora, die in endles Shame, 10'0 guis von audi
Thou Proftitute of blacked Fame of I vin vend grand
Young THE ASO felt the year of the post of the
Ovid and all ye wilder Pens oled you or b way ban
Of modern Luft, who gild our Scenes,
Poyfon the Brittish Stage, and paint Dannation gay, A
Attend your Miftress to the dead ; har was a work
When Flora dies her Imps should wait upon her Shade
Drops in the Ditch, desprinand dies.
* Strephon of noble Blood and Mind, * Earl of Ro-
(For ever shine his Name!) As Death approach'd his Soul refin'd,
And gave his loofer Sonnets to the Flame.
"Burn, burn, he cry'd with facred Rage,
"Hell is the due of every Page,
"Hell be the Face. But O indulgent Heaven!
" So vile the Mule, and yet the Man forgiv'n!)
Burn on, my Songs: For not the Silver Thames
vist blor Tyber with this yellow Streams in a drive woll
In endless Currents rolling to the Main blow
"Can e'er dilute the Raifon, or wash out the Stain."
So Moses by Divine Command : alors arolas I od
Forbid the leprous House ito hand, history asset
When deep the fatal Spot was grown of mind of

Break down the Timber and dig up the Stone.

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From midding fives new Sorrow figures. As Weeds in rainy Scalor QT

Mrs. B. BENDISH.

In vain our Mitories hope Reli Against Tears. Iso qoil one

and to age of blaword are swill's

ADAM, perswade me Tears are good to the

To wash our mortal Cares away; with now

These Eyes shall weep a sudden Flood, while the state of And stream into a briny Sea, anotheque as to also so I

II.

Or if these Orbs are hard and dry, I how and a and II

(Thefe Orbs that never use to rain) and the date of the

Some Star direct me where to buy

One fovereign Drop for all say Pain

Were both the golden Indies mine,

I'd give both Indies for a Tear:

I'd barter all but what's divine, Nor should I think the Bargain dear.

IV.

But Tears, alas, are triffing things,

They rather feed than heal our Woe;

Froin

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ialbiair claiff

LTRICK POEMS, Book II.

From trickling Eyes new Sorrow springs,
As Weeds in rainy Seasons grow.

V.

Thus Weeping urges Weeping on; In vain our Miseries hope Relief, For one Drop calls another down, Till we are drown'd in Seas of Grief.

VI.

Then let these useless Streams be staid, Wear native Courage on your Face: These vulgar things were never made For Souls of a superiour Race.

VII.

If 'tis a rugged Path you go,'
And thousand Foes your Steps furround,
Tread the Thorns down, charge thro' the Foe:
The hardest Fight is highest crown'd.

Few Happy Matches.

Aug. 1701

I

SAY, mighty Love, and teach my Song To whom thy sweetest Joys belong, And who the Happy Pairs Whose yielding Hearts and joining Hands

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Find Bleffings twifted with their Bands lands of the To foften all their Cares and boow noons to be I

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OI.

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Are marry died like Swie Sort

Not the wild Herd of Nymphs and Swains

That thoughtless fly into the Chains

As Cuftom leads the Way: adons and la shall sold

If there be Blifs without Delign, 12 the to small line

Ivies and Oaks may grow and twine, and och and

And be as bleft as they. To vinsyand yem How A

From two old Lines with trip a String

Not fordid Souls of earthy Mould shell enon 10

Who drawn by Kindred Charms of Gold

To dull Embraces move: and and advance told

So two rich Mountains of Pera to shoot puring ow I

May rush to wealthy Marriage too, " be and sell

And make a World of Love.

In Bonde of Chearful Wallocky

Not the mad Tribe that Hell inspires don't die

With wanton Flames; these raging Fires

The purer Blis destroy:

On Atna's Top let Furies wed,

And Sheets of Lightning dress the Bed

T' improve the burning Joy.

V

Nor the dull Pairs whole marble Forms

None of the melting Passions warms,

Q

Cati

For native Rage at

226 LTRICK POEMS, Book II.

Can mingle Hearts and Hands:

Logs of green Wood that quench the Coals

Are marry'd just like Stoic Souls,

With Ofyers for their Bands.

VI. see the property of the separate to the

Not Minds of melancholy Strain,
Still filent, or that still complain,
Can the dear Bondage bless:
As well may heavenly Conforts spring
From two old Lutes with ne'er a String,
Or none besides the Bass.

VILO lote / Volumento

Nor can the fost Enchantments hold.
Two jarring Souls of angry Mould,
The Rugged and the Keen:
Sampson's young Foxes might as well
In Bonds of chearful Wedlock dwell
With Fire-brands ty'd between.

VIII.

Nor let the cruel Fetters bind

A gentle to a favage Mind;

For Love abhors the Sight:

Loofe the fierce Tyger from the Deer,

For native Rage and native Fear

Rife and forbid Delight.

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Bids

was of the meliane Parkons warms

IX not bear me.

Two kindest Souls alone must meet;

'Tis Friendship makes the Bondage sweet,

And feeds their mutual Loves:

Bright Venus on her rolling Throne

Is drawn by gentlest Birds alone,

And Cupid's Yoke the Doves.

T O

DAVID POLHILL, Efq;

An Epistle. December, 1702.

The Grandhie limites wit

I

LET useless Souls to Woods retreat;

POLHILL should leave a Country Seat
When Virtue bids him dare be Great.

II.

Nor Kent nor Suffex should have Charms
While Liberty with loud Alarms
Calls you to Counsels and to Arms.

IIL

Livis by fawning Slaves ador'd

Bids you receive a base-born Lord;

Awake your Cares! awake your Sword!

228 LIRICK POEMS, Book II.

IV.

Factions amongst the Britons rise,
And warring Tongues, and wild Surmise,
And burning Zeal without her Eyes.

Ormes, to end the blind Debate Resolves, 'Tis of diviner Weight To save the Steeple than the State.

VI.

The bold Machine is form'd and join'd To stretch the Conscience, and to bind The native Freedom of the Mind.

Thy Grandsire shades with jealous Eye Frown down to see their Offspring lie Careless, and let their Country die.

If Trevia fear to let you stand.

Against the Gaul with Spear in Hand,

At least Petition for the Land.

and the horse as specially and III/1

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of Trake your Cares awake your Sword

VI.

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Calls you to Council and its Arma west every live

L'un by fawning Slaves adored one deall breach

Bids you receive a bale born Tlord , dur has all it

Book II.

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The Celebrated Victory of the Poles over Ofman the Turkish Emperor in the Dacian Battel.

Translated from Casimire, B. 4. Od. 4. with large Additions.

Fill and amaze my ADOR the Old, the Wealthy and the Strong, Cheerful in Years (nor of the Heroic Muse Unknowing, nor unknown) held fair Poffessions Where flows the fruitful Danube: Seventy Springs Smil'd on his Seed, and seventy Harvest-Moons Fill'd his wide Granaries with Autumnal Joy: Still he refum'd the Toyl; and Fame reports While he broke up new Ground and tir'd his Ploug In graffy Furrows, the torn Earth disclos'd Helmets and Swords (bright Furniture of War Sleeping in Ruft) and Heaps of mighty Bones. The Sun descending to the Western Deep Bid him lie down and rest; he loos'd the Yoke. And held his wearied Oxen from their Food With charming Numbers and uncommon Song.

Go, Fellow-Labourers, you may rove fecure,
Or feed beside me; taste the Greens and Boughs
That you have long forgot; Crop the Sweet Herb,
Q 3 And

230 LTRICK POEMS, Book II.

And graze in Safety, while the Victor-Pole Leans on his Spear, and breathes; yet still his Eye Jealous and fierce. How large, old Souldier, fay, How fair a Harvest of the slaughter'd Turks Strow'd the Moldavian Fields? What mighty Piles Of vast Destruction, and of Thracian Dead Fill and amaze my Eyes? Broad Bucklers lye (A vain Defence) spread o'er the pathless Hills. And Coats of Icaly Steel and hard Habergeon Deep-bruis'd, and empty of Mahometan Limbs. This the fierce Saracen wore (for when a Boy, I was their Captive, and remind their Drefs:) Here the Polonians dreadful march'd along In august Port and regular Array, Led on to Conquest: Here the Turkish Chief Presumptuous trod, and in rude Order rang'd His long Battalions, while his Populous Towns Pour'd out fresh Troops perpetual, drest in Arms, Horrent in Mail, and gay in spangled Pride.

O the dire Image of the bloody Fight
These Eyes have seen, when the capacious Plain
Was throng'd with Dacian Spears; when polish'd Helms
And convex Gold blaz'd thick against the Sun
Restoring all his Beams! But frowning War

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All gloomy like a gather'd Tempest stood
Wavering, and doubtful where to bend its Fall.

will will be write to have beginning The Storm of missive Steel delay'd a while By wife Command; fledg'd Arrows on the Nerve; And Scymiter and Sabre bore the Sheath Reluctant; till the hollow Brazen Clouds Had bellow'd from each Quarter of the Field Loud Thunder, and difgorg'd their fulph'rous Fire. Then Banners wav'd, and Arms were mixt with Arms; Then Javelins answer'd Javelin's as they fied, For both fled hiffing Death: With adverse Edge The crooked Fauchions met; and hideous Noife From clashing Shields thro' the long Ranks of War Clang'd horrible. A thousand Iron Storms Roar diverse; and in harsh Confusion drown The Trumpets Silver Sound. O rude Effort Of Harmony! Not all the frozen Stores Of the cold North when pour'd in rartling Hail Lash with such Madness the Norwegian Plains, Or so torment the Ear. Scarce sounds so far The direful Fragor, when some Southern Blast Tears from the Alps a Ridge of knotty. Oaks Deep-fang'd, and antient Tenants of the Rock: The Massie Fragment many a Rood in Length With hideous Crash rolls down the rugged Cliff Refift-

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232 LTRICK POEMS, Book II.

Refiftless, plunging in the subject Lake

Como' or Lugaine; th' afflicted Waters roar,

And various Thunder all the Vally fills.

Such was the Noise of War: the troubled Air

Complains aloud, and propagates the Din

To neighbouring Regions; Rocks and lofty Hills

Beat the impetuous Echoes round the Sky.

the sellow of from reach Quarter of the Field

Uproar, Revenge, and Rage, and Hate appear In all their murderous Forms; and Flame and Blood And Sweat and Duft aray the broad Campaign In Horror: Hafty Feer and sparkling Eyes, And all the favage Passions of the Soul Engage in the warm Business of the Day. Here mingling Hands, but with no friendly Gripe, Joyn in the Fight; and Breafts in close Embrace, But mortal, as the Iron Arms of Death. Here Words auftere of perillous Command, And Valour Swift obey; Bold Feats of Arms Dreadful to fee, and glorious to relate double shall Shine thro' the Field with more furprizing Brightness Than glittering Helms or Spears. What loud Applaule, (Best Meed of Warlike Toyl) what manly Shouts, And Yells unmanly thro the Bartel ring ! b and quel And fudden Wrath dies into endless Fame. With hideous Craft rolls down the rugged Cliff.

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Long

Long did the Face of War hang dubious. Here

Stood the more numerous Tunk, the valiant Pole

Fought here; more dreadful, the with leffer Wings.

Descript and bright Dangers from agrafulation Signification

Meet the Eke Thunder and an equal Storm

Of a Cydenian, what the fearful Crouds
Of base Cilicians scaping from the Slaughter,
Or Parthian Beasts with all their racing Riders,
What could they mean against th' intrepid Breast
Of the pursuing Foe? Th' impetuous Poles
Rush here, and here the Lithuanian Horse
Drive down upon them like a double Bolt
Of kindled Thunder raging thro' the Sky
On sounding Wheels; or as some mighty Flood
Rolls his two Torrents down a dreadful Steep
Precipitant, and bears along the Stream
Rocks, Woods, and Trees, with all the grazing Herd,
And tumbles lofty Forests headlong to the Plain.

The bold Borussian sinoking from afar
Moves like a Tempest in a dusky Cloud, and agin
And imitates th' Artillery of Heaven,
The Lightning and the Roar. Amazing Scene (1)
What Showers of mortal Hail, what flaky Fires but
Burst from the Darkness! while their Cohorts from
Meet

LYRICK POEMS. Book II. 334

Meet the like Thunder and an equal Storm From hoftile Troops, but with a braver Mind. Undaunted Bosoms tempt the Edge of War, And rush on the sharp Point; while baleful Mischiefs, Deaths, and bright Dangers flew across the Field Thick and continual, and a thousand Souls Fled murmuring thre' their Wounds. I flood aloof. For 'twas unfafe to come within the Wind Of Russian Banners, when with whizzing Sound Eager of Glory and profuse of Life They bore down fearless on the charging Foes, And drove them backward. Then the Turkish Moons Wander'd in Difarray. A dark Eclipse Hung on the Silver Crefcent, boding Night, Long Night to all her Sons: at length difrob'd The Standards fell; the Barbarous Enfigns torn Fled in the Wind, the Sport of angry Heaven: And a large Cloud of Infantry and Horfe Scattering in wild Diforder foread the Plain.

Not Noise, nor Number, nor the brawny Limb, Nor high-built Size prevails: "Tis Courage fights, 'Tis Courage conquers: So whole Forests fall (A spacious Ruin) by one single Ax, And Steel well-sharpned: So a generous Pair Of young-wing'd Eaglets fright a thouland Doves.

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Vaft was the Slaughter, and the flowry Green Drank deep of flowing Crimfon. Vereran Bands Here made their last Campaign. Here haughty Chiefs Stretch'd on the Bed of purple Honour lie Supine, nor dream of Battels hard Event. Oppreft with iron Slumbers and long Night. Their Ghofts indignant to the nether World Fled, but attended well: for at their Side This Hold Some faithful Janizaries strow'd the Field, Fall'n in just Ranks or Wedges, Lunes or Squares, Firm as they stood; to the Warfovian Troops A nobler Toil, and Triumph worth their Fight. But the broad Sabre and keen Poll-Ax flew With speedy Terror thro' the feebler Herd, And made rude Havock and irregular Spoil Amongst the vulgar Bands that own'd the Name Of Mahomet. The wild Arabians fled In swift Affright a thousand different Ways Thro' Brakes and Thorns, and climb'd the craggy Bellowing; yet halfy Fate o'ertook the Cry, And Polish Hunters clave the timorous Deer.

Thus the dire Prospect distant fill'd my Soul With Awe; till the last Relicks of the War The thin Edonians flying had disclos'd

The

236 LYRICK POEMS, Book II.

The ghaftly Plain: I took a nearer View Unfeemly to the Sight, nor to the Smell Grateful. What Loads of mangled Flesh and Limbs (A difinal Carnage) bath'd in reeking Gore Lay welt'ring on the Ground; while flitting Life Convuls'd the Nerves still shivering, nor had lost All Taste of Pain! Here an old Thracian lies Deform'd with Years and Scars, and groans aloud Torn with fresh Wounds; but inward Vitals firm Forbid the Souls Remove, and chain it down By the hard Laws of Nature to fustain Long Torment: his wild Eye-balls roll: his Teeth Gnashing with Anguish chide his lingring Fate. Emblazon'd Armour spoke his high Command Amongst the neighbouring Dead; they round their Lay proftrate; some in Flight ignobly slain, Some to the Skies their Faces upwards turn'd Still brave, and proud to die so near their Prince.

I mov'd not far, and lo, at manly Length
Two beauteous Youths of richest Octoman Blood
Extended on the Field: in Friendship join'd,
Nor Fate divides them: hardy Warriors both;
Both faithful; drown'd in Show'rs of Darts they fell,
Each with his Shield spread o'er his Lover's Heart,
In vain: for on those Orbs of friendly Brass

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Stood Groves of Javelins; forme, alas, too deep Were planted there, and thro' their lovely Boloms Made painful Avenues for cruel Death. Omy dear native Land, forgive the Tear I dropt on their wan Cheeks, when ftrong Compassion Forc'd from my melting Eyes the briny Dew, And paid a Sacrifice to hoffile Vertue. Dacia, forgive the Sigh that wish'd the Souls Of those fair Infidels some humble Place Sleep, sleep, ye hapless Pair, Among the Bleft. "Gently, I cry'd, worthy of better Fate, " And better Faith. Hard by the General lay Of Saracen Descent, a grizly Form Breathless, yet Pride sat pale upon his Front In Disappointment, with a furly Brow Louring in Death, and vext; his rigid Jaws Foaming with Blood bite hard the Polish Spear. In that dead Vifage my Remembrance reads Rash Caracas: In vain the boatting Slave Promis'd and footh'd the Sultan threatning fierce With Royal Suppers and triumphant Fare Spread wide beneath Warfovian Silk and Gold; See on the naked Ground all cold he lies Beneath the damp wide Cov'ring of the Air Forgetful of his Word. How Heaven confounds Infulting Hopes! with what an awful Smile Laughs

LYRICK POEMS, Book IL 228

Laughs at the Proud, that loofen all the Reins To their unbounded Wifnes, and leads on Their blind Ambition to a shameful End!

But whither am I born? This Thought of Arms Fires me in vain to fing to fenfeles Bulls What generous Horse should hear. Break off, my Song, My barbarous Muse be still: Immortal Deeds Must not be thus profan'd in rustic Verse: The Martial Trumpet and the following Age And growing Fame shall loud rehearse the Fight In Sounds of Glory. Lo, the well-known Star Rolls up the dusky Hill; my Oxen, come, The well-known Star invites the Labourer Home.

Aug. 24, 1705.

HENRY BENDISH.

Dear S.IR, a contemporation of the spell I hash sold of

THE following Song was yours when first compos'd: The Must then describ'd the general Fate of Mankind, that is, to be ill-match'd; and now she rejoices that you have escaped the common Mischief, and that your Soul has found its own Mate. Let this Ode then congratulate you Both. Grow mutually in more compleas Like ness and Love: Persevere and be Happy.

I perswade my self you will accept from the Press what the Pen mort privately inscribed to you long ago; and I'm in no Pain lest you should take Offence at the fabulous Drefs of this Poem : Nor would weaker Minds be scandaliz'd at it, if they would give themselves Leave to reseet how many divine Truths are spoken by the holy Writers in Visions and Images, Parables and Dreams: Nor are my wifer Friends asbam'd to defend it, since the Narrative is grave, and the Moral fo just and obvious. To jad w him ! 200011 anishi

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The Indian Philosopher.

flest mast aus ses bos Sept. 3, 1701.

X7HY should our Joys transform to Pain? Why gentle Hymen's filken Chain

A Plague of Iron prove?

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BENDISH, 'tis strange the Charm that binds Millions of Hands should leave their Minds At fuch a Loofe from Love.

The short and the sent?

In vain I fought the wond'rous Caufe, Rang'd the wide Fields of Nature's Laws, And urg'd the Schools in vain; Then deep in Thought, within my Breaft My Soul retir'd, and Slumber drefs'd

that a m. wan sale to dayle base.

A bright Instructive Scene. Views to Live Vano

Ab cruel Chances and croding Ester !

O'er the broad Lands and crofs the Tide On Fancy's airy Horse I ride, a stol of awab and P (Sweet Rapture of the Mind) Till on the Banks of Ganges Flood In a tall ancient Grove I flood it the mining and For facred Ufe defign'd.

w. And never join'd their Hands :

LTRION POEMS, Book II. 328

IV.

Hard by a verietable Prior anioni sell Ris'n with his God the Sun from Reft Awoke his Morning-Some ;

Thrice he conjur'd the musm'ring Stream The Birth of Souls was all his Theme

And half-Divine his Tengue nou lo ame 9

BENIDISH, 'de frange the Colem that binds

- "He fangth brennal relling Flame, hart the mostly
- "That vital Mass, that Hill the same of the day
 - " Does all our Minds compose:
- "But shap'd in twice ten thousand Frames
- "Thence diff ring Souls of differing Names,
 - "And jarring Tempersitofe and bear back Then deep in Thought, within Break

- "The mighty Power that form'd the Mind
- "One Mould for every Two defign'd, flat
 - "And bless'd the new-born Pair:
- "This be a March Fortbir cricke faid) a I broad sab 190
- Then down he fent the Souls he made would no
 - "To feek them Bodies here: to enurge A word) -

- Till on the Banks of Gorges MANd " But parting from their warm Abode soon flor a of
- "They loft their Fellows on the Road 1 band 101
 - "And never join'd their Hands:
- "Ah cruel Chance, and croffing Fates!

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"Our Eastern Souls have dropt their Mates

"On Europe's barbarous Lands.

VIII.

"Happy the Youth that finds the Bride

"Whose Birth is to his own ally'd,

"The sweetest Joy of Life:

"But oh the Crouds of wretched Souls

"Fetter'd to Minds of different Moulds,

"And chain'd t' Eternal Strife!

IX.

Thus fang the wond'rous Indian Bard;
My Soul with vast Attention heard,
While Ganges ceas'd to flow:

"Sure then, (I cry'd) might I but fee

"That gentle Nymph that twinn'd with me,

"I may be happy too.

creatives Tengapatalis Renot X

"Some courteous Angel, tell me where,

"What distant Lands this unknown Fair

"Or distant Seas detain?

"Swift as the Wheel of Nature rolls

"I'd fly to meet and mingle Souls,

"And wear the joyful Ghain.

Burche brasty alone whilesal

Our Eaflow Souls have dropt elisir Mates

The Happy Man.

Happy the Youth that finds the Reide

Serene as Light is MYRON's Soul,
And active as the Sun, yet steady as the Pole:
In manly Beauty shines his Face;
Every Muse and every Grace
Makes his Heart and Tongue their Seat,
His Heart profusely good, his Tongue divinely sweet.

MYRON, the Wonder of our Eyes,
Behold his Manhood scarce begun!
Behold his Race of Vertue run!
Behold the Goal of Glory won!

Nor FAME denies the Merit, nor with-holds the Prize

Her Silver Trumpets his Renown proclaim:

The Lands where Learning never flew, Which neither Rome nor Athens knew, Surly Japan and rich Peru

In barbarous Songs pronounce the British Hero's Name

s to incer and mingle Souls

" Airy Blis (the Hero cry'd)

May feed the Tympany of Pride;

" But healthy Souls were never found

"To live on Emptiness and Sound.

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Lo at his honourable Feet Fame's bright Attendant WEALTH appears She comes to pay Obedience meet, Providing Joys for future Years; Bleffings with lavish Hand she pours Gather'd from the Indian Coast: Not Danae's Lap could equal Treasures boast When Jove came down in golden Show'rs.

He look'd, and turn'd his Eyes away, With high Disdain I heard him fay, " Blis is not made of glittering Clay."

Chaoring he asker The Werrand Flace

Now POMP and GRANDEUR court his Head With Scutcheons, Arms and Enfigns fored: Gay Magnificence and State; Guards and Chariots at his Gate, And Slaves in endless Order round his Table wait ; They learn the Dictates of His Eyes, And now they fall and now they rife; Watch every Motion of their Lord, Hang on his Lips with most impatient Zeal. With swift Ambition seize th' unfinish'd Word; And the Command fulfil.

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244 LYRICK POEMS, Book II.

Tir'd with the Train that GRANDEUR brings, He drope a Tear, and pity'd Kings;
Then flying from the noify Throng
Seeks the Divertion of a Song.

MUSICK descending on a silent Cloud

Tun'd all her Strings with endless Art;

By slow Degrees from soft to loud

Changing she rose: The Harp and Flute

Harmonious join the Hero to falure,

And make a Captive of his Heart.

Fruits and rich WINE and Scenes of lawless LOVE,

Each with utmost Luxury strove
To treat their Pavourite best;
But sounding Strings, and Fruits, and Wine,
And lawless Love in value combine

To make his Virtue fleep, or full his Soul to Rest.

Coniground in Tuble was

He faw the tedious Round, and with a Sight Pronounc'd the World but Vantry.

- " In Crouds of Pleasure Still I find
- " A painful Solitude of Mind,
- "A Vacancy within which Sence can ne'er supply.
 - " Hence, and be gone, ye flatt'ring Snares,
 - "Ye vulgar Charms of Eyes and Ears,"
- "Ye unperforming Promifers!

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" Be all my baser Passions dead,

"And base Desires, by Nature made

" For Animals and Boys:

" Man has a Relish more refin'd,

" Souls are for focial Bliss design'd,

"Give me a Bleffing fit to match my Mind,

" A Kindred-Soul to double and to share my Joys.

VI.

MYRRHA appear'd: Serene her Soul,
And active as the Sun yet steady as the Pole:
In softer Beauties shone her Face;
Every Muse and every Grace

Made her Heart and Tongue their Seat,

Her Heart profusely good, her Tongue divinely sweet;

MYRRHA the Wonder of hu Eyes;

His Heart recoil'd with fweet Surprize,

With Joys unknown before:

His Soul dissolv'd in pleasing Pain,

Flow'd to his Eyes and look'd again,

And could endure no more.

" Enough (th'impatient Hero cries)

And feiz'd her to his Breaft;

" I feek no more below the Skies,

" I give my Slaves the rest.

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TO

TO

DAVID POLHILL, Esq;

An Answer to an Infamous Satyr, call'd, Advice to a Painter, written by a nameless Anthor against King William the Third, of Glorious Memory. 1698.

PART I.

And paid an annual Tribute of his Life
To guard his England from the Irish Knise,
And crush the French Dragoon? must William's Name,
William the Brave, the Pious, and the Just
Adorn these gloomy Scenes of Tyranny and Lust?

POLHILL, my Blood boyls high, my Spirits flame; Can your Zeal fleep? Or are your Paffions tame? Nor call Revenge and Darkness on the Poets Name? Why smoak the Skys not? Why no Thunders roll? Nor kinding Lightnings blast his guilty Soul?

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An He Audacious Wretch! to stab a Monarch's Fame, And fire his Subjects with a Rebel-stame; To call the Painter to his black Designs
To draw our Guardians Face in Hellish Lines: Painter, beware! the Monarch can be shown Under no Shape but Angels or his own, Gabriel or William on the British Throne.

O! could my Thoughts but grasp the vast Design, And Words with Infinite Ideas joyn, I'd rouse Apelles from his Iron Sleep, And bid him trace the Warriour o'er the Deep: Trace him Apelles, o'er the Belgian Plain, Fierce, how he climbs the Mountains of the Slain Stattering just Vengeance thro' the red Campaign. Then dash the Canvas with a flying Stroke Till it be loft in Clouds of Fire and Smoke, And fay, 'Twas thus the Conqueror thro' the Squa-(drons broke. Mark him again emerging from the Cloud Far from his Troops; there like a Rock he stood His Country's single Barrier in a Sea of Blood. Calmly he leaves the Pleasures of a Throne, And his Maria weeping; whilst alone He wards the Face of Nations, & provokes his own:

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248 LYRICK POEMS, Book II.

But Heav'n secures its Champion; o'er the Field Paint hov'ring Angels; tho' they fly conceal'd, Each intercepts a Death, and wears it on his Shield.

Now, noble Pencil, lead him to our Isle, Mark how the Skys with joyful Luftre fmile, Then imitate the Glory; On the Strand Spread half the Nation longing till he land. Wash off the Blood, and take a peaceful Teint, All Red the Warrior, White the Ruler paint, Abroad a Heroe, and at Home a Saint. Throne him on high upon a shining Seat, Lust and Profaneness dying at his Feet, While round his Head the Lawrell and the Olive meet, The Crowns of War and Peace; and may they blow With flowry Bleffings ever on his Brow. At his right Hand pile up the English Laws In facred Volumes; thence the Monarch draws His wife and just Commands ---. Rise ye old Sages of the British Me, On the fair Tabler cast a reverend Smile And bless the Peice; these Statutes are your own, That fway the Cottage, and direct the Throne; People and Prince are one in William's Name, Their Joys, their Dangers, and their Laws the fame.

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Mark, how he bids the frvile Pairrer draw

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Let Liberty and Right with Plumes display'd on Clap their glad Wings around their Guardians Head Religion o'er the rest her starry Pinions spread. Religion guards him; round th' Imperial Queen Place waiting Vertues, each of heav'nly Mien; Learn their bright Air, and paint it from his Eyes: The Just, the Bold, the Temperate, and the Wife Dwell in his Looks; Majestic, but Serene; Sweet, with no Fondness; Cheerful, but not Vain: Bright without Terror; Great, without Disdain. His Soul inspires us what his Lips command, And spreads his brave Example thro' the Land: Not fo the former Reigns; Bend down his Ear to each afflicted Cry, Let Beams of Grace dart gently from his Eye: But the bright Treasures of his sacred Breast Are too divine, too vast to be exprest: Colours must fail where Words and Numbers faint. And leave the Hero's Heart for Thought alone to paint.

PART II.

be we subjects with a greet

OW Muse, pursue the Satyrist again, Wipe off the Blots of his invenom'd Pen;

Hark,

LTRICK ROEMS, Book II.

Hark, how he bids the fervile Painter draw In mondrous Shapes the Patrons of our Law : At one flight Dash he cancels every Name From the white Rolls of Honesty and Fame: This scribling Wretch marks all he meets for Knave, Shoots fudden Bolts promiscuous at the Base and Brave. And with unpardonable Malice sheds Poison and Spite on undiftinguish'd Heads. Painter, forbear; or if thy bolder Hand Dares to attempt the Villains of the Land, Draw first this Poet, like some baleful Star With filent Influence shedding Civil War; Or factious Trumpeter, whose Magic Sound Calls off the Subjects to the Hostile Ground, And scatters Hellish Feudsthe Nation round. These are the Imps of Hell, that cursed Tribe That first create the Plague, and then the Pain describe.

Draw next above, the Great Ones of our Isle, Still from the Good distinguishing the Vile; Seat 'em in Pomp, in Grandeur, and Command, Peeling the Subjects with a greedy Hand: Paint forth the Knaves that have the Nation sold, And tinge their greedy Looks with fordid Gold. Mark what a selfish Faction undermines

The Pious Monarch's generous Designs,

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Spoil their own Native Land as Vipers do,

Nipers that tear their Mother's Bowels thro'.

Let Great Nasau beneath a careful Crown

Mournful in Majesty, look gently down,

Mingling soft Pity with an awful Frown:

He grieves to see how long in vain he strove

To make us blest, how vain his Labours prove

To save the stubborn Land he condescends to love.

To the Discontented and Unquiet.

Imitated partly from Casimire, B. 4. Od. 15.

VARIA, there's nothing here that's free
From wearisome Anxiety:

And the whole Round of mortal Joys With short Possession tires and cloys: Tis a dull Circle that we tread Just from the Window to the Bed, We rise to see and to be seen, Gaze on the World a while, and then We yawn and stretch to sleep again. But FANCY, that uneasy Guest Still holds a Lodging in our Breast; She sinds or frames Vexations still, Her self the greatest Plague we seel.

We

252 LYRICK POEMS, Book II.

We take strange Pleasure in our Pain, And make a Mountain of a Grain, Affume the Load, and pant and fweat Beneath th' imaginary Weight. With our dear felves we live at Strife, While the most constant Scenes of Life From peevish Humours are not free; Still we affect Variety: Rather than pass an easy Day, We fret and chide the Hours away, Grow weary of this circling Sun. And vex that he should ever run The same old Track; and still, and still Rife red behind you Eastern Hill, And chide the Moon that darts her Light Thro' the same Casement every Night.

We shift our Chambers and our Homes
To dwell where Trouble never comes:

Sylvia has left the City Croud,
Against the Court exclaims aloud,
Flys to the Woods; a Hermit-Saint!
She loaths her Patches, Pins, and Paint,
Dear Diamonds from her Neck are torn:
But HUMOUR, that Eternal Thorn
Sticks in her Heart: she's hurry'd still
'Twixt her wild Passions and her Will:

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Haunted and hagg'd where-e'er she roves

By purling Streams, and filent Groves,

Or with her Furys, or her Loves.

Then our own native Land we hate,

Too cold, too windy, or too wet;

Change the thick Climate, and repair

To France or Italy for Air;

In vain we change, in vain we fly;

Go, Sylvia, mount the whirling Sky,

Or ride upon the feather'd Wind,

In vain; if this difeafed Mind

Clings fast and still sits close behind.

Faithful Difease, that never fails

Attendance at her Lady's side

Over the Desart or the Tide

On rolling Wheels or slying Sails.

Happy the Soul that Vertue shows
To fix the Place of her Repose,
Needless to move; for the can dwell
In her old Grandstres Hall as well.
VERTUE that never loves to roam,
But sweetly hides her self at home,
And easy on a native Throne
Of humble Turf sits gently down.

Yet

ETRICK POEMS, Book II.

Yet should tumnstrious Storms arise.

And mingle Earth and Seas and Skies,
Should the Waves swell and make her roll
Across the Line or near the Pole,
Still she's at Peace; for well she knows
To lanch the Stream that Duty shows,
And makes her Home where'er she goes.

Bear her, ye Seas, upon your Breast,
Or wast her, Winds from East to West
On the soft Air; she cannot find
A Couch so easy as her Mind,
Nor breathe a Climate half so kind.

Tto od ro mied & h pro

August Differed, that never fails

ball totler sonabriers

JOHN HARTOPP, Efq;

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Vive jucunda metuens juvente, &c.

VENTUE that never love; to roam,

IVE, my Dear HARTOPP, Live to Day,
Nor let the Sun look down and fay,

"Inglorious here he lies. Ingland That elegand 10

Shake

Shake off your Eafe, and fend your Name I over of To Immortality and Fame 100 your of order of A By ev'ry Hour that files.

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IL her than by a man entry

Youth's a foft Scene, but trust her not:

Her airy Minutes swift as Thought

Slide off the slipp'ry Sphere;

Moons with their Monthsmake hasty Rounds;

The Sun has pass'd his vernal Bounds,
And whirls about the Year.

The Wheel impensors this III

Let Folly dress in green and red,
And gird her Waste with flowing Gold,
Knit blushing Roses round her Head,
Alas! the gaudy Colours fade,

The Garment waxes old: 1100 of fair of list 1001 HARTOPP, mark the withering Role, 11100 of fair of list 1001 And the pale Gold how dim it shows!

Contend to make her Way:VI

Is all Romance and Dream, A country to be of the Country of the Joys Coelectial flow of the Country of the Coun

The Pleasures that the smiling Day With large Right Hand bestows, Falfely her Lest conveys away, And shuffles in our Woes.

So

256 LERICK POEMS, Book II.

And cheat her filly Child, then yellow Manual To She gave and took a Toy away, and most will be the Toy away.

The Infant cry'd and smil'd.

Yuth a faft Scare, but rall. Vernor :-

Airy Chance and Icon Fate

Hurry and vex our mortal State, and all the Race of Itis create;

Now fiery Joy, now fullen Grief by Jaq and and and and the Commands the Reins of human Life, is alried to the The Wheels impetuous roll;

The harnest Hours and Minutes strive; along the land

And Days with streething Pinions drive and and drive and

Alas I the gandy Colouis inde, IV

The Pleatures that the freshing Day

.evo Wines in softent SnA

Not half so fast the Gally slies or was instructed and T

When Sails and Oass and labring Skies of Ship Additional Contend to make her Way.

Swift Wings for all the flying Hours after ban raging.

The God of Time prepares. has someoned the Heat

The rest lie still yet in their Nest sales of the Vino And grow for future Years.

With high Kight Hand beflows

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Tu Od Linder work and

world only the Royal Call,

THOMAS GUNSTON, Efq;

1700.

Happy Solitude.

Casimire, Book 4th. Ode 12th. Imitated.

M Igeneoul Fabin of the

THE noify World complains of me
That I should shun their Sight, and slee
Visits and Crouds and Company.
GUNSTON, the Lark dwells in her Nest

Till the alcend the Skies

And in my Closet I could rest Till to the Heavens I rise.

Hara the great Soi greign

Yet they will urge, "This private Life

" Can never make you bleft,

" And twenty Doors are still at Strife

"T'engage you for a Gueft?

Friend, should the Towers of Windsor or Whitehall

Spread open their inviting Gates

To make my Entertainment gay;

I would obey the Royal Call,
But short should be my Stay,
Since a diviner Service waits
T'employ my Hours at home, and better fill the Day.

III.

When I within my felf retreat,

I shut my Doors against the Great;

My buly Eye balls inward roll,

And there with large Survey 1 see

All the wide Threatre of Me,

And view the various Scenes of my retiring Soul;

There I walk o'er the Mazes I have trod.

While Hope and Fear are in a doubtful Strife
Whether this Opera of Life

Be acted well to gain the Plaudit of my God.

IV.

There's a Day hastning, ('tis an awful Day)
When the great Sovereign shall at large review
All that we speak and all we do,

The several Parts we act on this wide Stage of Clay:

These he approves, and those he blames,

And crowns perhaps a Porter, and a Prince he damns,

O if the Judge from his tremendous Seat blood should Shall not condemn what I have done,

I shall be happy the unknown, a case of

Nor need the gazing Rabble, nor the shouting Street.

Nor

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V.

I hate the Glory, Friend, that springs From vulgar Breath and empty Sound;

Fame mounts her upward with a flatt'ring Gale
Upon her airy Wings

Till Envy shoots, and Fame receives the Wound; Then her flagging Pinions fail,

Eown Glory falls and strikes the Ground

And breaks her batter'd Limbs.

Rather let me be quite conceal'd from Fame;

How happy I should lie In fweet Obscurity.

Nor the loud World pronounce my little Name!

Here I could live and die alone;

Or if Society be due

ay:

mns.

To keep our Taste of Pleasure new,

GUNSTON, I'd live and die with you,

For both our Souls are one.

dell thy IV

Here we could fit and pass the pleasing Hour.

And pity Kingdoms and their Kings, And smile at all their shining things,

Their Toys of State, and Images of Power;

Vertue should dwell within our Seat,

Vertue alone could make it fweer,

Nor is her felf secure but in a close Retreat.

While

260 LYRICK POEMS, Book II.

While she withdraws from public Praise

Envy perhaps would cease to rail,

Envy it self may innocently gaze

At Beauty in a Vail:

But if the once advance to Light, "Her Charms are loft in Envy's Sight,"
And Vertue stands the Mark of universal Spight.

And breaks her our de Limb d Rather in me be quit conceal dering rame :

JOHN HARTOPP, Esq;

one Voint of the Difdain. Want of the

O: Wandery be die.I

Here & could live and die alone

HARTOPP, I love the Soul that dares
Tread the Temptations of his Years

Beneath his youthful Feet:

FLEETWOOD and all thy Heavenly Line

Look thro' the Stars, and smile divine

Upon an Heir fo great box amobanial vila han

Young HARTOPP knows this noble Theme,

That the wild Scenes of bufy Life, 2 to avo T its T

The Noise, th' Amusements, and the Strife

Are but the Visions of the Night, poo enois sand

Gay Phantoms of delutive Light, sauss) its and air of

Or a vexatious Dream

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IT.

Flesh is the vilest and the least
Ingredient of our Frame:
We're born to live above the Beast,
Or quit the Manly Name.
Pleasures of Sense we leave for Boys;
Be shining Dust the Miser's Food;
Let Fancy seed on Fame and Noise,
Souls must pursue diviner Joys,
And seize th' Immortal Good.

II.

T.

Silvered be T.O. well and same rook

MITIO my Friend.

An Epistle.

Forgive me, Mitio, that there sould be any mortifying Lines in the following Poems inscribed to you, so soon after your Entrance into that State which was design'd for the compleatest Happiness on Earth: But you will quickly discover that the Muse in the sirst Poem only represents the Shades and dark Colours that Melancholy throws upon Love and the Social Life. In the Second perhaps she indulges her own bright Ideas a little. Yet if the Accounts are but well-ballanced at last, and things set in a due Light, I hope there is no Ground for Censure. Here you will find an Attempt made to talk of one of the most important Concerns of human Nature in Verse, and that with a Solemnity becoming the Argument. I have banished Grimace and Ridicule, that Persons of the most serious Character may read mithout Offence. What was written several lears ago to your self is now permitted to entertain the World; but you may assume it to your self as a private Entertainment still, while you lie concealed behind a feigned Name.

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The Mourning-Piece.

Life's a long Tragedy: This Globe the Stage,
Well-fix'd & well-adorn'd with firong Machines,
Gay Fields, and Skies, and Seas: The Actors many;
The Plot immense; A Flight of Dæmons sit
On every sailing Cloud with fatal Purpose;
And shoot across the Scanes ten thousand Arrows
Perpetual and unseen, headed with Pain,
With Sorrow, Infamy, Disease and Death.
The pointed Plagues sty silent thro' the Air,
Nor twangs the Bow, yet sure and deep the Wound.

Dianthe acts her little Part alone,
Nor wishes an Associate. Lo she glides
Single thro' all the Storm, and more secure;
Less are her Dangers, and her Breast receives
The sewest Darts. But, O my lov'd Marilla,

- " My Sifter, once my Friend, (Dianthe cries)
- "How much art thou exposed! Thy growing Soul
- " Doubled in Wedlock, multiply'd in Children,
- "Stands but the broader Mark for all the Mischiess
- "That rove promiscuous o'er the mortal Stage:
- " Children, those dear young Limbs, those tenderest (Pieces
- " Of our own Flesh, those little other Selves,

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Rook II

" How they dilate the Heart to wide Dimensions,

" And foften every Fibre to improve

" The Mother's fad Capacity of Pain

" I mourn Fidelio too; Tho Heaven has chose

" A Favourite Mate for him, of all her Sex

" The Pride and Flower: How bleft the lovely Pair

" Beyond Expression, if well-mingled Loves

" And Woes well-mingled could improve our Blifs!

" Amidst the rugged Cares of Life behold

" The Father and the Husband; flattering Names,

" That spread his Title, and enlarge his Share

" Of common Wretchedness. He fondly hopes

" To multiply his Joys, but every Hour

" Renews the Disappointment and the Smart.

"There's not a Wound afflicts the meanest Joint

" Of his fair Partner or her Infant-Train,

" (Sweet Babes) but pierces to his inmost Soul.

"Strange is thy Power, O Love! what numerous Veins,

" And Arteries, and Arms, and Hands, and Eyes

" Are link'd and fasten'd to a Lover's Heart

" By strong but secret Strings! with vain Attempt

"We put the Stoic on, in vain we try

" To break the Ties of Nature and of Blood;

"Those hidden Threads maintain the dear Communion

" Inviolably firm: their thrilling Motions

" Reciprocal give endless Sympathy

re In

264 LTRICK POEMS, Book II.

" In all the Bitters and the Sweets of Life.

"Thrice happy Man, if Pleasure only knew

"These Avenues of Love to reach our Souls,

" And Pain had never found 'em!

Thus fang the tuneful Maid, fearful to try The bold Experiment. Oft Daphnis came, And oft Narciffus, Rivals of her Heart, Luring her Eyes with Trifles dipt in Gold, And the gay filken Bondage. Firm the flood, And bold repuls'd the bright Temptation still, Nor put the Chains on: Dangerous to try, And hard to be diffolv'd. Yet rifing Tears Sate on her Eye-lids, while her Numbers flow'd Harmonious Sorrow; and the pitying Drops Stole down her Cheeks to mourn the hapless State Of mortal Love. Love, thou best Bleffing fent To foften Life, and make our Iron Cares Easy: But thy own Cares of softer kind Give fharper Wounds: They lodge too near the Heart, Beat like the Pulse perpetual, and create A strange uneasy Sense, a tempting Pain.

Say, my Companion MITIO, speak sincere, (For thou art learned now) what anxious Thoughts, What kind Perplexities tumultuous rise

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Book II If but the Absence of a Day divide Thee from thy fair Beloved! Vainly fmiles The chearful Sun, and Night with radiant Eves Twinkles in vain: The Region of thy Soul Is Darkness, till thy better Star appear. Tell me, what Toil, what Torment to fustain The rolling Burden of the tedious Hours? The tedious Hours are Ages. Fancy roves Restless in fond Enquiry, nor believes Chariffa safe: Chariffa, in whose Life Thy Life confifts, and in her Comfort thine. Fear and Surmife put on a thouland Forms Of dear Disquietude, and round thine Ears Whisper ten thousand Dangers, endless Woes, Till thy Frame fludders at her fancy'd Death : Then dies my MITTO, and his Blood creeps cold Thro' every Vein. Speak, does the Stranger-Muse Cast happy Guesses at the unknown Passion. Or has she fabled all? Inform me, Friend. Are half thy Joys fincere? Thy Hopes fulfill'd. Or frustrate? Here commit thy secret Griefs To faithful Ears, and be they bury'd here In Friendship and Oblivion; lest they spoil Thy new-born Pleasures with distasteful Gall. Nor let thine Eyes too greedily drink in

If

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eart,

266 LTRICK POEMS, Book II.

The frightful Prospect when untimely Death
Shall make wild Inroads on the Parents Heart,
And his dear Offspring to the cruel Grave
Are dragged in sad Succession, while his Soul
Is torn away Piece-Meal: Thus dies the Wretch
A various Death and frequent, e'er he quit
The Theatre, and make his final Essi.

But if his dearest Half, his faithful Mate Survive, and in the sweetest saddest Airs Of Love and Grief approach with trembling Hand To close his swimming Eyes, what double Pangs, What Racks, what Twinges rend his Heart-strings of From the fair Bosom of that Fellow-Dove He leaves behind to mourn? What jealous Cares Hang on his parting Soul, to think his Love Expos'd to wild Oppression, and the Herd Of favage Men? So parts the dying Turtle With fobbing Accents, with fuch fad Regret Leaves his kind feather'd Mate: The Widow-Bird Wanders in lonesome Shade, forgets her Food, Forgets her Life; or falls a speedier Prey To talon'd Faulcons, and the crooked Beak Of Hawks athirst for Blood.

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The Second PART; or,

The Bright Vision. A Date of a

THUS far the Muse in unaccustom'd Mood, And Strains unpleafing to a Lover's Ear Indulg'd a Gloom of Thought; and thus the fang Partial; for Melancholy's hateful Form Stood by in fable Robe. The pensive Muse Survey'd the darkfome Scenes of Life, and fought Some bright relieving Glimpse, some cordial Ray In the fair World of Love: But while she gaz'd Delightful on the State of Twin-born Souls United, blefs'd, the cruel Shade apply'd Adark long Tube and a falle tinetur'd Glass Deceitful; blending Love and Life at once In Darkness, Chaos, and the common Mass Of Misery: Now Urania feels the Cheat, And breaks the hated Optic in Disdain. Swift vanishes the fullen Form, and lo The Scene shines bright with Blis: Behold the Place Where Mischies never fly, Caresnever come With wrinkled Brow, nor Anguish, nor Disease, Nor Malice forky-tongu'd. On this dear Spot, MITIO, My Love would fix and plant thy Station To act thy Part of Life, ferene and bleft With the fair Confort fitted to thy Heart. Sure

Sure 'tis a Vision of that happy Grove Where the first Authors of our mournful Race Liv'd in fweet Partnership! one Hour they liv'd, But chang'd the tafted Bliss (Imprudent Pair) For Sin, and Shame, and this waste Wilderness Of Briars, and nine hundred Years of Pain. The wishing Muse new-dresses the fair Garden Amid this Defart-World, with budding Blifs, And Ever-greens, and Balms and flowry Beauties Without one dang'rous Tree: There heavenly Dews Nightly descending shall impearl the Grass And verdant Herbage; Drops of Fragrancy Sit trembling on the Spires: The spicy Vapours Rife with the Dawn, and thro' the Air diffus'd Salute your waking Senses with Perfume: While vital Fruits with their Ambrofial Juice Renew Life's purple Flood and Fountain, pure From vicious Taint: And with your Innocence Immortalize the Structure of your Clay. On this new Paradife the cloudless Skies Shall smile perpetual, while the Lamp of Day With Flames unfully'd (as the fabled Torch Of Hymen) measures out your Golden Hours Along his Azure Road. The Nuptial Moon In milder Rays serene, should nightly rise Fullen:3

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Full-orb'd (if Heaven and Nature will indulge So fair an Emblem) big with Silver Joys, And still forget her Wane. The feather'd Choir Warbling their Maker's Praise on early Wing, Or perch'd on Evening Bough shall joyn your Worship, Joyn your sweet Vespers, and the Morning-Song.

O facred Symphony! Hark, thro' the Grove
I hear the Sound Divine! I'm all Attention,
All Ear, all Excafy; unknown Delight!
And the fair Muse proclaims the Heav'n below.

Now the Day When appear, your deliver beauty

Not the Seraphic Minds of high Degree

Disdain Converse with Men: Again returning

Ifee th' Ethereal Host on downward Wing.

Lo, at the Eastern Gate young Cherubs stand

Guardians, commission'd to convey their Joys

To earthly Lovers. Go, ye happy Pair,

Go taste their Banquet, learn their nobler Pleasures

Supernal, and from Brutal Dregs resin'd.

Raphael shall teach thee, Friend, exalted Thoughts

And intellectual Bliss. 'Twas Raphael taught

The Patriarch of our Progeny th' Affairs Thoughts

Of Heaven: (So Milton sings, enlightned Bard,

Nor miss'd his Eyes, when in sublimest Strain

The Angels great Narration he repeats

LTRICK POEMS, Book IL 270

To Albian Sons high-favour'd) Thou shalt learn Celeftial Leffons from his awful Tongue; And with foft Grace and Interwoven Loves (Grateful Digression) all his Words relicarie To thy Floriffa's Ear, and charm her Souls Thus with Divine Discourse in shady Bowers Of Eden our first Father entertain'd Eve his fole Auditress; and deep Dispute ? With Conjugal Careffes on her Lip Solv'd eafy, and abstrufest Thoughts reveal'd.

wold from the Leaf the below.

Now the Day wears apace, now MITTO comes. From his bright Tutor, and finds out his Mate. Behold the dear Affociates feated low On humble Turf, with Role and Myrtle ftrow'd But high their Conference: How felf-fuffic'd Lives their Erernal Maker, girt around to the state of With Glories; arm'd with Thunders; and his Throne Mortal Accels forbids, projecting far and the first Splendors unfufferable and radiant Death. With Reverence and Abasement deep they fall Before his Sovereign Majesty, to pay Ing Sofferni Sal Due Worship: Then his Mercy on their Souls . Smiles with a gentler Ray, but Sovereign still a And leads their Meditation and Discourse de la land Long Ages backward, and acrofs the Seas

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To Betbleben of Jalab: There the Son,
The filial Godhead, Character express

Of Brightness inexpressible laid by
His beamy Robes, and made Descent to Earth.

Sprung from the Sons of Adam, he became
A second Father, studious to regain

Lost Paradise for Men, and purchase Heav'n.

The Lovers with Indearment mutual thus
Promissions talk'd; and Questions intricate
His manly Judgment still resolv'd, and still
Held her Attention fix'd: the musing sat
On the sweet Mention of Incarnate Love,
Till Rapture wak'd her Voice to softest Strains.
"She sang the Infant God; (mysterious Theme!)

" How vile his Birth-place, and his Cradle vile;

"The Ox and As his mean Companions; there

" In Habit vile the Shepherds flook ground, waba A

" Saluting the great Mother, and adore

" Ifrael's anointed King, th'appointed Heir

" Of the Creation. How debas'd he lies and mind T

" Beneath his Regal State; for thee, my MITIO,

" Debas'd in fervile Form; but Angels stood

" Ministring round their Charge with folded Wings

"Obsequious, the unseen; while lightsome Hours

"Fulfill'd the Day, and the grey Evening rofe. and T

272	LDRIGHT UEM 3, Book II.
er Then	the fair Guardians hov'ring o'er his Head
e Wakef	ut all Night, drive the foul Spirits far,
« And w	with their fanning Pinions purge the Air
" From	bufy Phantoms, from infectious Damps,
ec And in	mpure Taint; while their Ambrofial Plumes
ec A dew	y Slumber on his Senses shed and a broad a
" Alter	ate Hymns the heavinly Watchers fung
" Melod	ious, foothing the furrounding Shades,
" And ke	ept the Darkness chaft and holy. Then
" Midni	ght was charm'd, and all her gazing Eyes
" Wond	er'd to fee their mighty Maker fleep.
" Behold	the Glooms Disperse, the roly Morn is the
er Smiles	in the Baft with Eye-lids opening fair, and

" But not fo fair as Thine; O Icould fold thee, 91

" My young Almighty, my Creator-Babe,

" For ever in these Arms! For ever dwell in well

"Upon thy lovely Form with gazing Eyes, O and I

And every Pulle should bear Scraphic Love !

" Around my Sear should crouding Cherubs come

With swift Ambition, zealous to attend one almal

"Their Prince, and form a Heav'n below the Sky. Boneach his Regal State; for thee, my MITED,

Forbear, Chariffa, O forbear the Thought dell

" Of Female Fondness, and forgive the Man linil

" That interrupts thy melting Harmony & upold

Thus MITIO; and awakes her nobler Powers

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Hook H To pay just Worship to the facred King. Telus, the God; nor with Devotion pure Mix the Careffes of her fofter Sex; (Vain Blandishment.) " Come, turn thine Eyes aside " From Betble'em, and climb up the doleful Steep " Of bloody Calvary where naked Sculls "Pave the fad Road, and fright the Traveller, "Can my Beloved bear to trace the Feet " Of her Redeemer panting up the Hill to say " Hard-burden'd? Can thy Heart attend his Cross? "Nail'd to the cruel Wood he groans, he dies, "For thee he dies. Beneath thy Sins and mine " (Horrible Load) the finless Saviour groans, And in fierce Anguish of his Soul expires. "Adoring Angels pry with bending Head Searching the deep Contrivance, and admire This Infinite Defign. Here Peace is made "'Twixt God the Sovereign and the Rebel Man; Here Satan overthrown with all his Hofts In feeond Ruin rages and despairs; Malice it felf despairs. The Captive Prey "Long held in Slavery hopes a sweet Release, And Adam's ruin'd Offspring shall revive Thus ranfom'd from the greedy Jaws of Death, The fair Disciple heard; Her Passions move Harmonious to the Great Discourse, and breathe Re-

LYRICK FOEMS, Book II. 274

Refin'd Devotion: while new Smiles of Love Repay her Teacher. Both with bended Knees Read o'er the Covenant of eternal Life Brought down to Men; feal'd by the facred Three In Heav'n, and feal'd on Earth with God's own Blood Here they unite their Names again, and fign Those peaceful Articles. (Hail bleft Co-hoirs Cœlestial! Ye shall grow to manly Age And Spite of Earth and Hell in Seafon due Possess the fair Inheritance above.) With joyous Admiration they furvey The Gospel-Treasures infinite, unseen By mortal Eve. by mortal Ear unheard. And unconceived by Thought: Riches Divine. And Honours which th' Almighty Father-God Pour'd with immense Profusion on his Son High-Treasurer of Heaven. The Son bestows The Life, the Love, the Bleffing, and the lov On Bankrupt Mortals who believe and love His Name. " Then, my Chariffe, all is thine;

te And thine, my MITIO, the fair Saint replies.

" Life, Death, the World below, and Worlds on high,

" And Place and Time are ours; and things to come,

without the Studies Elikarity and breakly

" And past and present; for our Interest stands

" Firm in our Myftick Head, the Title fure.

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"Tis for our Health and fweet Refreshment (while

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"We fojourn Strangers here) the fruitful Earth Rears plenteous: and revolving Seafons still Dress her vast Globe in various Ornament. For us this chearful Sun and chearful Light Diurnal shine. This blue Expanse of Sky Hangs a rich Canopy above our Heads Covering our Slumbers, all with Starry Gold Inwrought, when Night alternates her Return. For us Time wears his Wings out: Nature keeps Her Wheels in Motion, and her Fabric stands. Glories beyond our Ken of mortal Sight Are now preparing, and and a Mansion fair Awaits us, where the Saints unbody'd live, Spirits releas'd from Clay, and purg'd from Sin. Thither our Hearts with most incessant Wish Panting aspire; when shall that dearest Hour Shine and release us hence, and bear us high, Bear us at once unsever'd to our better Home?

O bleft Connubial State! O happy Pair any'd by yet unfociated Souls
The feek their faithful Twins! Your Pleasures rise
weet as the Morn, advancing as the Day,
ervent as glorious Noon, serenely calm
s Summer-Evenings. The vile Sons of Earth
T 2 Grove.

276 LYRICK POEMS, Book II

Groveling in Dust with all their noisy Jars Restless, shall interrupt your Joys no more Than barking Animals affright the Moon Sublime, and riding in her Midnight way. Friendship and Love shall undistinguish'd reign O'er all your Passions with unrival'd Sway Mutual and everlafting: Friendship knows No Property in Good, but all things common That each possesses, as the Light or Air In which we breathe and live: There's not one Though Can lurk in close Reserve, no Barriers fix'd, But every Paffage open as the Day To one another's Breaft, and inmost Mind. Thus by Communion your Delight shall grow, Thus Streams of mingled Blifs fwell higher as they Thus Angels mix their Flames, & more divinely glow.

The Third PART; Or,

The Accounts ballanced.

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SHOULD Sovereign Love before me stand With all his Train of Pomp and State, And bid the daring Muse relate His Comforts and his Cares;

MITIO

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Say

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Or fpe

MITTO, I would not ask the Sand Mahari vol T For Metaphors t'express their Weight, and Control Nor borrow Numbers from the Stars. Thy Cares and Comforts, Sovereign Love, Vaftly out-weigh the Sand below, And to a larger Audit grow. Than all the Stars above. Was a self-most sweet Thy mighty Losses and thy Gains Are their own mutual Measures;

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TIO

Only the Man that knows thy Pains Can reckon up thy Pleasures.

uro every. Vela the thrilling

Say, Damon, say, how bright the Scene, Damon is half-divinely bleft, was the rest of the leaning his Head on his Florella's Breaft Without a jealous Thought, or busy Care between: Then the fweet Paffions mix and share; Florella tells thee all her Heart, Nor can thy Souls remotest Part Conceal a Thought or Wish from the beloved Fair. Say, what a Pitch thy Pleasures fly

When Friendship all sincere grows up to Exstafy, Nor Self contracts the Blifs, nor Vice pollutes the Joy. While thy dear Offspring round thee fit,

Or sporting innocently at thy Feet

to Total be wallow

Thy

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Thy kindest Thoughts engage:

Those little Images of Thee,

What pretty Toys of Youth they be

And growing Props of Age!

word III.

But short is earthly Bliss! The changing Wind Blows from the fickly South, and brings Malignant Fevers on its fultry Wings, Relentless Death fits close behind so we have Now gasping Infants and a Wife in Tears With piercing Groans falutes his Ears. Thro' every Vein the thrilling Torments roll: While Sweet and Bitter are at Strife In those dear Miseries of Life, Those tenderest Pieces of his bleeding Soul The pleasing Sense of Love awhile Mixt with the Heart-ake may the Pain beguile. And make a feeble Fight: Till Sorrows like a gloomy Deluge rife. Then every fmiling Passion dies. And Hope alone with wakeful Eyes Darkling and folicary waits the flow-returning Light.

to Very live will uses the h

Here then let my Ambition rest, May I be moderately blest When I the Laws of Love obey;

Let

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Let but my Pleasure and my Pain
In equal Balkance ever reign,
Or mount by Turns and sink again,
And share just Measures of alternate Sway.
So Damon lives, and ne'er complains;
Searce can we hope diviner Scenes
On this dull Stage of Clay:
The Tribes beneath the Northern Bear
Submit to Darkness half the Year,
Since half the Year is Day.

On the Death of the Duke of Gloucester, just after Mr. Dryden. 1700.

source beneather thousand

An EPIGRAM.

DRYDEN is dead, DRYDEN alone could fing
The full-grown Glories of a future King.
Now GLOSTER dies: Thus leffer Heroes live
By that Immortal Breath that Poets give;
And scarce survive the Muse: But WILLIAM stands,
Nor asks his Honours from the Poets Hands.
WILLIAM shall shine without a DRYDEN's Praise,
His Laurels are not grafted on the Bays.

T 4

An Epigram of Martial to Cirinus.

Let but my Pleatest and my Pain.

Sic tua, Cirini, promas Epigrammata vulgo Ut mecum possis, &c.

Inscrib'd to Mr. JOSIAH HORT. 1694.

CO smooth your Numbers, Friend, your Verse so (fweet, So sharp the Jest, and yet the Turn so neat, That with her Martial Rome would place Cirine. Rome would prefer your Sense and Thought to mine. Yet modest you decline the public Stage, To fix your Friend alone amidft th' applauding Age. So Mare did; the mighty Mare fings In vast Heroic Notes of vast Heroic things, And leaves the Ode to dance upon his Flaceus Strings He fcorn'd to daunt the dear Horatian Lyre, Tho his brave Genius flash'd Pindaric Fire, And at his Will could filence all the Lyric Quire. So to his Varius he refign'd the Praise Of the proud Buskin and the Tragic Bays, When he could thunder with a loftier Vein, And fing of Gods and Heroes in a bolder Strain.

A handsome Treat, a Piece of Gold or so, And Complements will every Friend bestow;

Legal Caroli Sil octobrati (see the Freit 1941

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Rarely a Virgil, a Cirine we meet,

That lays his Laurels at inferior Feet,

And yields the tenderest Point of Honour, Wit.

EPISTOLA. O Director

d mubashod A. hivit

Fratri suo dilecto R. W. J. W. S. P. D.

Numero, Amande Frater, Accepi Literas, eodem fortasse momento, quo mea ad te pervenerunt; idema; qui te scribentem vidit Dies, meum ad Epistolare munus excitavit Calamum; non Inane est inter nos Fraternum nomen, unicus enim Spiritus nos intui animat, agita; & Concordes in ambobus essicit motus: O utinam cuscat indies, & vigescat mutua Charitas; faxit Deus, ut Amor sui nostra incendat & desacet pestora, tunc etenim & alternis pura Amichtia stammus erga nos invicem Divinum in modum ardebimus; Contemplemur Jesum nostrum, Caleste illud & adorandum Exemplar Charitatic. Ille est

QUI quondam æterno delapsus ab Æthere Vultus Induit Humanos, ut posset Corpore nostras (Heu miseras) sufferre vices; sponsoris obivit Munia, & in sese Tabulæ malediæ Minacis Transtulit, & sceleris pænas hominiss; reatum.

Ecce jacet desertus humi, diffusus in herbam Integer, innocuas versus sua sidera Palmas Et placidum attollens vultum, nec ad oscula Patris Amplexus solitosve; Artus nudatus amicu Sidereos, & sponte sinum patesactus ad Iras

Nu-

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Numinis armati. Pater, his infige * fagitas,

Hæc, ait, iratum forbebunt Pettora fertum.

Ablust Ethereus mertalia Crimina Sangais.

Dixit, & horrendum fremuêre tonitrua Cœli Infenfulq; Deus; (quen am pofuiste paternum Musa queri vellet nomen, sed & ipsa fragores Ad tantos pavefacta filet,) Jam diffilit Æther, Pandunturq; fores, ubi duro Carcere regnat IRA, & Panarum Thefauros mille coercet. Inde ruent gravidi vefano Sulphure Nimbi, Centuplicifa; volant contorta volumina Flamma In Caput immeritum; diro hic lub Pondere preffus Reffat, compressos dumq; ardens explicat artus † Purpureo vestes tinda sudore madescunt. Nec tamen infando Vindex Regina labori Segnius incumbit, led laffos increpar Ignes Acriter, & fomno languentem fufcitat | Enfem: " Surge, age, Divinum pete Pectus, & imbue lacro "Flumine mucronem; Vos hinc, mea spicula, late

" Ferrea per totum dispergite tormina Christum,

"Immensum tolerare valet; ad pondera Pænæ

"Suftentanda hominem fuffulciet Incola NUMEN.

" Et tu sacra Decas Legum, Violata Tabella,

"

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^{*} Job 4. 6. † Luke 22. 44. | Zec. 13. 7.

" Ebibe vindictam; vasta satiabere cæde;

II.

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bibe

- " Mortalis Culpæ pensabit dedecus ingens
- " Permiftus Deitate Cruor.

Sic fata, immiti contorquet Vulnera dextra Dilaniatque sinus; sancti penetralia Cordis Panduntur, savis avidus Dolor involat alis, Atque audax Mentem scrutatur, & Ilia mordet: Intereà Servator * Ovat, Victorque Doloris Eminet, Illustri † persusus Membra Cruore, Exultatque miser sori; mam sortius illum Urget Patris honos, & non vincenda Voluptas Servandi miseros Sontes; O nobilis Ardor Pænarum! O quid non Mortalia Pectora cogis Durus Amor? Quid non Celestia?

At subsidat Phantasie, vanescant Imagines, nescio quo me proripuit amens Musa; Volui quatuor lineas pedibus astringere, & ecce! numeri crescunt in immensum; dumque concitato Genio laxavi frana, vereor ne juvenilis impetus Theologiam laserit, & audax nimis Imaginatio. Heri allata est ad me Episcola inditans Matrem meliuscule se, babere, licet ignis sebrilis non prorsus deseruit mortale ejus Domicilium. Plura volui, sed turgidi & crescentes versus nolnère plura, & coaravunt scriptionis Limites. Vale, amice frater, & in stadio Pietatis & Artis medica strenius decurre. Datum à Musao meo Londini xvto Kalend. Febr. Anno Salutis Clo LOCXCIII.

Fratri

^{*} Col. 2. 15. † Luc. 22. 44-

LYRICK POEMS Book IL

a Followind famous and finiabers cade.

Fratri olim navigaturo.

Sept. 20, 1691.

Felix, pede prospero I Frater, Trabe pinea Sulces Æquora carula, Pandas Carbafa flatibus Quæ tutò reditura fint. Non te monstra Natantia Ponti Carnivoræ Incolæ Prædentur Rate Naufraga. Navis, Tu tibi creditum Fratrem Dimidium mei Salvum fer per Inhospita

Ponti Regna, per Avios Tractus, & liquidum Chaos. Nec te sorbeat horrida Syrtis, nec Scopulus minax Rumpat Roboreum latus. Captent Mitia flamina CONTRACTOR ASSESSED. Antennæ; & Zephyri leves Dent Portum placidum tibi.

· Dar Thank

Anuti Cas

-13/46/14

S. Amster

-Parad cast

Tu, qui flumina, qui vagos Fluctus Oceani regis, Et fævum Boream domas, Da fratri faciles vias, Et fratrem reducem suis.

Ad

MARINE IN A MERCHANICA

tour trail present

123

MARCHARITA

white that their 1 1 h .. th

Ad Reverendum Virum

Quam onthi cang; levem concess Dm. JOHANNEM PINHORNE,

Fidum Adolescentiz mez Przceptorem.

Pindarici Carminis Specimen. 1694. 1000

Te to collenden, fina forder de

TT te, PINORNI, Musa Trisantica Salutat, ardens discipulam tuam

Grate fateri: nunc Athenas.

Nunc Latias per amænitates

Tutò pererrans te recolit Ducem.

Te quondam teneros & Ebraia per aspera gressus

Non dura duxisse manu.

II.

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Tuo patescunt lumine Thespii

Campi atque ad arcem Pieriden iter.

En altus affurgens Homerus.

Arma Deofq; Virofq; miscens

Occupat Æthereum Parnaffi culmen: Homeri

Immensos stupeo manes-

Te, Maro, dulce canens sylvas, te bella sonantem

Ardua, da veniam tenui venerare Camana:

Tuzq; accipias, Thebane Vates,

Debita Thura Lyræ.

Aufoge,

flowst, Lib. s. S. I

Ferlier, obscuries

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Vobis, magna Trias! clariffima Nomina, semper Scrinia nostra patent, & Pedera nostra patebunt, Quum mihi cunq; levem concesserit otia & horam Divina Moss pagina.

II.

Flaccus ad hanc Triadem ponatur, at ipse pudendas Deponat Veneres: venius, sed * purus & insons Ut te collaudem, dum sordes & mala lustra
Ablutus, Venusine, canis ridesve, Recisæ Hâc lege accedant Satyræ Juvenalis, amari Terrores vitiorum. At longe cæcus abesset Persius, obscurus Vates, nisi lumina circum-fusa forent, Sphingisq; ænigmata, Bonde, scidisses. Grande sonans Senecæ sulmen, grandisq; cothurni Pompa Sophoclei celso ponantur eodem
Ordine, & ambabus simul hos amplecar in ulnis.

Tutò, Poetæ, turò habitabitis Pictos abacos: improba Tinea Obiit, nec audet sæva castas

At tu renidens fæda Epigrammatum

Farrago inertium, stercoris impii

In Barathrum relegandus imum

RICO Y

Arma Deofus

No

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^{*} Horat. Lib. 1. Sat. 6.

e,

H Mooff

Infulfe mollem, naribus, auribus Ingrata castis carmina, & improbi v mol us us Spurcos Nafonis Amores. ConoulT . Morengo Villams confunction ovada, III

Nobilis extrema gradiens Caledoni ab ord and muliv En Buchananus adest. Divini Pfaltis Imago Jessiada salveto; potens seu Numinis Iras Fulminibus miscere, sacro vel lumine Mentis Fugare noctes, vel Citharz fono Mufa, final tosesfore. Sedare fluctus Pectoris.

Tu mihi hærebis comes ambulanti, Tu Domi aftabis focius Perennis, Seu levi Mensæ simul affidere Elaco inter filora v Dignabere, seu Lectica.

Mox recumbentis vigilans ad aurem Outen juvairalii (S Aureos fuadebis inire fomnos Sacra sopitis superinferens oblivia curis.

Stet juxta * Cafimiras, huic nec parciùs Ignem an 200 Natura indulfit, nec Mufa armavit Alumnum

Et mileras negas Dia Gry Paroibur muioridias *

Quanta Polonum levat aura Cygnum !: slorne V † Humana linguens (en fibi devii

^{*} M. Casimirus, Sarbiewski Poeta insignis Polonis.

⁺ Ode 5. Lib. 2.

LTRICK POEMS, Book II. 288

Montes recedunt) luxuriantibus on opin 38 (smitu A Spatiatur in aere pennis. Ninen amoliom aligini Seu tu forte virum tollis ad æthera, iliso sassant Cognatofve Thronos & patrium Polum Vifurus confurgis ovans, Visum farigas, aciemq; fallis, there improve alfide! Dum tuum a longe stupeo volatum O non Imitabilis Ales. Limithtis miles of Acre vei it in the Med it

Sarbivii ad nomen gelida incalet Musa, fimul totus fervescere Sed me fluctual Pro-Sentio, stellatas levis induor Alas & tollor in altum. To Don't albisiocius -Jam juga Zionie radens pede Elato inter fidera vertice in a land and maid! Longè despecto mortalia. Mox resumbencia

Quam juvat altisonis volitare per æthera pennis, Et ridere procul fallacia Gaudia fecli

Terrellæ Grandia inania. Quæ mortale genus (heu male) deperit. O Curas hominum miferas! Cano, a manhai anute/ Et mileras nugas Diademata, office wateriera? Ventole fortis Ludibrium. " 18vel manala anticuo

En mihi subsidunt Terrenz a pectore faces, Geftit & effrænis divinum effundere Carmen

Admires

Cobenna, Sintement focus infigur Popula .

Mens Mens

Me

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Sed A

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Tens

Te, Deus Omnipotens! te nostra sonabit Iest

Musa, nec affuero cælestes Barbiton austi Tentabit numeros. Vasti sine limite Numen & mensum sine lege Deum numeri sine lege sonabunt.

sed Musam magna pollicentem destituit vigor; Divino jubare peringitur oculorum acies. En labascit pennis, tremit artubus, ruit usum per inane Ætheris, jacet victa, obstupescit, silet. Ignoscas, Reverende Vir, vano conamini; fragmen hoc rude lices impolitum aqui honi Consulas, & gratitudinis jam diu debita in uten reponas.

H

Votum

Votum, sen Vita in terris beata.

1702

Ad Virum dignissimum

JOHANNEM HARTOPPIUM, Baronettum.

I.

HARTOPPI eximio stemmate nobilis

Venâq; Ingenii divite, si roges

Quem mea Musa beat,

Ille mihi selix ter & amplius,

Et similes superis annos agit

Qui sibi sufficiens semper adest sibi.

Hunc longè a curis mortalibus

Inter agros, sylvasq; silentes

Se Musisq; suis tranquillà in pace fruentem

Sol oriens videt & recumbens.

11.

Non suæ Vulgi savor insolentis
(Plausus insani tumidus popelli)
Mentis ad sacram penetrabit arcem,
Fetiat licèt Æthera clamor.
Nec Gaza slammans divitis Indiæ,
Nec, Tage vestræ sulgor Arenulæ
Ducent ab obscurâ quiete
Ad laquear radiantis Aulæ.

No

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Pi Ci D

Di Tu

De

Litigi

Ad fy Emin

11

Plandinicara girls final sequil och

O si daretur stamina proprii and A tovi) sale V Tractare fusi pollice proprio, salo Michael victory

021

um.

Atq; meum mihi fingere fatum ; A nomovi

Candidus vitæ color innocentis

Fila nativo decoraret Albomini crifton sup apa T

Non Tyria vitiata concha.

Intertexta forent invidiofa mea. I am in mill is

Longè remotos transigerem dies:

Abstate fasces, (splendida Vanitas)

Et vos abstate, Corona. O fo ses Viller angel

IV. Min south will a snowing I

Pro meo tecto Casa sit, salubres

Captet Auroras, procul Urbis atro

Difter a fumo, fugiarq; longe and the land and

Dura Pthisis mala, dura Tussis.

Displicet Byrsa & fremitu molesto

Turba Mercantûm; gratius alvear

Demulcet aures murmure, gratius

Fons falientis aque. onny . Anna turad onu A

V. Lady when onlike the

Litigiosa fori me terrent jurgia, lenes
Ad sylvas properans rixosas exector artes
Eminus in tuto a Linguis —————

U 2

Blan

293 LYRICK POEMS, Book II.

Blandimenta artis simul æquus odi,
Valete, Cives, & amæna fraudis
Verba; proh Mores! & inane sacri
Nomen Amici!

VI gapani to as wait add no

Tug; quæ nostris inimica Musis

Felle sacratum vitias amorem,

Absis aternum, Diva libidinis,

Hinc, hinc, Cupido, longius avola;
Nil mihi cum fœdis, Puer, ignibus;
Æthered fervent face pectora,

Sacra mihi Venus est Urania,
Er juvenis Jessaus Amor mihi.

ties to Roy College Williams

Cœleste carmen (nec taceat lyra

Jessea) lætis auribus insonet,

Nec-Watsianis è medullis a la maria de la constitución de la constituc

Ulla dies rapiet vel hora.

Sacri Libelli deliciæ meæ,

Et vos, Sodales, semper amabiles,

Nunc simul adsitis, nunc vicissim,

the following the net and soll fields:

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Two is m Harp for Ove Times

Mrs. SINGER.

On the Sight of some of her Divine Poems Never Printed.

word die 7uly 19th, 1706.

teaul and propagate the N the fair Banks of gentle Thames tun'd my Harp; nor did celestial Themes Refuse to dance upon my Strings:

There beneath the Evening Sky lfung my Cares afleep, and rais'd my Wishes high To everlafting Things.

Sudden from Albion's Western Coast Harmonious Notes come gliding by, The neighbouring Shepherds knew the Silver Sound; 'Tis PHILOMELA's Voice, the neighb'ring Shep-(herds cry; At once my Strings all filent lie, At once my fainting Muse was lost In the superiour Sweetness drown'd. avain I bid my tuneful Powers unite; My Soul retir'd, and left my Tongue,

was all Ear, and PHILOMELA's Song

Was all divine Delight.

П

Now be my Harp for ever dumb,
My Muse attempt no more. 'Twas long ago
I bid adieu to mortal Things,

To Grecian Tales, and Wars of Rome,
'Twas long ago I broke all but th' immortal Strings;

Now those immortal Strings have no Employ

Since a fair Angel dwells below

To tune the Notes of Heav'n, and propagate the Joy.

Let all my Powers with Awe profound

While PHILOMELA fings

Attend the Rapture of the Sound, on show

And my Devotion rife on her Seraphic Wings

ting my Carca afleep), and masslamy Waltes face of

To everlaiting Things and the start of the s

Harmonious Notes come gliding by the Silver Sound; he has ghbouring Shepherds knew the Silver Sound;

The End of the Second Book

At once my hunting Muse wasted to the fiperiour Sweemels drown it is

evaluated my numbed Powers united

My Soul retir'd, and left my Tongnel

AROHU, and Printed Miles As Song

tan't my Harp; no

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EXALIGIT FOR MS. o thy cold Arms the BETTIES Ille

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK WILL askle AND

Sacred to the MEMORY of the Round him his raidh DA A D O Rand I to his bright ENSIGNS on his Bed

EPITAPH on

to Sider Arm of PAINT and Y WILLIAM the Third

Of Glorious Memory:

Who dy'd March 8th, 1701.

High o'er the Gravd'RELLGRON fee

REneath these Honours of a Tomb GREATNESS in humble Ruin lies: (How Earth confines in narrow Room What Heroes leave below the Skies!)

Fair I IBERTY in Sabler on

Preserve, oh venerable PILE, Inviolate thy facred Truft; To Aure of Princer y Wood

296 LYRICK POEMS, Book III.

To thy cold Arms the BRITISH Isle Weeping commits her richest Dust.

III.

Ye gentlest Ministers of FATE
Attend the Monarch as he lies,
And bid the softest SLUMBERS wait
With silken Cords to bind his Eyes.

IV.

Rest his dear SWORD beneath his Head; Round him his faithful ARMS shall stand; Fix his bright ENSIGNS on his Bed, The Guards and Honours of our Land.

V

Ye Sister Arts of PAINT and VERSE, Place ALBION sainting by his Side, Her Groans arising o'er the Herse, And BELGIA sinking when he dy'd,

The shill March the

High o'er the Grave RELIGION set In solemn Gold; pronounce the Ground Sacred, to bar unhallow'd Feet, And plant her Guardian VERTUES round, VII.

Fair LIBERTY in Sables drest,
Write his lov'd Name upon his Urn,
WILLIAM, the Scourge of Tyrants past,
And Awe of Princes yet unborn.

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AND DISCHOOL SOME

There Priced his finites in ev

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VIII.

Sweet PEACE his facred Relicks keep With Olives blooming round her Head, And ftretch her Wings across the Deep To bless the Nations with the Shade.

TX.

Stand on the Pile, Immortal FAME, Broad Stars adorn thy brightest Robe, Thy thousand Voices found his Name In Silver Accents round the Globe.

Some A wall calls befor W. sener

FLATTERY shall faint beneath the Sound, 29vd 1900 While hoary TRUTH infpires the Song; ENVY grow pale and bite the Ground, And SLANDER gnaw her forky Tongue.

Till we fash meet again above IX

NIGHT and the GRAVE remove your Gloom; Darkness becomes the vulgar dead; and to about book But GLORY bids the Royal Tomb Disdain the Horrors of a Shade no sit viole storic

GLORY with all her Lamps shall burn, as Hade small? And watch the Warriors fleeping Clay, Till the last Trumpet rouze his Urn To aid the Triumphs of the Day.

11.

On the fudden Death of All in the

Mrs. MARY PEACOCK.

An Elegiac Song sent in a Letter of Condolence to Mr. N. P. Merchant at Amsterdam.

The foodand Voices found ht Name?

HArk! She bids all her Friends adieu;
Some Angel calls her to the Spheres;

Our Eyes the radiant Saint pursue Hart YAHT TAIL Thro' liquid Telescopes of Tears. UST VISOR SHAPE

ENVY grow gale and bite it Ground,

Farewell, bright Soul, a short Farewell QVI A.I. baA

Till we shall meet again above

In the fweet Groves where Pleafures dwell,

And Trees of Life bear Fruits of Love : and manhad

Bot GLORY bids the Ront Tomb

There Glory fits on every Face, o mornoff and missible

There Friendship smiles in every Eye,

There shall our Tongues relate the Grace

That led us homeward to the Sky, was one done but

All the laft Trumper rouze vi Urn

O'er all the Names of Christ our King of Shall our harmonious Voices rove,

Our

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III To the Memory of the Dead.

299

Our Harps shall found from every String
The Wonders of his bleeding Love. 9 A 1 19

I.

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Enque

Come Sovereign Lord, Dear Saviour come,
Remove these separating Days.
Send thy bright Wheels to serch us home;

That Golden Hour, how long it stays!

Reverendi adıqvanın Viri

How long must we lye lingring here.

While Saints around us take their Flight?

Smiling they quit this dusky Sphere,

And mount the Hills of Heavenly Light.

Sweet Soul, we leave thee to thy Rest,
Enjoy thy Jesus and thy God, may remain admired a spring out and claims the shining Road.

While the Dean Duft she leaves behind a supoup and I Sleeps in thy Bosom, sacred Tomb; sold Soft be her Bed, her Slumbers kind, and II And all her Dreams of Joy to come, and I

Corpore fuit process, Forms placide verends;
At supra Corpus & Forman subline emigaers in

-iq Indoles, Ingenium," eq; Erudicies

Supra hate Pfeme, & (if fig dicere)

Our Harps shall sound from every String

That Golden Hour.

Et ma

Quan

Conc

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Reru

EPITAPHIUM Viri Venerabilis Dom. N. MATHER,

Carmine Lapidario conscriptum.

Sendicity (right Wheels or lead to

Reverendi admodum Viri

NATHANAELIS MATHERI

sweet Scal, wo leave thee to thy Rest

QUOD mori potuit hic subtus depositum est. Si quæris, Hospes, Quantus & Qualis fuit Fidus enarrabit Lapis.

Nomen à Familia duxit, bas whit ver voied

Sanctioribus studiis & Evangelio devota a most ow INT

Et per utrama; Angliam celebri, a mo paira? Americanam Sc. atq; Europæam.

Et hic quoque in sancti Ministerii Spem eductus

Non-fallacem harold - molod with at squall

Et hunc utraque novit Anglia bad and ad flos Doctum & Docentem agraes Chart He back

Corpore fuit procero, Forma placide verenda:

At fupra Corpus & Formam fublime eminuerunt

Indoles, Ingenium, atq; Eruditio: Supra hac Pietas, & (si fas dicere)

Supra

Supra Pietatem Modestia,
Cateras enim Dotes obumbravit.
Quoties in rebus Divinis peragendis
Divinitus afflata mentis Specimina
Prastantiora edidit,

Toties Hominem fedulus occuluit
Ut folus conspiceretur Deus:
Voluit totus latere, nec potuit;
Heu quantum tamen sui nos latet!

Et majorem Laudis Partem sepulchrale Marmor Invito obruit silentio.

Gratiam Jeju Christi salutiseram
Quam abunde hausit ipse, aliis propinavit,
Puram ab humana sæce.

Veritatis Evangelicæ decus ingens,

Et ingens Propugnaculum.

Concionator gravis Aspectu, Gestu, Voce; Cui nec aderat Pompa Oratoria,

Nec deerat;

Flosculos Rhetorices supervacaneos fecit

Rerum dicendarum Majestas, & Deus præsens.

Hinc Arma Militiæ suæ non-infelicia,

Hinc toties sugatus Satanas,

Et hinc Victoriæ

Ab Inferorum Portis toties reportatz.
Solers ille ferreis Impiorum Animis infigere

Altum & Salutare Vulnus : mail angue

Vulneratas idem tractare leniter folers

Et Medelam adhibere magis falutarem.

Ex defæçato Cordis Fonte.

Divinis Eloquiis affatim scatchant Labia,

Etiam in familiari Contubernio

Spirabat ipse undique Cælestes suavirates,

Quasi Oleo Lætitiæ semper recens delibutus,

Et semper supra Socios ; met muzatette us H

Gratumq; Dilectiffimi fui Jest Orlorem

Quaquaversus & late diffudit:

Doloris tolerans supra fidem,

Ærumnæg; heu quam affiduæ lund shedde mand

Invicto Animo, Victrice Patientia

Varias Curarum Moles pertulit

Et in Stadio & in Meta Vitæ:

Quam ubi propinguam vidit,

Plerophoria fidei quasi Curra alato vectus

Properè & exultim attigit,

Natus est in Agro Lancastriensi 20° Martii, 1630.

Inter Nov-Augles Theologia Tyrocinia fecit.

Pastorali Munere din Dublinii in Hibernia functus.

Tandem (ut semper) Providentiam securus Ducem

Cætui fidelium apud Londinenses præpositus est,

Quos Doctrina, Precibus, & Vita beavit:

Ah brevi! imma to appigmt sign a still

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Corpore folutus 26° Julis, 1697. Ætat. 67.

Ecclesiis Mærorem, Theologis Exemplar reliquit,

Probis Prifq; omnibus

III.

Infandum fui Desiderium:

Dum pulvis Christo charus hic dulcè dormit

Expectans Stellam matutinam.

To the Reverend

Mr. JOHN SHOWER,

On the Death of his Daughter

Mrs. ANNE WARNER.

Reverend and Dear Sir;

My felf fit to offer any Lines of Comfort: Your own Meditations can furnish you with many a delightful Truth in the midst of so heavy a Sorrow; for the Covenant of Grace has Brightness enough in it to gild the most gloomy Pravidence, and to that sweet Covenant your Soul is no Stranger. My own Thoughts were much impress with the Tydings of your Daughter's Death; and the I made many a Restedion on the Vanity of Mankind in its hest Estate, yet I must acknowledge that my Temper leads me most to the pleasant Scenes of Heaven, and that suture World of Blessedness. When I recollect the Memory of my Friends that are dead, I frequently rove into the World of Spirits, and search them out there: Thus I endeavour'd to trace Mrs. Warner; and these Thoughts crouding fast upon me, I set them down for my own Entertainment. The Verse breaks off abruptly, because I had no dessign to write a sinish'd Elegy, having taken my leave of those Studies; and besides when I was sallen upon the dark side of Death, I had no mind to tarry there. If the Lines I have written be so happy as to entertain you a little, and divert your Grief, the Time spent in composing them shall not be reckoned among my lost Hours, and the Review will be more pleasing to.

Decem. 22, 1707. Sir, Your Affectionate Humble Servant, I. W.

An Elegiac Thought on Mrs. Anne Warner, who dy'd of the Small-Pox, December 18, 1707. at one a Clock in the Morning; a few Days after the Birth and Death of her first Child.

A Wake my Muse, range the wide World of Souls, And seek VERNERA sled; With upward Aim Direct thy Wing; for she was born from Heaven, Fulfill'd her Visit and return'd on high.

The Midnight Watch of Angels that patrole
The Brittish Sky, have notic'd her Ascent
Near the Meridian Star; pursue the Track
To the bright Confines of immortal Day
And Paradise, her Home. Say, my Urania,
(For nothing scapes thy Search, nor can'st thou miss
So fair a Spirit) say, beneath what Shade
Of Amaran, or chearful Ever-green
She sits recounting to her Kindred-Minds
Angelic or Humane, her mortal Toyl
And Travels thro' this howling Wilderness:
By what divine Protections she escap'd
Those deadly Snares when Youth and Satan leagu'd

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In Combination to affail her Virtue: (Snares fet to murder Souls) But Heav'n fecur'd The Favourite Nymph, and taught her Victory.

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Or does the feek or has the found her Babe Amongst the Infant-Nation of the Bleft, And clasp'd it to her Soul, to fatiate there The young Maternal Passion, and absolve Th'unfulfill'd Embrace? Thrice happy Child, That faw the Light, and turn'd its Eyes afide From our dim Regions to th' Eternal Sun, And led the Parent's Way to Glory! There Thou art for ever hers, with Powers enlarg'd For Love reciprocal and fweet Converse.

Behold her Ancestors (a pious Race) Rang'd in fair Order, at her Sight rejoice And fing her welcome. She along their Seats Gliding falutes them all with Honours due Such as are paid in Heaven: At last she finds A Mansion fashion'd of distinguish'd Light, But vacant: This, with fure Presage she cries; Awaits my Father; when will be arrive? How long, alas, bow long! Then calls her Mate; Die, thou dear Partner of my mortal Cares, Die and partake my Bliss; We are for ever One;

Ay me! Where roves my Fancy! What kind Dreams Croud with fweet Violence on my waking Mind! Perhaps Illusions all! Inform me, Muse, Chuses she rather to retire apart To recollect her diffipated Powers, And call her Thoughts her own. So lately freed From Earths vain Scenes, gay Visits, Gratulations, From Hymen's hurrying and tumultuous Joys, And Fears and Pangs, fierce Pangs that wrought her Tell me on what fublimer Thames the dwells In Contemplation, with unerring Clue Infinite Truth pursuing. (When, my Soul, O when shall thy Release from cumbrous Flesh Pass the Great Seal of Heaven? What happy Hour Shall give thy Thoughts a Loofe to foar and trace The Intellectual World? Divine Delight! VERNERA's lov'd Employ!) Perhaps the fings To fome new golden Harp th' Almighty Deeds, The Names, the Honours of her Saviour-God, His Crofs, his Grave, his Victory, and his Crown: Oh could I imitate th' exalted Notes,

Or lies the now before th' Eternal Throne Prostrate in humble Form, with deep Devotion

And mortal Ears could bear them !--

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O'erwhelm'd, and Self-Abasement at the Sight Of the uncover'd God-head Face to Face? Seraphic Crowns pay Homage at his Feet, And Hers amongst them, not of dimmer Oar. Nor fet with meaner Gems: But vain Ambition. And Emulation vain, and fond Conceit, And Pride for ever banish'd flies the Place. Curft Pride, the Dress of Hell. Tell me. Urania. How her Joys heighten, and her golden Hours Circle in Love. O stamp upon my Soul Some blissful Image of the fair Deceas'd To call my Passions and my Eyes aside From the dear breathless Clay. Distressing Sight! Ilook and mourn and gaze with greedy View Of melancholy Fondness; Tears bedewing That Form fo late desir'd, so late belov'd, Now loathsome and unlovely. Base Disease, That leagu'd with Nature's sharpest Pains, and spoil'd So sweet a Structure! The impoysoning Taint O'erspreads the Building wrought with Skill divine, And ruins the rich Temple to the Dust!

Was this the Countenance where the World admir'd Features of Wit and Vertue? This the Face Where Love triumph'd? And Beauty on these Cheeks

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On the Death of an Aged and Honoured Relative, Mrs. M. W. July 13th, 1693.

I

I Know the Kindred-Mind, 'Tis she, 'tis she; Among the Heav'nly Forms I see

The Kindred-Mind from sleshy Bondage free;
O how unlike the thing was lately seen

Groaning and panting on the Bed,
With ghastly Air, and languish'd Head,
Life on this Side, there the dead,

While the delaying Flesh lay shivering between!

II

Long did the earthy House restrain
In toylsome Slavery that Ethereal Guest;

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Prison'd her round in Walls of Pain,
And twisted Cramps and Aches with her Chain;
Till by the Weight of numerous Days opprest
The earthy House began to reel,
The Pillars trembled, and the Building fell,
The Captive Soul became her own again:
Tir'd with the Sorrows and the Cares,
A tedious Train of fourscore Years,
The Prisoner smil'd to be releast,
She felt her Fetters loose, and mounted to her Rest.

Gaze on, my Soul, and let a perfect View
Paint her Idea all anew;
Rase out those melancholy Shapes of Woe
That hang around thy Memory, and becloud it so.
Come, FANCY, come with Essences resin'd,
With youthful Green and spotless White;
Deep be the Tincture, and the Colours bright
T'express the Beauties of a naked Mind.
Provide no Glooms to form a Shade;
All things above of vary'd Light are made,
Nor can the heav'nly Piece require a mortal Aid.
But if the Features too divine
Beyond the Power of Fancy shined a graceful Shrine.

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lo IV. A be become the brief by

Describe the Saint from Head to Feet, Make all the Lines in just Proportion meet; But let her Posture be Filling a Chair of high Degree; Observe how near it stands to the Almighty Seat. Paint the new Graces of her Eyes? Fresh in her Looks let sprightly Youth arise, And Joys unknown below the Skies. VERTUE that lives conceal'd below, And to the Breast confin'd. Sits here triumphant on the Brow, And breaks with radiant Glories thro' The Features of the Mind. Express her Passion still the same, But more divinely fweet; Love has an everlasting Flame

V.

And makes the Work compleat.

Source and Westington And M

The Painter-Muse with glancing Eye
Observ'd a Manly Spirit nigh
That Death had long disjoin'd:

" In the fair Tablet they shall stand

"United by a happier Band:

She faid, & fix'd her Sight and drew the manly Mind.
Recount the Years, my Song, (a mournful Round)
Since

(viour's Feet.

III.

I

Since he was feen on Earth no more: He fought in lower Seas and drown'd But Victory and Peace he found On the Superior Shore.

There now his runeful Breath in facred Songs Employs the European and the Eastern Tongues. Let th' awful Truncheon and the Flute, The Pencil and the well-known Lure, Powerful Numbers, charming Wir, And every Art and Science meet, And bring their Laurels to his Hand to crown his Sa-

'Tis done. What Beams of Glory fall (Rich Varnish of immortal Art) To gild the bright Original! 'Tis done. The Muse has now perform'd her Part. Bring down the Piece, Urania, from Above, And let my HONOUR and my LOVE Drels it with Chains of Gold to hang upon my Heart.

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Funeral Poem

On the DEATH of

THOMAS GUNSTON, Efq;

Presented to the Right Honourable

The LADY ABNEY,

Lady Mayoress of London.

July, 1701.

MADAM,

I AD I been a common Mourner at the Funeral of the dear Gentleman deceased, I should have laboured after more of Art in the following Composition to supply the Defect of Nature; and to seign a Sorrow; but the uncommon Condescension of his Friendship to me, the inward Esteem I pay his Memory, and the vast and tender Sense I have of the Loss, make all the Methods of Art needless, whilst na-

ich Vernift of James del

tural Grief supplies more than all.

I had resolved indeed to lament in Sighs and Silence, and frequently check'd the too forward Muse: but the Importunity was not to be resisted; Long Lines of Sorrow slow'd in upon me e'er I was aware, whilst I took many a solitary Walk in the Garden adjoining to his Seat at Newington; nor could I free my self from the Croud of melancholy Ideas. Your Ludyship will find throughout the Poem that the fair-and unsinish'd Building which he had just rais'd for himself, gave almost all the Turns of Mourning to my Thoughts; for I pursue no other Topics of Elegy than what my Passion and my Senses led me to.

The Poem roves as my Eyes and Grief did, from one Part of the Fabrick to the other: It rifes from the Foundation, salutes the Walls, the Doors, and the Windows, drops a Tear upon the Roof, and climbs the Turret, that dear Retreat, where I promis'd my self many sweet Hours of his Conversation; there my Song wanders amongst the delightful

lightful Subjects divine and moral which used to entertain our happy Leisure; and thence descends to the Fields and the shady Walks, where I so often enjoy'd his pleasing Discourse; my Sorrows dissuse themselves there without a Limit: I had quite forgotten all Scheme and Method of Writing till I correct my self, and rise to the Turret again to lament that desolate Seat. Now if the Critics laugh at the Folly of the Muse for taking too much Notice of the Golden Ball, let them consider that the meanest thing that belong'd to so valuable a Person still gave some fresh and doleful Restedion: And I transcrib'd Nature without Rule, and represent Friendship in a mourning Dress, abandon'd to deepest Sorrow, and with a Negligence becoming Woe unseigned.

Had I design'd a compleat Elegy, Madam, on your dearest Brother, and intended it for public View, I should have followed the usual Forms of Poetry so far at least, as to spend some Pages in the Character and Praises of the Deceased, and thence have taken Occasion to call Mankind to complain aloud of the universal and unspeakable Loss: But I wrote meerly for my self as a Friend of the Dead, and to ease my full Soul by breathing out my own Complaints: I knew his Character and Vertues so well, that there was no need to mention 'em while I talk'd only with my self; for the Image of them was ever present with me, which kept the Pain at the Heart intense and lively.

and my Tears flowing with my Verse.

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Perhaps your Ladysbip will expect some Divine Thoughts and Sacred Meditations mingled with a Subject so solemn as this is: Had I form'd a Design of offering it to your Hands, I had compos'd a more Christian Poem; but 'twas Grief purely natural for a Death so surprizing that drew all the Strokes of it, and therefore my chief Resections are but of a moral Strain. Such as it is, your Ladysbip requires a Copy of it, but let it not touch your Soul too tenderly, nor renew your own Mournings. Receive it, Madam, as an Offering of Love and Tears at the Tomb of a departed Friend, and let it abide with you as a Witness of that affectionate Respect and Honour that I bore him; all which as your Ladysbip's most rightful Due, both by Merit and by Succession, is now humbly offered by

MADAM,

Obedient Servant

Here the Dear Man Hould

amiling and calling every

one aid wonds lift blood a new ATTS.

To the Dear Memory of my Honoured Friend

THOMAS GUNSTON, Efq;

Who dy'd Nov. 11th, 1700. when he had just finish'd his Seat at Newington.

Sing Heav'nly Muse. Try thine Ethereal Voice In Funeral Numbers and a doleful Song; GUNSTON the Just, the Generous, and the Young, GUNSTON the Friend is dead. O empty Name Of earthly Bliss! 'ris all an airy Dream, All a vain Thought! Our foaring Fancies rise On treacherous Wings; & Hopes that touch the Skies Drag but a longer Ruin thro' the downward Air, And plunge the falling Joy still deeper in Despair.

How did our Souls stand flatter'd and prepar'd
To shout him welcome to the Seat he rear'd!
There the Dear Man should see his Hopes compleat,
Smiling and tasting every lawful Sweet
That Peace and Plenty brings, while numerous Years
Circling delightful play'd around the Spheres:
Revolving Suns should still renew his Strength,
And draw th' uncommon Thread to an unusual Length.

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But hasty Fare thrusts her dread Shears between,
Cuts the young Life off, and shuts up the Scene.
Thus airy PLEASURE dances in our Eyes,
And spreads fair Images in gay Disguise
T'allure our Souls, till just within our Arms
The Vision dies, and all the painted Charms
Flee quick away from the pursuing Sight,
Till they are lost in Shades, & mingle with the Night.

Muse, stretch thy Wings and thy sad Journey bend
To the fair FABRICK that thy dying Friend
Built nameless: 'twill suggest a thousand things
Mournful and soft as my Urania sings.

The Back to Even water with a sill of Texas

of their soil of a continuous per soid the bake

fig a tweet Forling all the charming Picco

How did he lay the deep Foundations strong,

Marking the Bounds, and rear the Walls along

Solid and lasting; there a numerous Train

Of happy GUNSTONS might in Pleasure reign

While Nations perish, and long Ages run,

Nations unborn, and Ages unbegun:

Not Time it self should waste the blest Estate,

Nor the tenth Race rebuild the ancient Seat:

How fond our Fancies are! the Founder dies

Childless; his Sisters weep, and close his Eyes,

And wait upon his Herse with never-ceasing Cries.

Lofty and flow it moves to meet the Tomb, which had While weighty Sorrow nods on every Plume; A thousand Groans his dear Remains convey To his cold Lodging in a Bed of Clay, His Country's facred Tears well-watering all the Way. See the dull Wheels roll on the fable Load; But no dear Son to tread the mournful Road, And fondly kind drop his young Sorrows there, The Father's Urn bedewing with a filial Tear. O had he left us One behind to play Wanton about the painted Hall, and fay This was my Father's, with impatient Joy In my fond Arms I'd clasp the smiling Boy. And call him my young Friend: But awful Fate Defign'd the mighty Stroke as lasting as 'twas great. Marking the Bounds, and rear the Wall clone

And must this Building then, this costly Frame Stand here for Strangers? Must some unknown Name Possess the Rooms, the Labours of my Friend? Why were these Walls rais'd for this haples End? Why thefe Apartments all adorn'd fo gay? Why his rich Fancy lavish'd thus away? drant and the Muse, view the Paintings, how the hovering Light Plays o'er the Colours in a wanton Flight, id And mingled Shades wrought in by foft Degrees Give a fweet Foil to all the charming Piece;

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But Night, eternal Night hangs black around
The dismal Chambers of the hollow Ground,
And solid Shades unmingled round his Bed
Stand hideous: Earthy Fogs embrace his Head,
And noisom Vapours glide along his Face
Rising perpetual. Muse, forsake the Place,
Flee the raw Damps of the unwholsome Clay,
Look to his airy spacious Hall, and say
"How has he chang'd it for a loathsome Cave,
"Confin'd and crouded in a narrow Grave!

Provided and the west with the finding of

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Th' unhappy House looks desolate and mourns,
And every Door groans doleful as it turns;
The Pillars languish; and each losty Wall
Stately in Grief, laments the Master's Fall
In Drops of briny Dew; the Fabrick bears
His faint Resemblance, and renews my Tears.
Solid and Square it rises from below;
A noble Air without a gaudy Show
Reigns thro' the Model, and adorns the Whole,
Manly and Plain. Such was the Builder's Soul.

O how I love to view the Stately Frame,
That dear Memorial of the best-lov'd Name!
Then could I wish for some prodigious Cave
Vast as his Seat, and silent as his Grave,

Where

Where the tall Shades stretch to the hideous Roof, Forbid the Day, and guard the Sun-beams off; Thither, my willing Feet, should ye be drawn At the gray Twilight, and the early Dawn; There sweetly sad should my fost Minutes roll, Numbring the Sorrows of my drooping Soul. But these are airy Thoughts! Substantial Grief Grows by those Objects that should yield Relief; Fond of my Woes I heave my Eyes around, My Grief from every Prospect courts a Wound; Views the green Gardens, views the smiling Skies, Still my Heart sinks, and still my Cares arise; My wand'ring Feet round the dear Mansion rove, And there to sooth my Sorrows I indulge my Love.

Oft have I laid the awful Calvin by,
And the sweet Comles with impatient Eye
To see those Walls, pay the sad Visit there,
And drop the Tribute of an hourly Tear:
Still I behold some melancholy Scene,
With many a pensive Thought, & many a Sigh between.
Two Days ago we took the Evening Air,
I, and my Grief, and my Urania there;
Say, my Urania, how the Western Sun
Broke from black Clouds, and in full Glory shone

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Gilding the Roof, then dropt into the Sea, And Sudden Night devour'd the Sweet Remains of Day; Thus the dear Youth just rear'd his shining Head From obscure Shades of Life, and funk among the Dead The rifing Sun adorn'd with all his Light Smiles on these Walls again: but endless Night Reigns uncontroul'd where the dear GUNSTON lyes, He's set for ever, and must never rise. Then why these Beams, unseasonable Star, These lightsom Smiles descending from afar To greet a mourning House? In vain the Day Breaks thro' the Windows with a joyful Ray, And marks a shining Path along the Floors Bounding the Evening and the Morning Hours; In vain it bounds'em: while vast Emptiness And hollow Silence reigns thro' all the Place, Nor heeds the cheerful Change of Nature's Face. Yet Nature's Wheels will on without Controul, The Sun will rife, and tuneful Spheres will roll, And the two nightly Bears walk round and watch the

See while I speak, high on her sable Wheel
Old Night advancing climbs the Eastern Hill:
Troops of dark Clouds prepare her Way; behold,
How their brown Pinions edg'd with Evening Gold

Spread shadowing o'er the House, and glide away
Slowly pursuing the declining Day;
O'er the broad Roof they sly their Circuit still,
Thus Days beforethey did, and Days to come they will;
But the Black Cloud that shadows o'er his Eyes
Hangs there unmoveable, and never slys:
Fain would I bid the envious Gloom be gone,
Ah fruitless Wish! how are his Curtains drawn
For a long Evening that despairs the Dawn!

Muse, view the Turret: just beneath the Skys Lonesome it stands, and fixes my sad Eyes As it would ask a Tear. O facred Seat, Sacred to Friendship! O Divine Retreat! Here did I hope my happy Hours t'employ, And fed before-hand on the promis'd Joy, When weary of the noify Town, my Friend From mortal Cares retiring shou'd ascend And lead me thither. We alone wou'd fit Free and fecure of all intruding Feet: Our Thoughts shou'd stretch their longest Wings & rife, Nor bound their Soarings by the lower Skys: Our Tongues shou'd aim at everlasting Themes, And speak what Mortals dare, of all the Names Of boundless Joys and Glories, Thrones, and Seats Built high in Heaven for Souls: We'd trace the Streets

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Of Golden Pavement, walk each blissful Field,
And climb & taste the Fruits the spicy Mountains yield:
Then would we swear to keep the sacred Road,
And walk right upwards to that blest Abode;
We'd charge our parting Spirits there to meet,
There Hand in Hand approach th' Almighty Seat,
And bend our Heads adoring at our Maker's Feet.
Thus should we mount on bold advent'trous Wings
In high Discourse, and dwell on heavenly things,
While the pleas'd Hours in sweet Succession move,
And Minutes measur'd as they are above
By ever-circling Joys, and ever-shining Love.

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Anon our Thoughts should lower their losty Flight, Sink by Degrees, and take a pleasing Sight, A large round Prospect of the spreading Plain, The wealthy River, and his winding Train, The smoaky City, and the busy Men.

How we should smile to see degenerate Worms lavish their Lives, and sight for airy Forms Of painted Honour, Dreams of empty Sound, Till Envy rise, and shoot a secret Wound At swelling Glory; strait the Bubble breaks, And the Scenes vanish as the Man awakes:

Then the tall Titles insolent and proud Sink to the Dust, and mingle with the Croud.

Man

Man is a reftless thing: Still vain and wild,
Lives beyond fixty, nor outgrows the Child:
His hurrying Lusts still break the facred Bound
To seek new Pleasures on forbidden Ground,
And buy them all too dear. Unthinking Fool,
For a short dying Joy to sell a deathless Soul!
'Tis but a Grain of Sweetness they can sow,
And reap the long sad Harvest of Immortal Woe.

Another Tribe toil in a different Strife,
And banish all the lawful Sweets of Life
To sweat and dig for Gold, to hoard the Oar,
Hide the dear Dust yet darker than before,
And never dare to use a Grain of all the Store.

Happy the Man that knows the Value just

Of Earthly things, nor is enslaved to Dust.

Tis a rich Gift the Skies but rarely send

To Faverire Souls. Then happy thou, my Friend,

For thou hadst learnt to manage and command

The Wealth that Heaven bestowed with liberal Hand.

Hence this fair Structure rose; and hence this Seat

Made to invite my not unwilling Feet;

In vain 'twas made! for we shall never meet,

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And smile, and love, and bless each other here,
The envious Tomb forbids thy Face t' appear,
Detains thee, GUNSTON, from my longing Eyes,
And all my Hopes lie bury'd where my GUNSTON lies.

Come hither, all ye Tenderest Souls, that know
The Heights of Fondness and the Depths of Woe,
Young Mothers, who your darling Babes have found
Untimely murder'd with a ghastly Wound;
Ye frighted Nymphs, who on the Bridal Bed
Class'd in your Arms your Lovers cold and dead,
Come; in the Pomp of all your wild Despair
With flowing Eye-lids and disorder'd Hair,
Death in your Looks; come mingle Grief with me,
And drown your little Streams in my unbounded Sea.

You facred Mourners of a nobler Mould
Born for a Friend, whose dear Embraces hold
Beyond all Nature's Ties; you that have known
Two happy Souls made intimately One,
And selt a parting Stroke; 'Tis you must tell
The Smart, the Twinges, and the Racks I feel:
This Soul of mine that dreadful Wound has born,
Off from its Side its dearest Half is torn,
The rest lies bleeding, and but lives to mourn.

Y 2

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Oh infinite Distress! such raging Grief
Should command Pity, and despair Relief.
Passion methinks should rise from all my Groans,
Give Sense to Rocks, and Sympathy to Stones.

Ye dusky Woods and ecchoing Hills around Repeat my Cries with a perpetual Sound: Be all ye flowry Vales with Thorns o'ergrown. Affift my Sorrows, and declare your own, Alas! your Lord is dead. The humble Plain Must ne'er receive his courteous Feet again: Mourn ye gay finiling Meadows, and be feen In wintry Robes instead of youthful Green: And bid the Brook that still runs warbling by Move filent on, and weep his ufeless Channel dry. Hither methinks the lowing Herd should come, And moaning Turtles murmur o'er his Tomb: The Oak should wither, and the curling Vine Weep his young Life out, while his Arms untwine Their amorous Folds, and mix his bleeding Soul) Ye stately Elms in your long Order mourn, Strip off your Pride to dress your Master's Urn: Here gently drop your Leaves instead of Tears; Ye Elms, the reverend Growth of antient Years,

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Stand tall and naked to the bluftering Rage Of the mad Winds; thus it becomes your Age To show your Sorrows. Often ye have seen Our Heads reclin'd upon the rifing Green; Beneath your facred Shade diffus'd we lay, Here FRIENDSHIP reign'd with an unbounded Sway: Hither our Souls their constant Off'rings brought, The Burthens of the Breaft, & Labours of the Thought; Our opening Bosoms on the conscious Ground Spred all the Sorrows and the Joys we found, And mingled every Care; nor was it known Which of the Pains or Pleasures were our own; Then with an equal Hand and honest Soul-We share the Heap; yet both possess the Whole, And all the Passions there thro' both our Bosoms roll. By turns we comfort, and by turns complain,

(Pow'rs FRIENDSHIP! Mysterious Thing, what Magic Support thy Sway, and charm these Minds of ours? Bound to thy Foot we boast our Birth-right still, And dream of Freedom when we've lost our Will, And chang'd away our Souls: At thy Command We snatch new Miseries from a foreign Hand To call them ours, and thoughtless of our Ease Plague the dear Self that we were born to please.

And bear and ease by turns the Sympathy of Pain.

Υ :

Thou

316 LTRICK POEMS, Bookill.

Thou Tyranness of Minds, whose cruel Throne
Heaps on poor Mortals Sorrows not their own;
As the our Mother Nature could no more
Find Woes sufficient for each Son she bore.
Friendship divides the Shares, and lengthens out the Store.
Yet are we fond of thine imperious Reign,
Proud of thy Slavery, wanton in our Pain,
And chide the courteous Hand when Death dissolves (the Chain.

VERTUE, forgive the Thought! the raving Muse Wild and defpairing knows not what she does, Grows mad in Grief, and in her favage Hours Affronts the Name she loves and she adores. She is thy Votaress too; and at thy Shrine O facred FRIENDSHIP, offer'd Songs Divine, While GUNSTON liv'd, and both our Souls were thine. Here to these Shades at solemn Hours we came To pay Devotion with a mutual Flame, Partners in Bliss. Sweet Luxury of the Mihd! And fweet the Aids of Senfe! Each ruder Wind Slept in its Caverns, while an Evening-Breeze Fan'd the Leaves gently, sporting thro' the Trees; The Linnet and the Lark their Vespers sung. And Clouds of Crimfon o'er th' Horizon hung;

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The flow-declining Sun with floping Wheels
Sunk down the golden Day behind the Western Hills.

Mourn ye young Gardens, ye unfinish'd Gates,
Ye green Inclosures and ye growing Sweets,
Lament, for ye our Midnight Hours have known,
And watch'd us walking by the silent Moon
In Conference divine, while heavenly Fire
Kindling our Breasts did all our Thoughts inspire
With Joys almost immortal; then our Zeal
Blaz'd and burnt high to reach th' Ethereal Hill,
And Love resin'd like that above the Poles
Threw both our Arms round one another's Souls
In Rapture and Embraces. Oh forbear,
Forbear, my Song! this is too much to hear,
Too dreadful to repeat; such Joys as these
Fled from the Earth for ever!

Oh for a general Grief! Let all things share
Our Woes that knew our Loves: The neighbouring Air
Let it be laden with immortal Sighs,
And tell the Gales that every Breath that slies
Over these Fields should murmur and complain,
And kiss the fading Grass, and propagate the Pain.
Weep all ye Buildings, and ye Groves around
For ever weep: this is an endless Wound
Y 4

While on his folded Lips all cold and pale

Eternal Chains and heavy Silence dwell.

Comment had been a second to be

Yet my fond Hope would hear him speak again,
Once more at least, one gentle Word, and then
GUNSTON aloud I call: In vain I cry
GUNSTON aloud; for he must ne'er reply.
In vain I mourn, and drop these Funeral Tears,
Death and the Grave have neither Eyes nor Ears:
Wandring I tune my Sorrows to the Groves,
And vent my swelling Griefs, and tell the Winds our
(Loves;
While the dear Youth sleeps fast, and hears them not:
He hath forgot me: In the lone some Vault
Mindless of WATTS and Friendship cold he lies,
Deaf and unthinking Clay.—

But whither am I led? This artless Grief Hurries the Muse on obstinate and deaf, To a From

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To all the nicer Rules, and bears her down of any From the tall Fabrick to the neighbouring Ground: The pleasing Hours and the dear Moments past 'and In these sweet Fields reviving on my Taste and of Snatch me away refiftless with imperuous Haste. Spread thy strong Pinions once again, my Song, And reach the Turret thou hast left fo long: O'er the wide Roof its lofty Head it rears. Waiting long our Converse; but only hears 110 The noify Tumults of the Realms on high; The Winds falute it whiftling as they fly Or jarring round the Windows; rattling Showers Lash the fair Sides; above loud Thunder roars; But still the Master sleeps; nor hears the Voice Of facred Friendship, nor the Tempest's Noise: An Iron Slumber fits on every Senfe. In vain the heavenly Thunders strive to rouze it thence.

One Labour more, my Muse, the golden Sphere
Seems to demand: See thro' the dusky Air
Downward it shines upon the rising Moon;
And, as she labours up to reach her Noon,
Pursues her Orb with repercussive Light,
And streaming Gold repays the paler Beams of Night:
But not one Ray can reach the darksome Grave,
Or pierce the solid Gloom that fills the Cave
Where

Qu golden Himeet a broad Ruby rums

Where GUNSTON dwells in Death. Behold it flames
Like some new Meteor with diffusive Beams

Thro' the Mid-heaven, and overcomes the Stars;

So shines thy GUNSTON's Soul above the Spheres
Raphael replies, and wipes away my Tears.

"We faw the Flesh fink down with closing Eyes,

" We heard thy Grief fhriek out, He dies, He dies.

Mistaken Grief! to call the Flesh the Priend!

"On our fair Wings did the bright Youth ascend,

"All Heav'n embrac'd him with immortal Love,

"And fung his Welcome to the Court above.

" Gentle Ithuriel led him round the Skies,

The Buildings ftrook him with immense Surprize;

" The Spires all radiant, and the Mansions bright,

" The Roofs high-vaulted with Ethereal Light:

"Beauty and Strength on the tall Bullwarks fate

"In heavenly Diamond; and for every Gate

"On golden Hinges a broad Ruby turns

"Guards off the Foe, and as it moves it burns;

"Millions of Glories reign thro' every part;

"Infinite Power and uncreated Art and a the way of

stadill.

"Stand here display'd, and to the Stranger show

" How it out-shines the noblest Seats below;

"The Stranger fed his gazing Pow'rs awhile

"Transported. Then with a regardless Smile

10th Cook day file the

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Glanc'd

"Glanc'd his Eye downward thro' the Chryftal Floor

" And took eternal Leave of what he built before.

Now, fair Urania, leave the doleful Strain;
Raphael commands. Assume thy Joys again.
In everlasting Numbers sing, and say,

" GUNSTON has mov'd his Dwelling to the Realms

"GUNSTON the Friend lives still: and give thy

An ELEGY on MailysnA

could from the district

Mr. T. GOUGE.

Troff of the land of To

Mr. ARTHUR SHALLET, Merchant.

Worthy SIR, and sand blue lates to againsW

THE Subject of the following Elegy was high in your Escent, and enjoy'd a large Share of your Assections. Scarce doth his Memory need the Assistance of the Muse to make it perpetual; but when she can at once pay her Honours to the venerable Dead, and by this Address acknowledge the Favours she has received from the Living, its adouble Pleasure to

tom Tody to anyalled A Short

SIR,

Your Obliged Humble Servant,

I. WATTS.

To the Memory of the Reverend of

Mr. THOMAS GOUGE,

Who dy'd Jan. 8th, 1699.

GONTON had mov'd his Dwelling of the Realms

YE Virgin-Souls, whose sweet Complaint Pfal. 137
Lam. 1.
Could teach Euphrates not to flow, 2, 3.

Could Sion's Ruin fo divinely paint,

Array'd in Beauty and in Woe;

Awake, ye Virgin-Souls, to mourn,

And with your tuneful Sorrows drefs a Prophet's Urn,

O could my Lips or flowing Eyes

But imitate fuch charming Grief

I'd teach the Seas, and teach the Skies

Wailings, and Sobs, and Sympathies,

Nor faculd the Stones or Rocks be deaf;

Rocks shall have Eyes, and Stones have Ears

While GOUGE's Death is mourn'd in Melody and

II.

Heav'n was impatient of our Crimes,

And sent his Minister of Death

To scourge the bold Rebellion of the Times,

And to demand our Prophet's Breath;

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He came commission'd for the Fates

Of awful MEAD and charming BATES;

There he essay'd the Vengeance first,

Then took a difmal Aim, and brought great GOUGE (to Duft.

IÌI.

Great GOUGE to Dust! how doleful is the Sound!
How vast the Stroke is! and how wide the Wound!
Yes, 'tis a vast uncommon Death,
Yes, 'tis a Wound unmeasurably wide;
No vulgar Mortal dy'd

When he refign'd his Breath.

The Muse that mourns a Nation's Fall,
Should wait at GOUGE's Funeral,
Should mingle Majesty and Groans
Such as she sings to sinking Thrones,
And in deep-sounding Numbers tell
How Sion trembled when this Pillar fell.
Sion grows weak, and England poor,
Nature her self with all her Store

Can furnish such a Pomp for Death no more, and had

And well d smone ciVI can

The Reverend Man let all things mourn;
Sure he was fome Æthereal Mind

Fated in Flesh to be confin'd,

And order'd to be born.

334 LTRICK POEMS, Book III.

His Soul was of th' Angelic Frame, or anno all

The same Ingredients, and the Mould the same,

When the Creator makes a Minister of Flame.

He was all form'd of heavenly things:

Mortals, believe what my Urania fings, For the has feen him rife upon his flamy Wings:

V

How would he mount, how would he fly

Up thro' the Ocean of the Sky

Tow'rd the Coleftial Coast!

With what amazing Swiftness foar

Till Earth's dark Ball was feen no more,

And all its Mountains loft!

Scarce could the Muse pursue him with her Sight,

But, Angels, you can tell,

For oft you met his wond'rous Flight

And knew the Stranger well;

Say, how he past the radiant Spheres

And vifited your happy Seats,

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And trac'd the well-known Turnings of the golden
And walk'd among the Stars.

The Reverend Man let alVehings moun

Tell how he climb'd the Everlafting Hills and some

and od of b'rebro ba Born

Born on a strong-wing d Faith, and on the fiery Wheels
Of an immortal Love.

'Twas there he took a glorious Sight and word that

Of the Inheritance of Saints in Light, American Will

And read their Title in their Saviour's Right.

How oft the humble Scholar came, hod had

And to your Songs he rais'd his Ears

To learn th' unutterable Name, and abling and

To view th' Eternal Base that bears

The new Creations Frame I many self mint of

The Countenance of God he faw mon I make mi

Full of Mercy, full of Awe, or the property of

The Glories of his Power, and Glories of his Grace:

There he beheld the wondrous Springs

Of those celestial facred things,

The peaceful Gospel and the fiery Law

In that Majestic Face.

That Face did all his gazing Powers employ

With most profound Abasement and exalted Joy.

The Rolls of Fate were half unfeal'd, would ow

He flood adoring by; and blace of White M

The Volumes open'd to his Eye, los and Bogo'

And fweet Intelligence he held

With all his shining Kindred of the Sky,

Ye Seraphs that furround the Throne Tell how his Name was thro' the Palace known: How warm his Zeal was, and how like your own: Speak it aloud, let half the Nation hear, And bold Blafphemers fhrink and fear: Impudent Tongues, to blaft a Prophet's Name! The Poison fure was ferch'd from Hell Where the old Blasphemers dwell, it was a To taint the pureft Duft, and blot the whitest Fame. Impudent Tongues! You should be darted thro'. Nail'd to your own black Mouths, and lie Useless and dead till Slander dye, Till Slander die with you. County Property Page

- "We faw him, fay th' Ethereal Throng;
- We faw his warm Devotions rife.
- We heard the Fervour of his Cries.
- and mixt his Praifes with our Song:
- We knew the fecret Flights of his retiring Hours,
 - "Nightly he wak'd his inward Powers,
- "Young Ifrael role to wrestle with his God,
- And with unconquer'd Force scal'd the Caleftial
- To reach the Bleffing down for those that fought his (Blood.

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III doo To the Memory of the Dood.

of twe beheld the Thunderer's Hand

" Rais'd high to crush the factions For the blue

" As oft we faw the rolling Vengeance stand

" Doubtful t' obey the dread Command.

"While his afcending Pray'r upheld the falling Blow

I o, on his reverend Brox the Lowns divitiely rife,

Draw the past Scenes of the Delight I My Mule, and bring the wond rous Man to Sight:

Place him furrounded as he stood

With pious Crouds, while from his Tongue

A Stream of Harmony ran foft along,

And every Ear drank in the flowing Good: Softly it ran its Silver way,

Till warm Devotion rais'd the Current strong

Then fervid Zeal on the sweet Deluge rode,

Life, Love and Glory, Grace and Joy,

Divinely roll'd promiscuous on the Torrent-Flood,

And bore our raptur'd Sense away, and Thoughts and

O might we dwell for ever there !! The Tybus wi

No more return to breathe this groffer Air, meaning

This Atmosphere of Sin, Calamity and Care.

Now, Maft, African a 1X " Seraio,

While we belong to Clay, world Passions of Terror and Delight

Demand alternate Sway.

Z

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LTRICK POEMS, Book III. 338

Behold the Man whose awful Voice Could well proclaim the fiery Law, Kindle the Flames that Mofes faw, Walder to A

And fwell the Trumper's warlike Noise.

He stands the Herald of the threatning Skies.

Lo, on his reverend Brow the Frowns divinely rife. All Sines. Thunder on his Tongue, and Lightning in

Round the high Roof the Curles flew Diftinguishing each guilty Head.

Ear from th' unequal War the Atheift fled,

His kindled Arrows still pursue,

His Arrows strike the Atheist thro', signer of which

And fix him down to Dread.

The marble Heart groans with an inward Wound: Blaspheming Souls of harden'd Steel

Shriek out amaz'd at the new Pangs they feel,

And dread the Eccho's of the Sound.

The lofty Wretch arm'd and array'd 1100 od but In gaudy Pride finks down his impious Head. Plunges in dark Despair, and mingles with the Dead. The Annalphase of Str. IX lamin at 1 Cart.

Demand alternate Sway

Now, Muse, assume a softer Strain, Now footh the Sinner's raging Smart, Borrow of GOUGE the wond'rous Art Toc H

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Temps of Temps and Delight

To calm the furging Conscience, and affwage the Pain. He from a bleeding God derives along and flord A Life for the Souls that Guile had flain, while and And ftrait the dving Rebel lives, heldens bak The Dead afile agains The opening Skies almost obey and and on had His powerful Song; a heavenly Ray Awakes Despair to Light, and sheds a chearful Day. His wond'rous Voice rolls back the Spheres, day Recalls the Scenes of antient Years and order Sweetly the flying Charmer roves

Thro' all his Labours and his Loves, The Anguish of his Cross, & Triumphs of his Throne.

XII.

Where the hylower Hark, he invites our Feet to try a band har The fleep Ascent of Calvary, Hills and And And fets the fatal Tree before our Eye: See here Celestial Sorrow reigns; Rude Nails and ragged Thorns lay by, Ting'd with the Crimfon of Redeeming Veins. In wond'rous Words he fung the vital Flood Where all our Sins were drown'd, Words fit to heal and fit to wound, and orthogo Sharp as the Spear, and balmy as the Blood. Meet their seturning Sovereign, and anend him

LYRICK POEMS Book III. 340 To othe the forging Confanted of woodid sid of a Afresh the purple Pountain flow of being a Herrian Our falling Tears kept frompathetic Time, and et al And trickled to the Groundsiyb orb nightly bak While every Accent gave a doleful Sound, Sad as the breaking Heart strings of the expiring God, I'm gowerful Song; attixenty Ray Down to the Manfions of the Dead agree O sale MA With trembling foy our Souls are led, or bnow eilf The Captives of His Tongue stated et alleas H. There the dear Prince of Light reclines his Head Darkness and Shades among anight of the viscous With pleasing Horror we survey I aid its lord? The Caverns of the Tomb Deid to minga And I Where the belov'd Redeemer lay And fhed a fweet Perfume to stivni ad , and H Hark, the old Earthquake roars again qual adT In GOUGE's Voice, and breaks the Chain Of heavy Death, and rends the Tombs; The Rifing God! he comes, he comes, With Throngs of waking Saints, a long triumphing art abrow ever birtain Where all our Sins Werk drown'd,

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Sign

See the bright Squadrons of the Sky of the brown Downward on Wings of Joy and Hafte they fly, quality Meet their returning Sovereign, and attend him high

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Prema

Form'd of a golden Cloud;

Slowly the Pomp moves up the azure Hills,
Old Savan foams and yells aloud,
And gnaws th' Eternal Brass that binds him to the
(Wheels.)
The opening Gates of Bliss receive their King,
The Father-God smiles on his Son,
Pays him the Honours he has won;
The losty Thrones adore, and little Cherubs sing,
Behold him on his native Throne,
Glory sits fast upon his Head;
Dress'd in new Light and beamy Robes
His Hand rolls on the Seasons and the shining Globes,
And sways the living Worlds, and Regions of the

Vast was his Envoy to this Realm below:

Vast was his Trust, and great his Skill,

Bright the Credentials he could show,

And thousands own'd the Seal.

His hallowed Lips could well impart

The Grace, the Promise, and Command:

He knew the Pity of Immanuel's Heart,

And Terrors of Jebovah's Hand,

How did our Souls frart out to hear and not find.

The Embaffies of Love he bare,

While

144 LYRICK POEM 6, Book III.

While every Ear in Rapture hung 380 points A Upon the charming Wonders of his Tongue, Life's bufy Cares a facred Silence bound, Attention flood with all her Powers, With fixed Byes and Awe profound, Chain'd to the Pleasure of the Sound, Nor knew the flying Hours. But oh! my everlasting Grief! Heav'n has recall'd his Envoy from our Eyes, Hence Deluges of Sorrow rife, Nor hope th' impossible Relief. Ye Remnants of the facred Tribe Who feel the Loss, come share the Smart, And mix your Groans with mine : Where is the Tongue that can describe Infinite things with equal Art, will sid asw 30000 Or Language fo Divine? Vall was his Truck Our Paffions want the heavenly Flame, Almighty Love breaths faintly in our Songs, And awful Threatnings languish on our Tongues; HOWE is a Great, but fingle Name:

Amidst the Croud he stands alone; and would off Stands yet, but with his starry Pinions on, but Drest for the Flight, and ready to be gone:

Slitt W

Eternal

. 71

Eternal God, command his Stay,

Stretch the dear Months of his Delay;

O we could wish his Age were one immortal Day!

But when the flaming Chariots come,

And shining Guards t'attend thy Prophet home,

Amidst a thousand weeping Eyes

Send an Elista down, a Soul of equal Size,

Or burn this worthless Globe, and take us to the Skies.

Mr. Brailing's Confession of Inthe chade a inChamation: With Mr. Sagar's Esteogration to Minand People.

If Mr. Brail and Sermon Secanarial vertebours, which
Cale Mr. who sied, Now, you were 'To and
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Specifies that have been made on that and other and cated and cated and cated and cated and cated and cated and cated and another and another and another and appeared appeared and appeared appeared and appeared appeared and appeared and appeared appeared appeared and appeared appeared and appeared
From, teaching to be added to the tarily tradition. From Early trade to the second of

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